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Edwards Park

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Park
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MEMORIAL COLLECTION OF SERMONS

PROFESSOR PARK AT ABOUT 70

MEMORIAL COLLECTION

OF

Sermons

BY

EDWARDS A. PARK, D. D., LL. D.,
Professor in Andover Theological Seminary for Sixty-four Years

COMPILED BY HIS DAUGHTER

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The Relation of Professor Park's Theology to His Sermons

By Albert H. Plumb, D.D.

It were a worthy aim in an introduction to a book of sermons to show, if possible, how and why such sermons came to be preached. Indeed, an effort to point out the causes which have contributed to the production of any great service rendered to humanity is an interesting endeavor. It involves, however, a consideration of the difficult question concerning the relative power of the divine and the human forces which have conspired to secure the result. For all the commanding figures in the history of the Church of God have owed their especial power in promoting his kingdom to the influence of the Holy Spirit, taking advantage of their personal peculiarities and their surroundings, and using them for the advancement of his own ends.

To trace the working of this divine superintendence has always been a fascinating study. Of late, however, there has been a passion for exalting the natural influence of a man's temperament and environment to account for the power of his life, almost to the exclusion of any special supernatural interposition. Many writers, with unwearied industry and great ingenuity are continually constructing, out of the slenderest resources, numerous fanciful and conflicting theories concerning the tendencies of even the most distant times in which certain great and good men lived in order to explain their career and sometimes to depreciate their work. Christ however, teaches that the life of every true man of God receives its first impulse not only but its controlling guidance also from the

working of the Holy Spirit within and around the man, and in a way that is not true of any unregenerate life.

The proper use, therefore, of the interesting and valuable portraitures which have been drawn of the men and the times and the prevailing schools of thought which shared in shaping the career of the author of this volume of discourses is to look with reverence and awe upon the Divine Presence, manifesting his power in overruling all these human influences to qualify his chosen servant to fulfill the peculiar ministry for which he had separated him.

Professor Park's great ministry was to teach theology, to set forth divine truths in their orderly relationship in a harmonious system of thought. He has been called by eminent men the greatest theologian of his time, the greatest American theologian since Jonathan Edwards. To fit him for this work and to guide him in it, to his large and acknowledged success, there was one prime factor made use of by his Divine Preceptor, the influence of which it is not difficult to recognize, and which it is most instructive to bear in mind: It was his high estimate of the function of preaching in the scheme of redemption. To learn what that estimate was, how he came by it, and what it did for his theology and for his sermons would greatly enlighten inquirers concerning the divine plan of his life, and the part he played among the generations of men.

It is believed that this volume containing some of his most characteristic sermons may aid in attaining this end. For a controlling motive in all his work came from his idea of the mutual relationship between teaching and preaching. He was led to feel that he must first of all have and teach a theology which could be successfully preached; for the great object of teaching men theology he believed was to fit them to be successful preachers of the gospel of redemption, to help them fulfill Christ's injunction to the typical preacher, sending him, as he said, to turn men "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me."

Professor Park was in the warmest sympathy with his personal friend and valued co-laborer, the late Professor Henry B. Smith, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, and with his memorable generalization: "The great fact of objective Christianity is Incarnation in order to Atonement. The great fact of subjective Christianity is Union with Christ whereby we receive the Atonement."

To secure this personal union with Christ by faith is the main aim of preaching, for "it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe."

It was a frequent remark of Professor Park to his pupils that the divine origin of the religion of Christ was proved by the wisdom evinced in the choice of so simple an agency for so vast a result. Its philosophical adaptation to the end desired, revealed a higher than human discernment.

Thus, he was fond of stating, was fulfilled the saying: "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation;" for Christ had no academy of learned philosophers pledged to promote his religion after his death. No great hierarchy stood sponsor for it. No powerful government was ready by force of arms to shield it from assault. Its Founder left the world without having committed his teachings to writing, and as the only record of his writing at all was when he once stooped down and wrote with his finger on the ground, it may be said he might as well have written his gospel on the shifting sand as to have entrusted it to the unassisted memory of the humble men who were his immediate disciples. The ordinary means for revolutionizing the world by a new religion he neglected, because he had two extraordinary agencies on which he relied: one was the indwelling power of the Holy Spirit promised to all his disciples, and soon to be given in copious effusion on the day of Pentecost, to bring to the remembrance of his followers all things that he had spoken to them, and to guide them into all truth, showing them the things of Christ.

The other reliance, and the chief human instrumentality, was the

public proclamation of his gospel, in oral address to the masses, as recorded by his inspired followers. A thousand other instrumentalities are helpful, but this is chief.

Professor Park held that all true preachers could say with Paul, this is "the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

It is easy to see how Professor Park's ideas of the function of this ministry of preaching were confirmed by its earlier and later successes.

When the first exercise of this ministry by the apostles clearly demonstrated its efficiency, the enemies of the gospel, alarmed, resolved to suppress it altogether, and the authorities commanded the preachers not to speak at all nor teach in the name of Jesus. And when Peter and John persisted, they were cast into prison. But the plan of Him who said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," could not thus be frustrated at the start. And so, it is recorded: "The angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them forth, and said, 'Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life.'" The words of this Life, of this Way, of this Way of Life, as set forth in the first four discourses of the apostles after they had received the gift of the Holy Spirit, embody a theology that can be preached, that was successfully preached. This momentous fact Professor Park never forgot.

Three leading essentials of this gospel are exhibited in this divinely directed and divinely attested preaching. It takes for granted, and reaffirms, that which nature and experience show, man's ruin in sin, and his consequent need of pardon and renewing grace in order to attain eternal life. It declares that the sole ground on which God can grant pardon and renewing grace to the penitent

is furnished by the sufferings and death of Christ in our behalf; and it affirms that the sole condition on which God, for Christ's sake, will bestow pardon and renewing grace upon sinners is their sincere penitence, and the exercise of a loving and truthful spirit towards God, sympathizing with his aims, and striving to promote his plans.

And in Professor Park's view, in all the great conquests of the truth, down through the ages since the day of Pentecost, those preachers who have most faithfully preached the theology underlying the first and most successful preaching of the gospel have been seen foremost among all others and towering above all. And so must it be to the end, he was persuaded, for "Christ crucified is the power of God and the wisdom of God;" infinite power and infinite wisdom can no further go in supplying motives to turn men from sin.

Here is the explanation of the fact, to which multitudinous testimonies have been given, and which the readers of this volume can verify for themselves, that Professor Park's preaching had a most relentless grasp on the consciences of his hearers. This explanation, however, is incomplete, unless it is remembered that this great preacher, like another, could not only say: "We believe and therefore speak," but also, like him, knew that "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness." These great truths which he preached to others were the veritable "sword of the Spirit" piercing his own heart. His favorite hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross," always awakened the tenderest emotions, and in his own religious experience to the end of life the great facts of redemption stirred his soul to its deepest depths.

A memorable confirmation of this fact is the personal use he made of the following passage from the works of the late "wonderful John Duncan," Professor of Hebrew and Oriental Literature, Edinburgh. In a letter to the present writer in 1888 Professor Park said: "I suppose I have read it forty times. I shall probably read it many times more. It has a great effect upon my mind:"

"Methought that the Lord showed me a heart into which He had

put a *new* song. Where the heart was, I do not know; but I heard it singing about the middle of its song. It *had* been singing: 'What profit is there in my blood when I go down to the pit?' It had *been* singing the Fifty first Psalm, and Jehovah had now put a *new song* into its mouth. He had done it; and the heart was *trying* to sing,—I heard it in the middle of its song. It had been reading the fifth chapter of Revelation, and *trying* to sing some of its numbers; and now it was at these words: *'For thou wast slain,'* and oh, how the heart was sobbing and breaking! how it was melting with a joyous grief and a grievous joy! Oh, how it faltered when it tried to sing, *'and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood'!* It was the song of one to whom much had been forgiven, and who therefore loved much, but it was the song of the chief of sinners, to whom most had been forgiven, and who, therefore, loved most. Yet it faltered and made wrong music: it jarred and there was discord; and it grated on its own ear and pained it; and God was listening to the song—God who knoweth all things. But the song was presented to Him through and by the Mediator: and if there was discord, it was removed by grace in atoning blood, by the sweet accents of intercession; for it came up as music in Jehovah's ear, melody to the Lord. It was not discord in heaven. I would know, O God, whose soul that is. O God, let that soul be mine."

Tribute by Dr. Richard Salter Storrs

The funeral of Professor Park was held June 8, 1900, his death having occurred four days before, at the advanced age of ninety-one.

A memorial address was read, prepared ten years before by Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D., LL.D. It acquired an added pathos from the fact that its author lay dead in his own church in Brooklyn, and being dead, spoke as only he could, in honor of the Andover theologian who had gone on but a day before him into the world of light and love.

The following passages from that address give Dr. Storrs' estimate of the instruction and example of Professor Park as a preacher.

"They [Professor Park's criticisms of sermons to his classes in the seminary] magnified the preparation of sermons into *one of the greatest,* as it is, of human works. They showed eloquence in the pulpit the noblest of the fine arts; nobler than printing, architecture, music; nobler than literature; nobler than forensic eloquence; requiring a powerful enthusiasm in the soul, contemplating the exhibition of loftiest themes, directed to the securing of immortal results, requiring for success the utmost diligence in training all forces of body and of mind, of heart and spirit, discipline of style, discipline of manner and voice, large familiarity with the best authors, devout piety, human sympathy, vivid and inspiring apprehensions of Christ, intense belief."

"I have no conceivable motive for exaggerating the power of these discourses, but I can honestly say, after many years of familiarity with the American pulpit, that as a preacher to students, Professor Park was, at the time I was permitted to hear him, the very greatest that New England has produced; I think, beyond doubt the greatest that the country has known."

"He was attractive, impressive, justly famous, wherever he preached."

"Almost none, I am sure, went from any of his congregations without feeling the extraordinary power of the man, the immense impressiveness of the theme which he presented, the urgency of his pressure towards righteousness and God. But to students, especially, above all to theological students, he was and before their minds he remains, the very prince and king among preachers. His mere presence in the pulpit was majestic and fascinating, in the weird abstraction, concentration, solemnity of face, voice, mien, and manner."

"He believed in a deep sense of sin as a condition of Christian effort and attainment; in strong doctrines, commanding the judgment, arousing the conscience, and lifting up the heart toward God. He looked for strong emotion, powerful and effective practical purpose, a jubilant sense of victorious hope; and any preaching not tending to this issue seemed to him the unfruitful sound of one playing on a human instrument, not of one bringing a mighty and transforming message from God."

"Into and through the sermon from first to last, went the really tremendous force of his intense and determined personality."

"None of his published discourses, careful, thoughtful, eloquent, and finished as many of them are, can possibly give to those who read them a *fair* impression, not to say a full one, of those amazing magisterial discourses to which we here listened more than fifty years ago, the rumor of the approach of which filled the old chapel to the utmost doorways; on which we hung with an attention that could hardly have been surpassed if trumpets of angels had been sounding above us, and from which we went astonished, humiliated, with excitement in our minds, and shivers along our whole system of nerves, but determined at least to do our own feeble best in that great office whose most illustrious living representative we felt ourselves to have heard and seen. It is impossible to overstate the impression which those sermons made."

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PETER'S DENIALS OF HIS LORD

The sermons on Peter and Judas were written during Dr. Park's short pastorate in Braintree. Dr. R. S. Storrs in his funeral sermon says of them, "During the two years of his ministry there, he gave a large part of his time to the careful preparation of about thirty sermons on the closing scenes in the life of Christ; reading widely in preparation for them, meditating their themes with profoundest attention and clearest insight, and putting them into form with heroic patience and elaborate care. The completed series of thirty sermons was in his trunk as he was crossing the Hudson River on the ice, in a public sleigh, in the winter of 1835. The ice broke, the sleigh went down, the passengers were saved but the trunk lay at the bottom of the river. When it was recovered the manuscripts had been so saturated with water that they could not be restored or even be read, except in two instances. Those who heard, in after years, the two sermons on Simon Peter and Judas Iscariot, will know something of what a blow fell on our friend, and what a loss on sermonic literature in the destruction of the others."

SERMONS

PETER'S DENIALS OF HIS LORD

"But he began to curse and to swear, saying, I know not this man of whom ye speak."—Mark 14: 71.

It was of a Thursday evening in the beginning of May, about eighteen hundred years ago, that Jesus sat down with his disciples at his last sad supper. "'Twas on that dark, that doleful night," says Watts, but in reality it was a bright, moonlight evening. On the next morning Christ was to be crucified, but the disciples did not dream of such a catastrophe. "Whither I go, ye cannot come," he says to them, but conveys no idea save that of a terrestrial journey. "Lord, where are you going," says Peter. "Whither I go, ye cannot follow me now; but ye shall hereafter." "But why not *now?*" rejoins Peter; "I am sure I am willing to lay down my life for you." "Willing to lay down your life! All my disciples shall this very night desert me." "Though all men," Peter replies, "shall commit this sin, yet will not I." "Simon! Simon!" Here, observe, Christ does not call him Peter, Peter the rock, as he does elsewhere. "Behold, Satan hath desired to torment you with great trials; but I have prayed for you that you may not irreclaimably apostatize." "I am ready to go with you *anywhere,*" exclaims the bold man, "*anywhere,* to prison, to death." "Verily,

I say unto you, Simon, before three o'clock to-night you shall deny me three times." "That I never will do! *Never* will I deny you! My steadfastness may cost me my *life*, but *steadfast* I will be."

The same profession made all the eleven, but in less than three hours they all disgraced it. No sooner was their Friend seized and bound by the police of the Sanhedrin than they all forsook him and fled. At the very hour when he most needed their sympathy, they demonstrated the hollowness of their pretensions. The stout-hearted Peter ran like a panic-stricken boy. But he could not run far. The remembrance of his confident professions worked upon his spirit, and checked his flight. He turned about and followed the temple guard and their sacred prisoner. He took care, however, to keep at a safe distance from the police, lest himself, his *bold self*, should be taken to prison and to death. This resolute, sturdy disciple followed Jesus *afar off!*

It is dangerous for a man, even if he follow the Saviour, to follow him *afar off*. Evil results ensued in the case of Peter, and they will in our case, from walking even in a right way *afar* off from Him who only can hold us up.

This fear-stricken disciple did not go further than to the court of Caiaphas. He dared not enter that court. Not three hours ago he had exposed himself in the garden of Gethsemane by cutting off an ear of one of the police, and that severed ear was still haunting his imagination, and he was afraid to be seen inside the illuminated palace. Still he dared not *go away* more than he dared to *go in*. He

remembered his boasts. "Though I should die with thee, I am ready to follow thee to prison and to death; I, of all men;" and in face of such expressions, he could not abscond.

How, then, does he dispose of himself? He stands out by the door in front of the palace, at dead of night, shivering in the cold, all alone! And that is Simon Peter. "And upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." "Behold that rock," says Calvin; "behold that specimen of human stoutness! It is all smoke, whatever of strength and courage appears in the best of men."

It is probable that Peter would have found some difficulty in gaining admittance into the court had he attempted it, for the Jews were careful to admit to such a trial no spectators who would in any way obstruct their proceedings. They therefore fastened the front entrance into the palace, and appointed a female doorkeeper to guard it. John, however, by his acquaintance with the high priest, having obtained admission into the palace, felt desirous of Peter's admission. He therefore went *out* of the court, *through* the porch to the *door;* interceded successfully with the janitress in behalf of his brother disciple; and then assured his trembling friend that he might without jeopardy hear the trial. "John meant," says Thomas Fuller, "to let him [Peter] out of the cold and not to let him into a temptation; but his [John's] courtesy in intention proved a mischief in event." Under the auspices of John, Peter comes into the court. John was very young,

the youngest of the Twelve; Peter was old, one of the oldest of the Twelve. Think now of that stern and hardy laborer, in all the strength and manliness of mature life, hiding under the wings of the mild, amiable and modest young man and daring to move only as that youth moved. First, the impetuous man is apt to be inconsiderate; even the bold man pleads when death stares at him suddenly; the positive man is often an inconsistent one. Who would have thought that *Peter*, who had just pretended to such constancy of adherence, would have been willing to be a *hanger-on* at the door, and at last fall into the arms of that younger, feebler disciple who had just now been leaning on Jesus' breast! Why did not Peter take the precedence? Why not try to rush into the palace, as he once tried to walk on the sea? When this same Peter and this same John on the following Sunday visited the sepulchre, the other disciple, we are told, did outrun Peter. And why? Because he was so much younger and sprightlier; and he arrived first at the grave; but the sensitive youth stooped down, and looked in, yet went he not in. And why? Because he was too modest, and delicate, and refined. "*Then cometh Simon Peter* following him, and went into the sepulchre," without stooping or looking, for he was all boldness and fire, *and in!—in!—he must* go! In *he went;* caring not what men might say or think. Why on this night is the scene reversed? Why was Peter so childlike and fickle? Why not pursue some straightforward course? Why not either take a stand for Christ, or else take care of his own life?—act for his Master or else for himself.

"The man that fears to drown, will break through flames;
Or, in his dread of flames, will plunge in waves.
When eagles are in view, the screaming doves
Will cower beneath the feet of man for safety."

—*Cibber.*

At the upper end of the court was a platform elevated above the common floor, distinguished by the insignia of authority. On this elevation, like the elevation around this pulpit, were the priests and elders, wrapped about in their venerable, flowing robes, and sitting or reclining on carpets or splendid cushions. In front of them was their meek prisoner. In that part of the court nearest the porch, where there was no platform, on the common floor of the area, corresponding with that part of this church nearest the porch, stood the guard, and the servants of the Sanhedrin. In that distant part of the court was a vessel of burning coals, around which stood the police, who had chilled themselves in their midnight search for Jesus. Peter, with a hesitating heart, placed himself in that circle around the fire. He loved the prisoner at the bar, and was hearkening with anxiety lest he should hear the judges pronounce a verdict against him. At the same time, he was mortified at the pitiable prospects of the Messiah's kingdom, and trembling lest some one should recognize him as a member of that kingdom. He was well-nigh distracted with these conflicting passions. He seems to have been too uneasy for remaining still, and to have been *constantly changing his posture*—one minute standing up, the next sitting down, the next walking about. His countenance doubtless betrayed his feelings; for such a man as Peter, if we may use

the common phrase, carried his heart in his face. He was unfortunately constituted to be a spy in an enemy's enclosure. It was a very suspicious circumstance that a man looking as Peter looked, should have entered the palace under the patronage of a known friend of Jesus. All cannot be right, thought the doorkeeper, and she now comes into the court and gazes steadfastly at Peter's countenance. There can be no mistake. Those quivering muscles, that quick-moving eye, and agonized expression, and nervous restlessness of the whole system had a meaning not to be misunderstood. "Are not you one of the disciples who were with this impostor?" There it is out—out, the whole of it! The officers are near him; he is afraid their attention will be roused; he will be imprisoned as an accomplice; will be doomed to die. And the question comes suddenly; no time to guard himself. And yet he must say something, and say it in an instant. To remain speechless is to plead guilty. "*I*, woman, *I* one of them with Jesus! *That* I am not. I do not know what you mean by saying 'them with Jesus;' I am not acquainted with this Jesus." O Peter, who art by name rocklike, why didst thou shrink back from this question of the doorkeeper? The question did not come from the band of soldiers, but from one of the maid-servants. Was there indeed no way for a full-grown man to hold his ground against this woman? Simon Peter, what an omen is this for thy future career! If thou hast run with the footmen and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? If in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swellings of Jordan?

In an instant after Peter's falsehood, he went in trouble from the court into the porch. Here he hoped to be alone. No sooner had he entered the porch than the cock crew. It was the signal for midnight. His retirement, however, from the court did not relieve him from his remorse. Nearly two hours, certainly more than one hour, he remained in the porch, the prey of his own corroding thoughts. Must there not be some peculiar reason for his withdrawing with a wan countenance from so interesting a trial? This question forced itself upon one of the priest's servants, and she says to some of the bystanders, "I verily believe that this man was with Jesus of Nazareth after all." Not wishing to utter another falsehood if he could help it, Peter made her no reply, and, to aid the evasions, turned his face and went back to the court. The doorkeeper who first accused him was confident that unless the accusation were true, he would not be so shy. Therefore she followed him into the hall, and said in an undertone (probably the undertone must have been used lest the trial should be disturbed) to the group around the fire: "This man *was indeed* a disciple!" The men heard her; one of them joined with her, "Yes, 't is true, you did belong to the company." "*Certainly,*" they all cry out, "*you are* one of his disciples." What now can the terrified man do? Can he silently steal back to the porch, as he had just now evaded the woman? It is not so easy to rid himself of a company of men. Shall he confess the truth? But he has once denied it, and if he now confesses it he will prove himself to be not only a disciple but also a deceiver. He has committed himself,

you see. One lie requires ten more to make it good, and if the lie is doubted it must be confirmed by an oath, and the bold man must not only persist in his falsehood, but also swear that it is the truth. Into a *deep ditch*, indeed, had Peter fallen. But silence will not answer—something must be said outright. "It is false; I am not one of his disciples. I do not know the man whom you call Jesus of Nazareth. I will take my oath upon it—I appeal to God. The direst ends I call down upon myself if I know anything about this prisoner."

The officers and servants noticing the violence of Peter's gestures, and the boldness of his asseveration, could not believe that he was swearing to a falsehood, and they seem to have remained in quietness a little more than an hour. But could Peter be quiet? Was he not all this time straining painfully to overhear what was said, and tossed about with anxiety lest suspicion should again rise against him? Did not the occasional glances at the meek prisoner and at the pitiful countenance of John, work up his sensibilities to painful excitement? Indeed—indeed *this must have been* a long hour of dismal foreboding. It must have seemed to him as if the time would *never* pass away. His conscience made an hour a symbol of eternity. Every person whom he saw seemed an informer against him. The merest whisper agitated him. But though his heart was fluttering, he put on as much of an air of courage as he could, and appears to have been so imprudent as to have taken some part in the conversation around the fire.

But here presented itself a new difficulty. As he was a

native of Bethsaida, in Galilee, he spoke in a provincial style, as different from the style at Jerusalem as the brogue of Yorkshire is from the accent of the Londoner. "The Bethsaidans pronounced the Aramean vowels," says Michaelis, "confusedly, and accented the penultimate of their words." They were also distinguished from the natives of the capital by their inability to sound at all three letters of their alphabet, and also, according to Tholuck, by a flat enunciation.

One of the bystanders, recognizing Peter's provincialisms, exclaimed with an air of confidence, "Truly you *are* a disciple of the impostor; for you are *Galilean*, and nearly all the disciples are Galileans." "Your speech shows you to be a Galilean," cried others; "there is no such thing as concealing it; you must be guilty." *"Did I not see you in the garden with him?"* asked a relative of Malchus, whose ear Peter had cut off in the garden of Gethsemane. "Did I not see you in the garden with him?" This allusion to the garden where Peter had so unfortunately signalized himself, seemed to intimate that the smiting of Malchus was to be a means of identifying the smiter. A cousin of the wounded man was present; and, what is worse, the police were present also! *He knows not what to say.* But he has gone too far to retrace his steps. Irritated at the importunity of the bystanders, he is quiet in his reply. *"On my oath, I tell you the truth. I am not acquainted with Christ Jesus. I do not know what you mean by your questions about him."* Then began he not only to swear but also to curse. He probably raised his voice louder than

usual. He certainly spoke in a rage, and in the midst of his tumultuous asseverations the cock crew. It was a signal for the hour of three. In fear he now turns his eye up to Jesus. The persecuted prisoner had been standing with his back to the disciple, but the uncommon loudness of the third denial reached his ear. The most fearful denial of the three; the one which, with its oaths and blasphemies, would have been most gladly concealed, was heard by him more distinctly than any other; perhaps was the only one which was heard at all. Peter sees what he has done, and with the most harrowing solicitude keeps his streaming eyes fixed on the man whom he "did not know." The poor sinner has suddenly forgotten that he did not know Jesus of Nazareth. He has forgotten to remember that he never saw the Man of sorrows. He has become all at once most unfortunately honest. With a witness he is now detected. Murder will out. Truth will out. Here stands the prisoner, mild, solemn, unruffled. There stands the profane disciple, trembling, restless, terrified, his eye fixed upon Christ, as the eye of a servant upon the master's uplifted rod. What a contrast in the countenances of these two men! As much difference as between innocence and guilt; between the sufferer and the doer of wrong; between an afflicted spirit, comforted from above, and a sinning one goaded on by influences from beneath. This handcuffed prisoner was by his virtue free as the mountain air, but that disciple, free though he seemed, was yet the only prisoner, manacled and fettered by his crime, and thrust through and through by the spear of conscience. Conscience had given to the

bound man the liberty of the angels, and had made the unbound man the very slave of himself, of sin, of torture. Just so it is. Conscience is the master of a man after all. This, this makes the difference between the placid and the wretched—this the difference between a heaven and a hell.

It is touchingly recorded that at this moment Jesus turned round and looked after Peter. The most cunning artists have tried to express on canvas the effect of this look of Christ; but they have laid down their pencil in despair. The sacred historians dared not attempt to describe the look, but simply said that Jesus turned and looked upon Peter. That simple look darted into Peter's memory the scorned prediction, "Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice." The look was beyond the endurance of the vociferous sinner. Though the hands of Christ were tied, and he could make no rebuking gesture, yet that eye which had once disconcerted the whole company of the Nazarenes on the brow of the hill; that eye which had once unmanned and confounded the money-changers and marketmen of the temple-porch; that eye which had, a few hours ago, disheartened and prostrated the constables in Gethsemane; that eye which we have reason to believe was at times more energetic than any other human eye, wilts down all the apostle's hope. He goes out of the court with quick and violent steps, in despair. He wept; was softened; he wept bitterly, with penitence proportioned to his sin. He went out and wept; for he chose a secret place, aloof from his evil company, where he might mourn and pray alone. As

the doves of the valleys fly to the mountains, all of them mourning, it was the language of his heart, "Oh that I had wings like a dove! that I might fly away, and bewail my transgression." From three o'clock until sunrise, he probably spent in astonishment at his guilt. The stillness of the night and the dark shadows of the morn tended only to excite his conscience the more. "Not six hours ago" (such must have been the substance of his soliloquy), "not six hours ago, I partook of Christ's body and his blood from his own hand. I have committed my sin fresh, fresh from the communion-table. My words spoken can never be recalled. I have made a ruinous impression on immortal souls. I have wounded the heart of Jesus. I have pierced his side. It is done. It cannot be undone. I have done it." Turn which way the apostle would he could not make his escape from that eye which had just flung its glance upon him. Like the eye of a good portrait it followed him, and, if he does turn away his head, it still follows him, and lives and burns before him. The eye was constantly speaking to him, "Simon, son of Jonas, you who would never forsake me, much less deny me, when you ought to be with the judges as a witness in my favor, are you afraid to acknowledge me before the servants? Do you not know me, Simon? Did you never know me? Alas, unhappy disciple, Satan has desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat! I knew it long ago. I wished you to know your danger. I told you of it again and again. You insisted that I was in the wrong and you in the right, and yet, Peter, I will pray for you. In all my present

troubles, I will intercede for you. On my cross I will make entreaty for you, and when I am dead and you are converted, strengthen the brethren by the experience of this hour."

Oh, that eye, that speaking eye of the Redeemer! No wonder that it will one day cause the kingdoms of the earth to wail by its glance. Oh, that, whenever we sin, the same eye may turn upon us, in the same way as it turned upon our brother in guilt! In the hour of Christ's dismal gloom he retained his erring disciple, and will he not much more in the days of his triumphant reign restore the modern backslider? Will he not move toward us while we, as Peter, remain unmoved, and persuade our reluctant hearts to love him, because he *first* loved us? Behold the goodness and the severity of God! Severity how kind! Behold how awful goodness is!

The sin of Peter suggests a few remarks:—

First, it teaches us the necessity of avoiding temptation. It is probable that Peter had never believed until the event occurred that our Lord would be imprisoned, and his mind became confused by the sudden dissipation of his hopes. He was expecting his own imprisonment and death, and resorted to his falsehood on the principle of self-preservation. Some have supposed that we have a right to utter falsehood in self-defense, and have justified Peter's crime because the meddlesome persons who asked him about his discipleship had no right to ply him with such queries. But no man is justified in any circumstances in order to secure any good, to violate the law of veracity. And yet

we can see at once how strong must have been Peter's inducement, while in the splendid palace of the hierarch, and surrounded by the proud enemies of the Messiah, to fawn for their favor and to struggle against their resentment. Just so certainly as he went among the officers he would fall. He ought to have remembered that he had been a sailor, and that sailors are apt to use profane language, and that his old habit of hearing, and perhaps of uttering oaths would predispose him to swear if he became excited; to swear without thinking, as familiar words will spring out before we know they are coming. He ought, therefore, to have anticipated the mysterious influence of temptation, especially to wonted sins, to have said with David, "I have hated the congregation of evil doers; and will not sit with the wicked." How appropriate was our Lord's repeated injunction to Peter, "Watch ye and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." We are not only forbidden to commit sin, but forbidden to expose ourselves to it. Evil companions are more dangerous in the high priest's palace than in the debauchee's hovel. Wealth, splendor and power lend attractions to wickedness, and it is no more safe to associate for pleasure with ungodly men in high places than to put fire into our bosoms. Not at all uncommon is it for pretended friends of Christ when in converse with fascinating sinners, especially when in prospect of obtaining from them some selfish good, to say by their actions as loud as Peter said by his words, "We do not know Jesus of Nazareth; neither his doctrine nor his spirit." They fear to press his commands, to stand

upright for his truth. They even blush when their religious calling is alluded to by such men as Caiaphas the judge and Pilate the governor. The sin of denying Christ before men whom we respect or fear is the prevailing sin of the present day; and yet we are lavish in our condemnation of Peter, who denied not for popularity alone but for safety, for life—not deliberately, as we, but under a pressure of strong temptation. Beware of such temptation. Repress your love of popular applause. Is there any fascinating sinner among you? Shun him except to do him good. Go not into his society for the pleasure of it. That pleasure allures unto devious ways. Put a millstone around your neck, and go down into the bottom of the sea, rather than seek your repose and comfort among men who may tempt you to a selfish and unfaithful life.

Secondly, the denial of Peter illustrates the folly and danger of self-confidence. When this apostle, speaking of his beloved brother Paul, says that in his epistle are some things hard to be understood, he probably had no reference to what Paul said about him that thinketh he standeth, that he should take heed lest he fall. This was all plain to Simon Peter. If the erring disciple had not felt, at first, that he was a rock, and could never be moved, he would not have ventured without precautionary thought into the circle of dignified sinners, nor hazarded his life without imploring help to sacrifice it for his duty. Says Dr. Young:

> "Temptations seize when fear is laid asleep,
> And ill, foreboded, is our strongest guard."

Point to any man who feels that he is in no danger of

sinning, and he is in so much the greater peril for the very thought. He is walking on the utmost verge of a precipice, and dreams that he is walking on a wide plain. He is less guarded than if he were afraid; *uses fewer means of security, falls the sooner. He has never disciplined himself to encounter perils by bringing them into clear view. He is bold in regard to distant evils, but yields to them as they approach.* Are we stronger men than David and Peter? Have they not been held up to us as monuments of human frailty, as beacons to guard us against trusting in ourselves? Why may not we lapse as they did? Why not the most conscientious of us be left to falsehood, to perjury and blasphemy and murder? Do you think, my hearers, that you could ever reach a depth of sin equal to that of the tempted disciple? No, you say, and Peter said No before you, just as decisively as you. Is thy servant a dog that he should do this great thing? Yes, yes, my friend. In yourself nothing better, with all your talents, with all your strength, with all your accomplishments, whosoever you may be, your character is written on your forehead, a worm and no man. So far as you and I are concerned, there is no faith to be reposed in us, bereft of the grace of God, but that this day we shall commit a sin which will bring reproach upon ourselves and disgrace upon the church. God alone must be exalted and every man abased in that day.

Thirdly, we may learn from Peter's denial the importance of preserving a habitual sensitiveness to the turpitude of sin. Our danger arises from the sudden onset of

temptation. Almost every disciple who lapses into gross transgressions, says: "If there had been a longer time for me to reflect, I should not have been beguiled." His conscience was asleep; then temptation surprised him. His resolution was unnerved; he had but few, too few moments to nerve it up. Ere his fleeting, unstable piety could be summoned to resistance, the deed was done.

If he had reflected habitually on the baseness of sin, he would have been prepared for the sudden emergency. He would have had less temptation, and more power to resist what he had. As the enemy, intent on sacking a city, fly with the greatest eagerness to the open gate, the forsaken tower, the weak breastwork, rather than to the places strongly barred, fortified and manned, so our arch enemy chooses to assail us in our most defenceless state, and to finish his work upon us before we collect our scattered armor, and mend our broken shields. The first denial of Peter, that one unpremeditated sin, led him into a labyrinth of other crimes, from which he was not relieved until Jesus turned and looked upon him. Had he thought, had he at first taken into view the evil of falsehood, he would not have lifted up the flood-gate; in one moment he lifted it, and then for hours the torrents poured through.

A nice regard to truth, especially in little things, will save us from ten thousand little deviations, which will wind us into inextricable mazes. No sin is so prolific as that of the tongue. One falsehood is the precursor of crimes which seem to have no connection with it. More than any other sin, falsehood should be resisted in its beginnings.

Those little falsehoods, those unmeaning, complimentary, polite lies, they deaden the sensibility, they benumb the conscience, they sink the soul into the meanest obliquities. The parent should make his child vow against the smallest equivocation, what Amilcar made young Hannibal swear against the Romans, perpetual hatred. This is the lesson which Simon Peter should have learned before his fall, and he did learn after it, and therefore in the lapse of a few weeks he asked a mendacious man, "Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost?" and then three hours afterward he said to the woman, "Behold the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door."

Fourthly, the sin of one who pretends to be a disciple of Christ brings an especial dishonor upon Christ himself. In the estimation of the world, Peter was identified with his Master. His actions were representative of the deeds of Christ. His words were a specimen of the sayings of Christ. His example was the best means men had of determining the Saviour's merits. When he rushed out to weep, he let all the bystanders know that it was the mention of the truth alone which had made him blaspheme. If then the scholar be so passionate, how must the teacher be regarded! This was the most eminent of the disciples. Is not that a demoralizing school where the most forward pupil is so profane? Reasoning thus, it may be that some around the palace fire that night were permanently influenced against Christianity by the angry look of the blasphemer, and while he is in heaven their souls may be enduring the consequences of his blasphemy. Doubtless Christ was in some

respects more grieved at the baseness of Peter's denials than at all the impudence and cruelty of Caiaphas. And he is, in some respects, more affected now by the inconsistencies of those who pretend to represent him than by the scandals of those who know him not. It is our unfaithfulness, my brethren, that creates for the impenitent their most specious excuses and gives them the opiate that lulls them into a spiritual sleep, which may never know a waking. Should we expect that He would be wounded in the house of his friends? Could we suppose that after having eaten of the bread and drunk of the cup, we should so soon crucify him afresh? For this, for nothing more than this, does Christ utter the inviting words, My body, eat ye of it; my blood, drink of it; yea, eat and drink, without money and without price. Is this repeated denial of him all the reward which is due for his amazing love?

Fifthly, the sin of Peter, like that of every other man, was conformed to his constitutional temperament. His temperament, like that of every other man, had its peculiar advantages and its peculiar evils. It allured him to a particular class of sins, and aided him in a particular class of duties. Whenever he is mentioned in the Gospels, it is in connection with somewhat marked and unique. All his acts were those of Simon Peter, son of Jonas. Is Jesus walking on the sea? Peter must walk in the same way, while his comrades remain in the boat. Is Jesus on the shore? Peter must gird his fisher's coat about him, and cast himself into the water. When Christ is transfigured on the mountain, all the disciples are amazed, but Peter

must needs cry out, "Lord, . . . let us make three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias." What did the man mean by this strange request? What did he mean? "Not knowing," saith the historian, "what he said;" "for he wist not," said another, "what to say; because he was sore afraid." But he is Simon Peter: he must be forward; he must say something. When Christ is assaulted in the garden, all the other disciples are affrighted, but Peter draws a sword and attempts to pierce the head itself of a soldier, but in his haste, he only smites off an ear. Rash man! It is to be expected that he will be rash also in his sins; that he will do something startling; something unique, something altogether his own. Not one of the converted eleven was so boastful as he, that he never would forsake his Lord; and in six hours afterwards, he was the only one of the converted eleven bold enough to venture on so singular a denial. The truth is that his energetic soul, always full of some one subject, was now full of a curiosity to see the end of the trial. The passion for seeing the end absorbed all his attention, and prevented him from seeing his own danger. And when this danger had at last engulfed him, the violence of his desire to see the end gave way to an equal violence of remorse, as a few moments before he was blinded to all things but that of seeing the end. So, now, he can think of nothing but his crime! his crime! He weeps, not as other men weep, but bitterly. In a few minutes and he could see the end, but he has now lost his desire, and he rushes out from the palace, enveloped in sorrow for his sin, not a persevering sin, but one which in six hours after its commission he forsakes and abhors.

"The needle which in the shaken compass flew hither and thither,
At last, long quivering, poises to the north."

So the heart of the disciple, after its trembling and oscillating turned promptly to his Lord. No one can tell the distress, the aching of the heart, the pain of the bones, the wringing of the whole system in anguish which the penitent endured. He then felt as a humble preacher has since declared of himself, that his very repentance needed to be repented of, and his very tears needed to be washed in some sacrificial blood. He had no excuse to plead. He did not say, as would some modern transgressors, "It was foretold that I should deny Christ; therefore it was certain, therefore it was decreed, and therefore I am not blamable for having accomplished a decree." Neither did he palliate his crime by pointing to the good results, the admonitory lessons coming from it to himself and to the Church—lessons that may come to us this day, and to all men in all time. He thinks of only one thing, the exceeding sinfulness of his sin. We can almost hear him use the strong phraseology of his epistle, which some suppose was suggested to him by the perils of that night: "I am a dog, returned again to my vomit; like a swine that was washed, I have gone back again to my wallowing in the mire." It is reported by some of the ancients that from this evening until his dying day, Peter never heard the crowing of a cock without bursting into tears. True or false, it is a good representation of the strength of his agony.

And yet, after he had sunk as low as possible into the dust,

he rose again with his native elasticity. In less than forty days we hear the question, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" "I trust that I do; it is very hard to know one's own heart. I hope, I have a humble hope that I do." This is not his blushing reply as he hangs his head before the man whom he did not know. He is grieved that the question should be asked him. "Lovest thou me?" "Yes! yes! Lord, thou knowest all things, and of course thou knowest that I love thee." Nor was he afraid of publicly defending the man whom he did not know, and did not know whom men meant when they spake of him. Instead of slinking back into a corner—I have now brought such a reproach upon the cause of Christ that it is imprudent for me to preach—he bated not a jot or tittle of heart or hope. He went forward straightway and uttered the anathemas of the gospel against all gainsayers. In less than two months we find him in Jerusalem lifting up his voice to men out of every nation under the heaven, and proclaiming to them intrepidly: "Ye men of Israel, hear these words. (Hear them from me; I have indeed been unfaithful; but that is no reason why you should remain rebellious.) Jesus of Nazareth, being delivered up (but the fact that he was delivered up is no reason why you should take him sinfully, and do to him what your malice prompted), being delivered up by the determinate counsel . . . of God (but such a determinate counsel as left you free to avoid the sin, if you chose to avoid it), (you with wicked hands), I have done a shameful wrong with my tongue, and you with wicked hands have crucified and slain the Holy One. Say

not to me, Physician, heal thyself, for I am going to heal myself, and I charge you in the name of the Highest to make yourselves pure from the blood of this righteous man. Say not to me, Cast the beam out of thine own eye. I have cast it out through grace; and because my vision has been disordered, that were a miserable reason why your vision should continue to be disordered. True, I have done one grievous wrong, but that were a wretched apology for my doing a second grievous wrong, in refusing to exhort you to do right."

And when they were pricked in their heart, and asked, "What shall we do?" the bold man answered as if he had never exposed himself to the least suspicion of a fault, "Save yourselves from this untoward generation. What if I have been untoward, save yourselves from this untoward generation." Soon after this, we find him before the whole Jewish council, and though he once cowered and quailed before their maid-servants, he now, in severe rebuke, cuts the whole Sanhedrin to the heart. Do his former comrades write epistles? He writes also and fills them with denunciation against sin and incitement to fidelity. His crime he did not hesitate to confess and publish to the world. It is the testimony of some of the ancients that Mark wrote his Gospel from the things which had been rehearsed by Peter; that he submitted his Gospel before it was published to Peter's revisal, secured the apostle's approbation of it, and thereby made Peter endorse the Gospel so as to warrant some in calling it "The Gospel according to Peter." Yet Mark is more circumstantial than any in recording the apostle's dis-

grace. The guilty man himself employed Mark as an amanuensis to make this mournful story known to all men, to the latest age. And yet this same transgressor, in his epistles which he knew would go bound up with his gospel to the future times, hesitates not to exclaim, These men, natural brute beasts—spots and blemishes—wells without water, clouds carried with a tempest—that speak great swelling words of vanity—if they are entangled and overcome—better for them not to have known the way of righteousness.

And Peter, Abdias relates, approaching the cross on which he was to be martyred, asked that he might be fixed upon it with his feet turned upward. St. Chrysostom is in ecstasy when he records this fact. "Rejoice," he cries out, "rejoice, O Peter, for you have now tasted the cross, and you could not aspire to the honor of doing it as your Saviour did, in an erect posture, but rather turned upon your head, with your feet aloft, as if you were to walk from earth up to the skies. Behold the man, Simon Peter, the bold sinner, the bolder saint!"

Behold him, as the great painters have shown him, with his head inverted, surcharged with blood, his feet nailed to the top of the cross, his hands to the base. He is just entering heaven. Behold the man!—forward to the last in duty, peculiar to the last in self-denial—that is the man; nobody else; his individuality secure; Simon Peter, son of Jonas, going into heaven as none ever went before, and none, save his own imitators, ever went after him. And when that sufferer passed through the door of Paradise, turning as it did on golden hinges, was he not received, think you, by his

fellow saints with an enthusiasm altogether novel? He was the rock on which the Church had been built. He had held the keys of life and death. He had been a leader of the brave band of Christians on earth; had been a valiant, a victorious soldier of the cross; a pioneer in Christian martyrdom; had given up his all, the mighty energies of his body, the restless untamable vigor of his feelings, all for the despised Nazarene.

On the Sabbath morning when that Nazarene was raised from his tomb one of the angels said, "Go. . . . tell his disciples *and* Peter, that he goeth before you into Galilee." Peter was one of his disciples, but it is the disciples *and* Peter who are reunited in Paradise. There he is, this morning, a bright spirit, his eye beaming with celestial luster, unwonted even in that brilliant circle; his voice swelling in a melody (and a loudness even) above the other voices which are all a choral symphony, harmonious numbers sweet. He presses up round the throne nearer than others, for he is Simon Peter. He leaps in ecstasy more joyous than others, for he is Simon Peter. He no longer wraps his fisher's coat about him, for he has exchanged it for a white robe. No more does he sit, mending his ragged net, for he was long ago made a fisher of men, women and children. No longer does he sail on a terrestrial sea, but walks as a king and a priest by the crystal river, that floweth hard by the throne of God. No more disputes now with his brother apostles. He was once at variance with some of them, but now he has done with his disputation. "I withstood him to the face," says Paul of him, "because he was to be blamed."

But Paul no longer withstands him—Peter is no longer to be blamed. The reprover and the reproved now face to face smile on each other as two yokefellows, different in disposition and yet one, who have passed through great tribulation and their souls escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler.

Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Christ? No more of these suspicions! No more grief in that ardent soul. We love, we love that noble apostle! Interesting even in his foibles; majestic, sublime in his virtues. God grant that his mantle may fall on us, and that we may strike hands with him in the home of the redeemed! Whenever we are weeping bitterly for our sins, then may Jesus turn and look upon us in his mild, forgiving love, and at last may he join us to that glorious company of his apostles, the noble army of his martyrs, and crown both us and them with everlasting crowns!

JUDAS

See introduction to previous sermon, "Peter's Denials of his Lord."

JUDAS

"The Son of man goeth as it is written of him: but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! it had been good for that man if he had not been born."—Matt. 26: 24.

There is a superhuman element in the history of our Lord during the six days preceding his death. On Saturday he took his Sabbath day's journey to the small village where he was to spend five nights of that sorrowful week. On Sunday he made his triumphal entrance into the city where he was to hang between two thieves. On Monday, as if he were a prince, he purified the temple, and on Tuesday he delivered in it one of the most impressive of his discourses. After he had predicted the final judgment, and then commented on the architecture of the temple edifice, he took his usual afternoon's walk to Bethany, and on his way uttered such a lament over Jerusalem as has arrested the attention of rhetoricians, and they have pronounced it a model of pathetic eloquence. On Tuesday evening after these afflictive scenes, we find him at a feast in the house of Simon the leper. If you ever visit Bethany you will be told of the very spot where was the house in which he partook of that feast. You may not believe you are standing on the identical spot, but you will be certain that you are standing very near it. Here a multitude of thoughts will throng your mind. Here was entertained the

young man who was to be executed after two days as it were on a gallows; and yet who was confidently foretelling his own glories on earth. Here he uttered one sentence, which proves that even in view of his disgrace on the cross, he cherished a regard for the fame of himself and his friends. On or near this identical spot, in this humble village, the young man, as if he were a lawgiver, pronounced one sentence which was to affect the progress of the fine arts among the most cultivated nations of the earth. Even in 1874 the question presents itself to philanthropists: Shall we regulate our pecuniary expenses according to the standard of our physical needs, or shall we use our money in cultivating our taste for the beautiful? In 1874 men are suffering for want of food, for want of clothing, for want of that knowledge which may save their souls. Shall we, then, indulge ourselves in expenditures for the fine arts? Close for a moment the volume of history, and imagine that the young man who, so near his cross, might be pardoned for taking gloomy views of life, had uttered the imagined sentence in favor of spending all our money in relieving the immediate necessities of the soul. That one sentence would have prevented the erection of Michael Angelo's cathedrals, the fashioning of Canova's eloquent statues, the painting of Raphael's breathing pictures, the composing of Handel's oratorios which are like the chorus of angels. That one sentence pronounced on the little hill of Bethany, would have denuded our houses of their pictures and speaking marbles and we should have lived the prosaic life of men who spend nothing for what they can live without.

Did the young man in the gloom of that depressing week utter that one sentence which was to be the rule of the strictest economy? Did he? Open now the volume of history. When Simon the leper made his memorable feast, it was fitting for him to invite Lazarus, Martha and Mary, three neighbors of Simon, and special friends of Jesus. The etiquette of that day, as of this, required that the family with which a guest was sojourning be called to the entertainment which was given for him. Mary brought to the feast an alabaster vase, sealed with wax, and filled with the richest of all aromatic substances, the *nard*. Judas Iscariot, who well understood the prices of such articles, estimated this vase of nard to be worth forty-five dollars. It was the kind of ointment with which the most opulent Orientals were accustomed to anoint the head of a distinguished guest. Mary poured it upon the feet of her guest. The wealthy princes used it sparingly; she used it profusely. They diluted it; she presented it unadulterated. She might have wiped the feet with a towel near at hand, but she chose to wipe them with the hair of her head. It was humility and love indeed! Her brother Lazarus had lain dead four days, but she remembered—and gratitude is the memory of her heart—how at his grave Jesus wept; and how he said, "Lazarus, come forth."

Hers was a noble sentiment, that Christ as the Messiah should be honored generously, and as a friend should be gratified with all that may regale a pure spirit. Her theory was that silver and gold must be sacrificed to the expression of esteem for worth, and luxuries are duties when they

are needed in the overflowing of a thankful virtue. The disciples of Christ, however, could not understand this philosophy at that time. When the room was filled with the fragrance of the nard they were troubled. It seemed to them an extravagant waste of money. That oil from the Indies could neither be eaten nor drunk; nor would it minister to any pressing need. Judas was particularly grieved that so much money should be expended without any crying want. He could see no meaning in the generous unction. He calculated its value, but could not calculate its influence on the finer feelings of the soul. Having figured out the price of the spikenard, he would have advised to sell it, (with him everything was to be sold); to sell it for five and forty dollars, three hundred pence. To sell it was his plan—not from any avaricious motive, as he would have it thought; and perhaps his reason and conscience approved of the plan to sell it and give the avails to the poor. And are there not some zealous Christians who would censure the imprudence of a man for giving away so large a proportion of his income as was given by this generous woman? Are there not also many seeming philanthropists who sneer at the missionary outfit as something which might have been sold for much and given to the poor of our own land? They regard their course as the only judicious one, and would regard you as merely censorious if you should intimate that they were prompted by Judas Iscariot's love to the poor in refusing the present charity, and preferring some other charity, in some different way, at some future time—which time too often

comes with tardy wheels. This is never avarice. This—avarice? This is but a sorry remnant of Judas Iscariot's love for the poor.

Jesus Christ would gather up the fragments that nothing be lost. Yet he was no utilitarian in his religion. Not more sweetly did the balsam perfume the feast room, than did the character of her who poured it; he made it redolent of all that is noble. He condemned the starveling economy of Judas, and showed that whatever elicits one noble feeling, or soothes one broken spirit, or calms one ruffled temper, or lightens up in smiles one downcast face; whatever honors the Messiah, and glorifies God, and makes religion venerable, that is the highest style of usefulness. Therefore the one sentence which our Lord pronounced in the house of Simon the leper was: "Let her alone; why trouble ye her? she hath wrought a good work on me. . . . Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." By this commendation he gave that woman's name in charge to the sweet lyre; and the historic muse, glad of the treasure, will march with that name down to the end of time; and sculpture, in her turn, will give bonds in stone and ever-during brass to guard that name and to immortalize her trust.

The truth seems to be that Iscariot had his private reasons for opposing this waste of the spikenard. He would fain trade with it. He loved the handling of money, even when it was not his own. But the apostle John, with all

his mildness, intimates that the treasurer of the disciples was in the habit of purloining for his individual use the contents of the common purse. The loss of the nard, which was worth so much, was therefore a personal loss to this pretended friend of the poor. He seems to have reasoned thus with himself: "When I became a disciple of the Messiah, I expected that he would assume a temporal throne and that he would raise me to the wealth of a prince at his right hand. Having waited three long years, I now learn that his kingdom is not of this world, but is a kingdom of mere spirituality, and this spirituality will yield me but a meager living. Can I not make more money than by remaining the treasurer of this beggarly band, of whom the Master says—and how weary I am of hearing those words repeated and reiterated again and again!—'Ye have the poor always with you'? As well as not I might have put into my purse these three hundred silver denarii, which were wasted on my Master; for he might have supported himself without them. But he applauded the woman for her lavish bounty, and rebuked me as if my care for the poor was but the greed of a miser. And I cannot forget that question which he asked more than a year ago, and which he pointed at me. I could never get away from the suspicion that he pointed at me those sharp words: 'Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?' "

These were sharp words. The words of the wise are as goads, and faithful are the wounds of a friend. And if the avarice of Judas had not contracted his mind into a petty jealousy, he would have thanked his reprover for

those sharp words; but he cherished a retaliatory spirit. Is it strange that he was revengeful? Any one sin brings a thousand in its train. He had nurtured a love of money, and this, like every individual sin, germinates into others. Is it strange that he is prepared now for a desperate crime? He had been educating himself for that crime. He pilfered first a farthing; then a denarius; then a shekel; then a pound. "My Master will never miss the money. He seems too spiritual to concern himself about my treasury; and besides, when he is in need of silver, he has but to speak the word and a fish of the sea will surrender the desired coin. What harm, then, if I take a silver piece to-day and a gold piece to-morrow?" What harm? For Judas was a calculator of consequences! But amid all his calculations he forgot the consequences of a single sin upon a growing soul. By little and little had he become great in infamy. Never was the great sinner made such in a day. Step by step do we hourly rise or sink in holiness or guilt. If we are ever to commit a gigantic crime, Judas foretells us the reason of it. We are, or are to be schooling ourselves for that crime. The child who tells something that is almost a lie, and yet not quite, there is danger of him that he will be a liar at the last. The youth who takes a farthing's worth of another's property, and almost means to steal, and yet not quite, for he means to return it, there is danger of him that he will end his career as a thief. If you nurture a venial sin to-day, and a venial sin to-morrow, and a venial sin the third day, you will soon be prepared for Iscariot's crime, and will learn that there is no venial sin,

but every sin is fearful in its guilt, for, if unchecked, it must be fatal in its influence.

Perhaps on Tuesday night, certainly as early as Wednesday, the traitor had contrived a plan by which he might both gratify his irritated spirit and gain money. Wednesday[1] was the day on which the Jewish Sanhedrin met. They assembled on Mt. Zion, at the house of Joseph Caiaphas. They perceived themselves to be involved in a dilemma. They had already advertised for Jesus without effect. Therefore, if he be apprehended at all, their own officers must perform the work. But they cannot apprehend him in public; for he has too great a throng of friends who will fight for him. And they cannot apprehend him in private until the expiration of the seven feast days. Next Thursday evening the national passover commences; between this time and that less than forty hours intervene; the city is crowded with strangers; no man is so popular with them as Jesus is; and an assault upon him during these holidays will make an uproar among the people. But how can the Sanhedrin enjoy the festival while the numerous visitants at the capital are frequenting the by-places of this attractive teacher, and are this week preparing themselves to disseminate his influence as they go next week from Jerusalem through all the hamlets of Judæa? In their perplexity and chagrin the priests are accosted by a stranger with the significant words: "What will ye give me?" No introduction, no apology; these are the first words—dollars and cents. What

[1]Dr. Robinson supposes that this scene was on Wednesday morning.

will you give me, and I will deliver up to you the foe whom you dread? Nothing could be more timely. No need now of a week's delay. Before the passover commences the foe may be put under Roman custody, and the name of Rome will overawe the insurrection. When the dignitaries heard it, says Luke, they were glad. With an electric impulse they turn to their new ally. What do they offer? Preferment in church or state? Do they promise: "Whereso-ever the story of Jesus shall be told throughout the whole world, there shall thy deed be spoken of as a memorial of thee"? There are some deeds to which the love of honor is no allurement. There are some men who do not sin for the love of fame. Judas seems to have been a man of some ambition, but of more avarice. So they covenanted with him for the sum of $18.00; according to another but less accurate calculation, for the sum of $14.70; at any rate the same amount which the Jewish law prescribed as the price of a common slave—less than one-half of the sum which in the view of Judas was wasted on the preceding day by her who anointed the Master for his burial. What shall I render unto the Lord? was her magnanimous query; but, What will you give me for my Lord? was the question of the mercenary disciple. Thirty shekels of silver is the price for the man who gave up all the riches of heaven for this ungrateful world. He is to be bought and sold who redeemed us not with earthly treasures, but by his own blood. He did become a root out of a dry ground, no form, no comeliness, no beauty! He had a meaning when he exclaimed in prophetic story: "I am a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised of the people."

It is a striking fact that notwithstanding the shrewd disciple had been intimate with Jesus for three long years, he brought no charge against him. If the Messiah had been guilty of deception or manœuvre, this eagle-eyed man would have been the first to detect it. For quicker than the steel to the magnet had he been attracted to sinful artifice; but so far as intimating that his Master was guilty, he distinctly declared that Christ was innocent. To live for thirty-six months with a sharp-sighted spy, in such a way as to give that spy no ground of reproach or even suspicion, is peculiar to Him who lived as our model. It is a maxim of some that we should never do anything before our most intimate friends, which would injure our character if those friends should become foes: but we are told by other moralists that we need not obey such a maxim. It would freeze up our social affections, and bind as with an iron fetter our intercourse of friendship. We must sometimes drop an expression that we would fain hold back from the ear and the tongue and the laugh of a foe. Who then could live with so provoking a man as Judas, without an occasional ruffling of a placid temper? Could you repress your disdain of the small chafferings and greedy appetences and splenetic words that were always thrusting themselves before the family? Wherever you looked, as you walked your room, or sat at your fireside, or ate at your table, these disgusting and degrading littlenesses would be leaping into notice like the frogs into Pharaoh's kneading-troughs; and yet your Master loved that mean disciple. He knew

the contracted thoughts and the low aims of the traitor, and still he not only bore with the man, but melted in tenderness over him. In everything was the disciple who kept the bag an exact antipode of Jesus; in intellect, in heart, in manners doubtless, and in countenance; but after all, in the Redeemer's mind was not one moment's irritation, not one single breath of petulance. All was calm as the lake after it heard his soothing voice, "Peace, be still." Admirable example of family virtue! Beautiful specimen of that social forbearance which suffereth long and is kind! Hard lot it was to leave the softness and the delicacy and the nobleness of the angelic choir, and bind himself to the roughness and coarseness and narrowness of a sordid miser. Spring and summer came and went, autumn and winter drew along their slow days and nights while he ate and drank, and journeyed and conversed, with one whose very name is a synonym for a hard and vulgar mind. How truly was he a man of sorrows, when the fine fibers of his soul were swept so rudely by the selfish companion of his walk and his table! Tempted in all points as we are, and yet without sin! As the demoniacs were sent on purpose to illustrate the power of Christ, so Judas was sent on purpose to illustrate the patience of Him who lived as our model. It was meet that he should be yoked with some unpleasant associate, that he may be touched with the feeling of our infirmities. He qualified himself by his dark experience to be compassionate as our high priest. He knoweth now our social frame. He remembereth that in our family life we are but dust.

On Thursday eve we find the treasurer lying down at meat with his fellow disciples. He was partaking for the last time of the paschal feast. The Master of the feast was solemn, for in less than twenty hours he was to be in his grave. Sorrowfully he rises from the table and washes one by one the feet of each disciple. It is a menial service; it is the seal of his condescension and his love. He, the future Judge of all the earth, washes the feet even of Judas Iscariot. He resumes his place at the table; his countenance becomes more and more dejected; there is one thought weighing down his spirit; he can restrain his grief no longer. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, one of you shall deliver me to my murderers." The disciples are startled. "Is it I?" one ventures to ask, and then another, with fearful foreboding, "Is it I?" Wishing to disburden the amiable men who, in this way, so peculiar to the pious, distrusted each one himself and no one his neighbor, Jesus at once relieves all who are farthest from him at the table, and says, "It is one of the three or four who are nearest to me." But this augments the anguish of two, at least, among those three or four. One of them is John; another seems to have been Peter, for he was especially agitated. He must know which one of the three or four the criminal is. He sees that John who was lying within a few inches of Jesus had now moved his head upon the Master's bosom; and it was of course the most convenient for the peculiar favorite of Jesus, while leaning so near the face of his Lord to obtain a secret designation of the traitorous disciple. Peter therefore makes a sign for John to ask the question.

The yielding disciple asks it probably in a whisper; and Jesus whispers back, "The traitor is the man to whom I shall hand a morsel of bread when I shall have dipped it in the harrosheth." This harrosheth was a rich condiment made up of dates, figs, raisins and similar fruits. The bread was dipped into it to be made the more palatable. Mr. Jowett, describing an Oriental meal, says: "Whenever the master of the feast found any delicious morsel, he took it up in his fingers and applied it to my mouth." This fashion of feeding a guest is true Oriental courtesy and hospitality. It is an emblem of kindness. Christ used it not merely as a sign to John, but as a symbol of love to Judas. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him;" the Saviour did feed him. In three hours Jesus was to be betrayed and yet he must try once more to soften down his betrayer and win him back to virtue. Even to the last he longed to sweeten that ascetic spirit. He always will display the magnanimity of a friend toward his thankless foes. Never will he be angry as men count anger, even while he deals the bread of perdition to his enemies. And at the final day, while he utters that dread sentence, "Depart from me, ye cursed," it shall be whispered from one saint to another: "Behold how he loved even them!" And while he does his strange work, frowning away the wicked into ruin, it shall be said again, "Behold how he loved them even to the end!" True, it will be the justice of God uprising against the incorrigible sinner, yet it will be love, almighty love, pointing that justice, and making the sinner speechless.

If the traitor had felt no remorse, he would have been

pleased with this mark of kindness at the Messiah's hand. He did not know it was designed to point him out as the criminal. But he was too coarse to see the beauty of his Lord's tenderness to him. He ate the sweetened bread, for Judas Iscariot was not the man to waste anything, and, says John, the mildest of the evangelists, "After the sop Satan entered into him."

The Redeemer sees that his magnanimity only exasperates Iscariot, and exclaims, "That thou doest, do quickly." It was a command full of meaning. It was the act of inchoate church discipline. The mild Prince of peace, on the last evening of his mild life, was neither ashamed nor afraid to excommunicate an unfaithful pretender. The hidden prophetic force of his words was, "I am now to institute my Church in form; to celebrate my first and standard sacrament: shall a transgressor who is never to be saved partake of the pledge of salvation? Shall he who is now under contract with my murderers eat of my body and drink of my blood? It cannot be fit that my infant Church be stained with so impure a communicant. Judas, I am not deceived by your professions; my hour has come; I am ready to die. What thou art to do thou knowest. What thou art to do I know; go and do it quickly. I charge thee stay no longer here; put no dishonor upon this ever-to-be-remembered and ever-to-be-imitated sacrament of my dying love."

But how unsuspicious were nearly all the eleven of the traitor's insincerity! They, probably nine of them, had not heard the previous whispering, and when the laconic order,

"That thou doest, do quickly," burst upon their ears, they thought that the treasurer was ordered to buy provisions for the rest of the feast-week, or else disburse the usual charities to the poor. So beautifully did these simple-hearted men let out the incidental proof that Jesus was in the habit of relieving the poor. The fox had a hole, the bird of the air had a nest, but Jesus had not where to lay his head; and yet he gave away; his entire life was a life of giving away; he died giving away; he reigns giving away.

Judas, however, did not so misunderstand the mandate. He had a seat of honor at the table. He was near his Lord. Now, for the first time, he saw that he was detected, and his honor was gone. He lifts up his eyes from the dish and asks, as if equally blameless with those who had asked long ago, "Master, is it I?" "You have said it," is the Saviour's dignified response. And the traitor, as soon as exposed, left the disciples.

While they were partaking of their first eucharistic communion, Judas walked more than a mile, late in the evening, to the house of Joseph Caiaphas. Gresswell says it was the temple. Eager to gratify his ire and earn his money, he offers to conduct the police straightway to the Messiah's lodgings. The temple guard start forth on the expedition, led on by their prefect who himself walked with Judas. But how shall the police, when they find the twelve, distinguish the Messiah from his disciples, one of whom is said (and so represented by the painters) to have borne a strong resemblance to Christ? Judas proposes an ingenious scheme. I have been absent two hours or more from my

Master; it will, therefore, be an unsuspicious act, nothing more than common politeness, for me to salute him with a kiss. Whomsoever, therefore, I shall treat with the usual mark of civility, seize him; he has been known to make surprising escapes; therefore hold him fast. You are responsible, not I, for leading him away safely.

In our own day it is not uncommon for American travelers to spend the evening of the Jewish passover in the garden of Gethsemane, and to keep there the anniversary of their Redeemer's sorrows. Four years ago, at eleven o'clock at night there was seen from this garden a band of men wending their way to it, having just left the grounds of the ancient temple, some of them bearing arms, some of them bearing torches. It was a thrilling spectacle. Eighteen hundred years ago, from this very garden, Jesus may have watched the band of his captors as they came down that hill, with swords and staves and lanterns. While he was watching them he may have been preparing himself to meet them. For various reasons it seems probable that these armed men, when they came near the garden halted, and the traitor walked forward alone to meet Jesus. For the same reasons it seems probable that Jesus left his disciples in the rear and walked forward alone to meet the man whom he had called the son of perdition. Never before or since was there a similar meeting of two men. Historians describe the sublimity of the scene when two hostile armies draw near to their battle-ground; a cloud of dust from the north, betokening the approach of one army —a cloud of dust from the south indicating the tread of

the opposing host. All the evil passions of the traitor were like a battalion of evil spirits surrounding him. All the virtues of the Redeemer were like legions of angels hovering over him. In the stillness of the night, these two representatives of principalities and powers stood before each other face to face. "Hail, master!" was the first word which broke the silence of the scene. "Betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" was the final word of that noiseless encounter. There is no man so lofty but that he is sometimes brought low in affliction. There is no man so low but that he is sometimes raised up in triumph. The vender of his Lord has achieved his end. The Redeemer is seized by the police; his hands are bound behind him and he who had just been strengthened by an angel of God is a manacled prisoner. As the towers of Mount Moriah are reflecting the moonbeams in somber magnificence, the police march back to the Sanhedrin. Judas goes with them. He is going now for his fee. "So they weighed for his price," said an old prophet five hundred years before, and thus they proved the truth of inspiration, "So they weighed for his price thirty pieces of silver." Judas took them and went his way. Where he spent that night nobody knows. How he spent it we may presume. He had harbored probably a vague impression that the prisoner, after all, would circumvent the police or foil the court. But when he learned that Jesus had been harassed all night long with a tedious and insolent trial, exhausted by the mocking and insults of the court and mob; that he had been led handcuffed to the Roman fortress, and after a merciless

scourging, had been condemned by the Roman judge, and was now delivered over, tired and bleeding, to the iron-hearted executioner, the miser was convulsed with fear. He had always noticed something majestic and mysterious in the look and speech and entire life of his Master, and therefore he knew not what sudden vengeance might fall upon his own head. Such men as Judas are subject to sudden paroxysms. The violence of his anger prepared the way for violence of grief. He was a man of strong mind and strong passions. He had fostered a malignant spirit, but had not exterminated his conscience. An old divine says: "There is no man breathing but carries [about him] a sleeping lion in his bosom, which God can and may, when he pleases, rouse up and let loose upon the man, so as to tear and worry him, to that degree that he shall be glad to take sanctuary in a quiet grave." We may naturally suppose the traitor to have conversed with himself thus: "How troubled in spirit was my Master, what an imploring glance he flung upon me, when he uttered those last words, the last which I ever did or ever can hear from him in this world, 'Betrayest thou the Son of man with a mark of friendship?' Had it not been for me, he would have escaped his brutal trial. Had it not been for me, his life of kindness would have been crowned with honor. I am worse than the priests, worse than Pilate. I remember the day when he said, and perhaps his foresight led him to aim at me his words, 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' I remember many such words; and now I have lost my office, I

have lost my means of living; I have lost my good name; I have lost my soul, and what have I gained by my treachery! Not the whole world—no, no, not the whole, but thirty shekels of silver. What will you give me? has been my first proposal. I might have bought the truth and sold it not. I had every means of laying up for myself those durable riches of which I heard the Master say that the moth shall not corrupt them; but I have spent my life in asking, What will ye give me? and at length I have bartered away my birthright for oh, how small a portion of filthy lucre! My money burns in my purse. It will weigh me down to Hades. What shall I do to be eased of my anguish? I will flee to the ministers of God; I will not extenuate my guilt, it is too great; I will not censure my employers. If you had not, if you had not tempted me, I had not been so ungrateful to my Lord. I am too guilty to accuse my confederates thus; but I will give my thirty silver pieces to the ministers of the Lord. I will offer my basely earned coin to the treasury of the Church. Will not the Most High be propitiated if all the contents of my purse be used in his service? for the worship in his temple?" The remorseful man hurries to the priests. "I have sinned. Here in the temple I bear my witness that Jesus has not sinned. It is I who have sinned." "What is it to us that you have sinned? Attend to that business yourself." So did the priests answer him. Last night when they had something to gain by him they treated him with an eager kindness, they were glad; but this morning they have finished their use of him as their instrument, and now they thrust him aside as a broken tool.

The friendship of the world is said to be enmity to God. It is enmity to the friends themselves. The fashionable corrupter will never condole with his ruined victim. He smiles—it is but to devour. Thrice wretched is that youth who has forsaken the tried friends of his innocence for the ensnaring companionship of evil men in high places. When troubled by clamors of conscience, his enticing companions will utter words which will be as daggers to his soul. I used to think that if at last I perished in my sin, my pain would be assuaged by the comrades who hand in hand had trod with me sin's flowery way, for I had read that even devil with devil damned firm concord holds. But no. There shall be no such sympathy in hell. Dreary shall be the alliance of them who were allies on earth. Not a reprobate was ever decoyed by friends whom he loved but has already found annoyance in that love, and accusers in those friends. No wonder that Dives begged and begged that his five brethren might not join him in woe. Their reproaches would make pain itself more painful, and though now he was in the lowest depth, yet when they came a lower deep would open to devour him. It is eternal wailing. See thou to that. Alas! he has seen; what is that to us? he yet sees; he will ever see to it.

No sooner had the priesthood sneered at the grief of Judas than he threw his eighteen dollars upon the sanctuary floor and rushed out of the porch. His old friends abhorring him, his new friends despising him, his money gone, his office gone, he is weary of life. To allay the anguish of remorse he resolves to plunge into the depths of that remorse

which never knows an end. To escape from the flame he means now to cast himself into the fire. So wretched is this ruined sinner that he seeks relief in hell.

He walks from the temple in a southerly direction to the vale of Hinnom. At the same time the mob led Jesus from the same place in an easterly direction to the mount of Calvary. Behold the two men, both going to death at the same hour. With the cross upon his shoulder and with Judæa's daughters weeping around him, Jesus cries: "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me." With a rope in his hand, but without seeing one tear of sympathy for him, Judas hurries away, and says not a word to the crowd whom he meets thronging on toward Golgotha. What a contrast also appears at this time between Judas and Peter! Peter is all alone weeping for his sins—not for one sin but for all his sins—not because they were injurious, but because they were vile. He not only weeps for them but forsakes them—not only forsakes them but brings forth fruits meet for repentance; and after all his good aims, he prays that his life of guilt may be pardoned through grace. But we do not read that Judas wept. His was not that remorse which melts itself into tears. His was not that despair which casts itself upon the mercy of God. He is not humble, but mortified; not penitent, but sorry; not mourning because he is a selfish man, but chagrined because he has done a ruinous deed. He confesses his crime, but to men only, not to God; and not the whole of his crime, but merely that item which had been already exposed. He says not, "I confess my avarice, my revenge, my hidden

dishonesty," but, "I confess my treason." Nor had he confessed his treason if Jesus had triumphed over it. But, says Matthew, when the poor calculator saw the consequences of his kiss he trembled. Without one prayer to God he confesses, "I have sinned," and went straightway to sin more boldly than ever. His cheek was pale with fear, and yet he feared not to face the Eternal—but uncalled for. As if to show that he could not be bold enough on earth, he rushed to the bar of his God. No, that poor man had all the anguish of a convicted soul without one solace of a penitent. He held himself up to the world as a spectacle of remorse and crime even in death. His pain, like that of every incorrigible man, was equal to his selfishness. His selfishness, like that of every persevering sinner, was the source of that strange pain; for the pain of conscience is a strange pain, hankering to augment itself.

Having walked, as we may suppose, more than a hundred rods from Mt. Moriah, and passed the city wall through one of its southern gates, Judas arrived at a patch of rough ground from which the potter who owned it procured the clay for his bricks. "One of the most rude and rugged spots here, and one which is close to the valley of Tophet is still pointed out as the Potter's Field. Here Judas is said to have been buried. Here are trees standing near the brink of huge cliffs and precipices." We may suppose that it was a tree growing near the verge of one such cliff that Judas selected for his use. He may have tied his rope to a bough which leaned over the precipice and

which if it should break would let him fall upon the sharp rocks at the bottom. Having tied the other end of the rope around his neck, he has nothing to do but to swing over the edge of the abyss, and his entire weight will hang upon the bough. He swings. But perhaps the bough was too fragile; perhaps the rope was too weak; perhaps he was too deeply agitated with remorse to adjust anything aright: at any rate, by some mismanagement he lost his hold upon the tree. He fell down the precipice; he struck upon the sharp rocks. Luke, who was a physician, and was careful in noting the phenomena within the scope of his profession, describes the fall as resulting in the most violent contusions of the body, and in an evisceration from which we turn away our eyes instinctively for relief.

And whither shall we turn our eyes instinctively for relief? From the mangled body to the soul? Have you not heard how some believe that Judas at the instant of his body's fracture rose as a happy spirit to Paradise, and left his comrades, because they were faithful, to struggle on for years in persecution and pain? Have you not heard how some believe that he spent three hours amid the pure seraphs above while his Redeemer was sighing out these three hours on the cross, amid the enemies who were mocking him? Have you not heard how some believe all this? But have you not read that when Judas fell, he did not rise, but fell from his apostleship to "his own place"?

It has been asked what are the most momentous hours that have elapsed since the creation. I do not know what they were, unless we select the five hours from eleven till

four on that memorable Friday. On earth what a moment was this of the traitor's death! In a very short time the entire heaven was clouded over, and remained so, from the sixth hour to the ninth—for then the Son of God was nailed to the tree and that was the most thrilling thing ever done by man. In heaven, also, what a moment! It was known there, doubtless, that the portals of death would be opened for Jesus to pass through on his mysterious visit after his expiring breath on the cross—that brief as well as wonderful visit lasting only from Friday noon until Sabbath morning, very early in the morning. And were not the sainted spirits gazing silently at that door and waiting for the coming in of their favorite? But lo! an intruder, unbidden, opens the gates of death at that hour when the principalities of heaven stood waiting. He is hastening away from his only probation, even while the making of the atonement is in actual progress on Calvary. Fourteen hours ago he met the Son of God in the garden and kissed him. Now he meets God himself. "Hail Master," does he say? To see God in this world is one thing; to see him in eternity, that is the event at which every mouth shall be stopped.

And in hell what a moment was this of Judas' death! Now is your hour, said Jesus, your hour of triumph. They were all absorbed then in the crucifixion, and did they not watch the iron gate, anxious and eager for the first glimpse of Him who was soon to be relieved from the nails and the crown of thorns? But the betrayer gets the start of the betrayed, and shows himself abruptly to that dark cloud

of witnesses. He comes down loaded with remorse. "What is your remorse to us? see thou to that." He finds he has made a sad exchange from earth to hell. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, he pants to avert his second death by a second suicide. One hour ago he longed to undo his treachery, now he longs to undo his self-murder. In a few moments Jesus exclaims from the cross: "I thirst;" and then Judas cries: "Give me also one drop of water; for I am tormented in this flame of remorse." In a few moments, Jesus prays, "Father, forgive them;" and then Judas cries, "Yea, forgive them, lest they who hired me come hither to augment my pains." John, his fellow disciple, and Mary who wasted the ointment, are, at this very minute, around the cross. Oh, could Judas go back again, and stand with that amiable disciple, and with that woman who wasted the ointment, he would give, yea, that miser would give oceans of his once loved shekels! But no, he was to be forever craving, as on earth craving for silver, so now craving for one moment of rest. In vain he longs that the rock on which he fell and was bruised might now fall on him and hide him from the glance of that mild Prince who was just moving through the air from his cross to his throne. Oh, how changed that man of sorrows, now riding home to glory with loud acclaim! Which way soever that poor disciple turns his eyes, he reads the same words: "Eternity, eternity! What will ye give me? Eternity, eternity! Thirty pieces of silver! Eternity, eternity! What shall it profit a man though he gain his silver, and lose his eternity! Oh, eternity!" And when ages heaped on

ages shall have rolled away, the forlorn disciple, like the Babylonian monarch whose knees smote together, shall see a mysterious hand writing on the walls those expressive words, "The love of money is the root of all evil." And you and I, my friend, remaining sorrowless for any sin, shall one day leave our mirth and our employments, and make our bed with Judas Iscariot. Here we select our own companions, but hereafter one by one shall we be gathered to his side, and wrap the drapery of his couch about us, and lie down to his hard embrace. No wonder, no wonder that Jesus was troubled in spirit and groaned forth the words of our text: "It had been good for that man if he had not been born"!

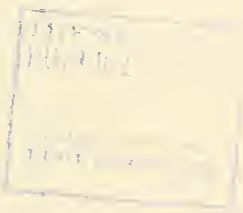
Good were it for him, doubtless; but from the fact that he was born, some good has come to the universe. He meant not so, neither did his heart think so, but he, as every man, must either use his talents for good or else be used for good by Him who overruleth even the selfishness of men for the common welfare. Judas was a drudge, and he carried the bag, and did the drudgery of his nobler fellows. His character serves as the background of the picture on which the mellow hues of redeeming love are painted; and that love shines forth the richer in the foreground because it is in contrast with a cloud so dark and dismal behind it. The traitor did succeed in giving up his Master to the foe; but the very death of Jesus has been turned into a means of life to all who will accept it. The guilty man fell from his apostleship; but marvel not, my brethren, when I say unto you, that he is an apostle even yet. He was once or-

dained as a preacher, and his ordination is not cancelled. Listen now to the words which are spoken and emphasized by his life and death and punishment. The worst man that lives is the man who sins under the garb of piety. His pretence to be a good man is the kiss, and sin is the treason, and every pretended Christian when he sins is the traitor. The prototype of hypocrites gave up Christ's body to be bruised; the hypocrite of our day gives over Christ's feelings to be wounded. Without Iscariot's sin, the enemies of Jesus had been held at bay; without the sin of the Church these enemies would find few excuses for impenitence. Jesus could overlook the barbarity of Caiaphas and Pilate, and the quaternion who nailed his limbs; but when he thinks of Judas, he exclaims: "It was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it: . . . . but it was thou, a man mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance." And to-day he can endure the ingratitude of the men who never sat at his table; he says in grief, Mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath risen up against me in rebellion.

Is there or is there not some Judas Iscariot in this church? There are to be found many Judases at the last—is there one of them here? Are you unsuspected in your Christian walk? So was Iscariot honored and trusted until that evening when the generous woman wasted the ointment. Is the question going around the seats, Who then is the faithless disciple? Let us determine who it is. He who like Judas at the paschal supper is the slowest to suspect himself, and the last to inquire "Is it I?"—that man is to be

feared. He who restraineth prayer before God, and causeth the impenitent to say that religion is a dream—there is reason to suspect that man. He who cherishes one habitual sin, be it sloth, or anger, or levity or acrimony, or avarice, or ambition, or envy, or pride, even spiritual pride, to that man perhaps the Saviour says: Thou art Judas. Wilt thou persevere in thy sin unto the bitter end?

"Good for that man if he had not been born."



PROFESSOR PARK AT 40

THE THEOLOGY OF THE INTELLECT AND THAT OF THE FEELINGS

A Discourse delivered before the Convention of the Congregational Ministers of Massachusetts, in Brattle Street Meeting-house, Boston May 30, 1850.

The Boston Courier said of this discourse: "Professor Park has the honor of doing what has not been done for a long time before, on a similar occasion, namely, the filling to overflowing, yesterday forenoon, the Brattle Street Church.

"Every aisle, above and below, was crowded with gentlemen and ladies who stood during the whole services, though the time was nearly two hours. His topic was the theology of the intellect and the affections in their mental action upon one another. Rarely has a discourse, so brilliant in thought and illustration, so comprehensive and clear, been delivered in this city. But one opinion has been expressed in this matter, and it is to be hoped that it will soon be published and widely circulated. The elocution of the speaker materially assisted the performance, and the effect in some passages where his fertility of illustration and aptness of remark made clear and prominent some important truth frequently seen under a cloud, was almost overpowering. Metaphysical discernment and a luxuriant imagination united to make the sermon exceedingly interesting to cultivated minds, and the practical bearing of the whole discourse on doctrinal belief and religious literature, made it a timely and useful disquisition."

Dr. J. W. Wellman who heard this sermon writes:—

"The old Brattle Street Church was crowded to suffocation. Dr. Samuel K. Lothrop, the pastor of the church, was in the pulpit, sitting at the left of Dr. Park. During the introductory services all the intimate friends of the Professor in the audience must have seen that he was under the influence of intense thought and feeling. At length he rose to speak, and there was such an electric tone in his voice, such intense passion in his marvelous eye, and, indeed, in every movement and gesture, and in his whole powerful personality, that the attention of every person in the vast audience was arrested by the first word of the oration, and chained to him to his last word; and then instantly, in their relief from long overwrought feeling, every listener, with flushed face, drew a long breath which was audible in every part of the church."

"Dear Sir:—

"I am indebted to the Rev. S—— B—— for sending me a copy of your sermon, before the Convention of Congregational Ministers; and cannot resist writing this note, to say how highly I esteem it. I have read it with interest, and much instruction. You have been, I think, particularly happy, in shewing how Biblical expressions, apparently contradictory, are yet consistent; and how sensibility and religious emotion may be excited without violence to philosophical truth. This is rendering a real service, not only to all Biblical students, but to all Christians.

"With great regard

"Your ob. servt.

"Daniel Webster."

Washington, June 20, 1850.

THE THEOLOGY OF THE INTELLECT AND THAT OF THE FEELINGS[1]

"The Strength of Israel will not lie nor repent: for he is not a man, that he should repent."—1 *Sam.* 15: 29.

"And it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart."—*Gen.* 6: 6.

I have heard of a father who endeavored to teach his children a system of astronomy in precise philosophical language, and although he uttered nothing but the truth, they learned from him nothing but falsehood. I have also heard of a mother who, with a woman's tact, so exhibited the general features of astronomical science that although her statements were technically erroneous, they still made upon her children a better impression, and one more nearly right than would have been made by a more accurate style. For the same reason many a punctilious divine, preaching the exact truth in its scientific method, has actually imparted to the understanding of his hearers either no idea at all or a wrong one; while many a pulpit orator, using words which tire the patience of the scholastic theologian, and which in

[1] When the author began to prepare the ensuing discourse, he intended to avoid all trains of remark adverse to the doctrinal views of any party or school belonging to the Convention. But, contrary to his anticipations, he was led into a course of thought which he was aware that some clergymen of Massachusetts would not adopt as their own, and for the utterance of which he was obliged to rely on their liberal and generous feeling. Although it is in bad taste for a

their literal import are false, has yet lodged in the hearts of his people the main substance of truth. John Foster says, that whenever a man prays aright he forgets the philosophy of prayer; and in more guarded phrase we may say that when men are deeply affected by any theme, they are apt to disturb some of its logical proportions, and when preachers aim to rouse the sympathies of a populace, they often give a brighter coloring or a bolder prominence to some lineaments of a doctrine than can be given to them in a well compacted science.

There are two forms of theology, of which the two passages in my text are selected as individual specimens, the one declaring that God never repents, the other that he does repent. For the want of a better name these two forms may be termed, the theology of the intellect, and the theology of feeling. Sometimes, indeed, both the mind and the heart are suited by the same modes of thought, but often they require dissimilar methods, and the object of the present discourse is, to state some of the differences between the theology of the intellect and that of feeling, and also some of the influences which they exert upon each other.

What, then, are some of the differences between these two kinds of representation?

The theology of the intellect conforms to the laws, sub-

preacher, on such an occasion, to take any undue advantage of the kindness of his hearers, yet perhaps it is not dishonorable for him, confiding in their proverbial charity, to venture on the free expression of thoughts which he cannot repress without an injurious constraint upon himself.

serves the wants and secures the approval of our intuitive and deductive powers. It includes the decisions of the judgment, of the perceptive part of conscience and taste, indeed, of all the faculties which are essential to the reasoning process. It is the theology of speculation, and therefore comprehends the truth just as it is, unmodified by excitements of feeling. It is received as accurate not in its spirit only, but in its letter also. Of course it demands evidence, either internal or extraneous, for all its propositions. These propositions, whether or not they be inferences from antecedent, are well fitted to be premises for subsequent trains of proof. This intellectual theology, therefore, prefers general to individual statements, the abstract to the concrete, the literal to the figurative. In the creed of a Trinitarian it affirms that He who united in his person a human body, a human soul and a divine spirit, expired on the cross, but it does not originate the phrase that his soul expired, nor that "God the mighty Maker died." Its aim is not to be impressive, but intelligible and defensible. Hence it insists on the nice proportions of doctrine, and on preciseness both of thought and style. Its words are so exactly defined, its adjustments are so accurate, that no caviller can detect an ambiguous, mystical or incoherent sentence. It is, therefore, in entire harmony with itself, abhorring a contradiction as nature abhors a vacuum. Left to its own guidance, for example, it would never suggest the unqualified remark that Christ has fully paid the debt of sinners, for it declares that this debt may justly be claimed from them; nor that he has suffered the whole punishment which they deserve, for it

teaches that this punishment may still be righteously inflicted on themselves; nor that he has entirely satisfied the law, for it insists that the demands of the law are yet in force. If it should allow those as logical premises, it would also allow the salvation of all men as a logical inference, but it rejects this inference and accordingly, being self-consistent, must reject those when viewed as literal premises.[1] It is adapted to the soul in her inquisitive moods, but fails to satisfy her craving for excitement. In order to express the definite idea that we are exposed to evil in consequence of Adam's sin, it does not employ the passionate phrase, "we are guilty of his sin." It searches for the proprieties of representation, for seemliness and decorum. It gives origin to no statements which require an apology or essential modification; no metaphor, for example, so bold and so liable to disfigure our idea of the divine equity, as that heaven imputes the crime of one man to millions of his descendants, and then imputes their myriad sins to Him who was harmless and undefiled. As it avoids the dashes of an imaginative style, as it qualifies and subdues the remark which the passions would make still more intense, it seems dry, tame to the mass of men. It awakens but little interest in favor of its old arrangements; its new distinctions are easily introduced, to be as speedily forgotten. As we might infer, it is suited not for eloquent appeals, but for calm controversial treatises and bodies of divinity; not so well for the hymn-book as for the catechism; not so well for the liturgy as for the creed.

[1] Note 1, in Appendix.

In some respects, but not in all, the theology of feeling differs from that of intellect. It is the form of belief which is suggested by, and adapted to the wants of the well-trained heart. It is embraced as involving the substance of truth, although, when literally interpreted, it may or may not be false. It studies not the exact proportions of doctrine, but gives especial prominence to those features of it which are and ought to be most grateful to the sensibilities. It insists not on dialectical argument, but receives whatever the healthy affections crave. It chooses particular rather than general statements; teaching, for example, the divine omnipotence by an individual instance of it; saying, not that God can do all things which are objects of power, but that he spake and it was done. It sacrifices abstract remarks to visible and tangible images; choosing the lovely phrase that "the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Jehovah's wings," rather than the logical one that his providence comprehendeth all events. It is satisfied with vague, indefinite representations. It is too buoyant, too earnest for a moral result, to compress itself into sharply-drawn angles. It is often the more forceful because of the looseness of its style, herein being the hiding of its power. It is sublime in its obscure picture of the Sovereign who maketh darkness his pavilion, dark waters and thick clouds of the sky. Instead of measuring the exact dimensions of a spirit, it says, "I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice;" and in the haziness of this vision lies its fitness to stir up the soul. Of course, the theology of feeling

aims to be impressive, whether it be or be not minutely accurate. Often it bursts away from dogmatic restraints, forces its passage through or over rules of logic, and presses forward to expend itself first and foremost in affecting the sensibilities. For this end, instead of being comprehensive, it is elastic; avoiding monotony, it is ever pertinent to the occasion; it brings out into bold relief now one feature of a doctrine and then a different feature, and assumes as great a variety of shapes as the wants of the heart are various. In order to hold the Jews back from the foul, cruel vices of their neighbors, the Tyrian, Moabite, Ammonite, Egyptian, Philistine, Babylonian; in order to stop their indulgence in the degrading worship of Moloch, Dagon, Baal, Tammuz, they were plied with a stern theology, well fitted by its terrible denunciations to save them from the crime which was still more terrible. They were told of the jealousy and anger of the Lord, of his breastplate, helmet, bow, arrows, spear, sword, glittering sword, and raiment stained with blood. This fearful anthropomorphism enstamped a truth upon their hearts; but when they needed a soothing influence, they were assured that the Lord "shall feed his flock like a shepherd: he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." Thus does the theology of feeling individualize the single parts of a doctrine; and, so it can make them intense and impressive, it cares not to make them harmonious with each other. When it has one end in view, it represents Christians as united with their Lord; now, they being branches and he the vine-stock; again, they being

members and he the body; still again, they being the body and he the head; and once more, they being the spouse and he the bridegroom. But it does not mean to have these endearing words metamorphosed into an intellectual theory of our oneness or identification with Christ; for with another end in view it contradicts this theory, and teaches that he is distinct from us, even as separate as the sun or morning star from those who are gladdened by its beams; the door or way from those who pass through or over it, the captain from his soldiers, the forerunner from the follower, the judge from those arrayed before him, the king from those who bow the knee to him. In order to make us feel the strength of God's aversion to sin, it declares that he has repented of having made our race, has been grieved at his heart for transgressors, weary of them, vexed with them. But it does not mean that these expressions which, as inflected by times and circumstances, impress a truth upon the soul, be stereotyped into the principle that Jehovah has ever parted with his infinite blessedness; for in order to make us confide in his stability, it denies that he ever repents, and declares that he is without even the shadow of turning. It assumes these discordant forms, so as to meet the affections in their conflicting moods. Its aim is not to facilitate the inferences of logic, but to arrest attention, to grapple with the wayward desires, to satisfy the longings of the pious heart. And in order to reach all the hiding-places of emotion, it now and then strains a word to its utmost significancy, even into a variance with some other phrase and a disproportion with the remaining parts of the

system. We often hear that every great divine, like Jonathan Edwards, will contradict himself. If this be so, it is because he is a reasoner and something more; because he is not a mere mathematician, but gives his feelings a full, an easy and a various play; because he does not exhibit his faith always in the same form, straight like a needle, sharp-pointed and one-eyed.

The free theology of the feelings is ill-fitted for didactic or controversial treatises or doctrinal standards. Martin Luther and the church Fathers, who used it so often, became thereby unsafe polemics. Anything, everything, can be proved from them; for they were ever inditing sentences congenial with an excited heart, but false as expressions of deliberate opinion. But this emotive theology *is* adapted to the persuasive sermon, to the pleadings of the liturgy, to the songs of Zion. By no means can it be termed *mere* poetry, in the sense of a playful fiction. It is no play, but solemn earnestness. It is no mere fiction, but an outpouring of sentiments too deep, or too mellow, or too impetuous to be suited with the stiff language of the intellect. Neither can its words be called *merely* figurative, in the sense of arbitrary or unsubstantial. They are the earliest, and if one may use a comparison, the most natural utterances of a soul instinct with religious life. They are forms of language which circumscribe a substance of doctrine, a substance which, fashioned as it may be, the intellect grasps and holds fast; a substance which arrests the more attention and prolongs the deeper interest by the figures which bound it. This form of theology, then, is far from being fitly repre-

sented by the term imaginative, still farther by the term fanciful, and farther yet by the word capricious. It goes deeper; it is the theology both of and for our sensitive nature; of and for the normal emotion, affection, passion. It may be called poetry, however, if this word be used, as it should be, to include the constitutional developments of a heart moved to its depths by the truth. And as in its essence it is poetical, with this meaning of the epithet, so it avails itself of a poetic license, and indulges in a style of remark which for sober prose would be unbecoming, or even, when associated in certain ways, irreverent. All warm affection, be it love or hatred, overleaps at times the proprieties of a didactic style. Does not the Bible make this obvious? There are words in the Canticles and in the imprecatory Psalms, which are to be justified as the utterances of a feeling too pure, too unsuspicious, too earnest to guard itself against evil surmises. There are appearances of reasoning in the Bible, which the mere dialectician has denounced as puerile sophisms. But some of them may never have been intended for logical proof; they may have been designed for passionate appeals and figured into the shape of argument, not to convince the reason but to carry the heart by a strong assault, in a day when the kingdom of heaven suffered violence and the violent took it by force. In one of his lofty flights of inspiration, the Psalmist cries, "Awake, why sleepest thou, O Lord?" and Martin Luther, roused more than man is wont to be by this example, prayed at the Diet of Worms, in language which we fear to repeat, "Hearest thou not, my God; art thou dead?" And a favor-

ite English minstrel sings of the "dying God," of the "sharp distress," the "sore complaints" of God, his "last groans," his "dying blood;" of his throne, also, as once a "burning throne," a "seat of dreadful wrath"; but now "sprinkled over" by "the rich drops" of blood "that calmed his frowning face." It is the very nature of a theology framed for enkindling the imagination and thereby inflaming the heart, to pour itself out, when a striking emergency calls for them, in words that burn; words that excite no congenial glow in technical students, viewing all truth in its dry light, and disdaining all figures which would offend the decorum of a philosophical or didactic style, but words which wake the deepest sympathies of quick-moving, wide-hearted, many-sided men, who look through a superficial impropriety and discern under it a truth which the nice language of prose is too frail to convey into the heart, and breaks down in the attempt.

Hence it is another criterion of this emotive theology that, when once received, it is not easily discarded. The essence of it remains the same, while its forms are changed; and these forms, although varied to meet the varying exigencies of feeling, are not abandoned so as never to be restored; for the same exigencies appear and reappear from time to time, and therefore the same diversified representations are repeated again and again. Of the ancient philosophy the greater part is lost; the remnant is chiefly useful as a historical phenomenon. Not a single treatise, except the geometry of Euclid, continues to be used by the majority of students for its original purpose. But the poetry of those

early days remains fresh as in the morning of its birth. It will always preserve its youthful glow, for it appeals not to any existing standard of mental acquisition, but to a broad and common nature which never becomes obsolete. So in the *theology* of reason, the progress of science has antiquated some, and will continue to modify other refinements; theory has chased theory into the shades; but the theology of the heart, letting the minor accuracies go for the sake of holding strongly upon the substance of doctrine, need not always accommodate itself to scientific changes, but may often use its old statements, even if, when literally understood, they be incorrect, and it thus abides as permanent as are the main impressions of the truth. While the lines of speculation may be easily erased, those of emotion are furrowed into the soul, and can be smoothed away only by long-continued friction. What its abettors feel, they feel and cling to, and think they know, and even when vanquished they can argue still; or, rather, as their sentiments do not come of reasoning, neither do they flee before it. Hence the permanent authority of certain tones of voice which express a certain class of feelings. Hence, too, the delicacy and the peril of any endeavor to improve the style of a hymn-book or liturgy, to amend one phrase in the Common Version of the Bible, or to rectify any theological terms, however inconvenient, which have once found their home in the affections of good men. The heart loves its old friends, and so much the more if they be lame and blind. Hence the fervid heat of a controversy when it is provoked by an assault upon the words, not the truths but the words, which have

been embosomed in the love of the Church. Hence the Pilgrim of Bunyan travels and sings from land to land, and will be, as he has been, welcome around the hearthstone of every devout household from age to age; while Edwards on the Will and Cudworth on Immutable Morality, knock at many a good man's door, only to be turned away shaking the dust from off their feet.[1]

Having considered some of the differences between the intellectual and the emotive theology, let us now glance, as was proposed, at some of the influences which one exerts on the other.

And *first*, the theology of the intellect illustrates and vivifies itself by that of feeling. As man is compounded of soul and body, and his inward sensibilities are expressed by his outward features, so his faith combines ideas logically accurate with conceptions merely illustrative and impressive. Our tendency to unite corporeal forms with mental views, may be a premonition that we are destined to exist hereafter in a union of two natures, one of them being spirit, and the other so expressive of spirit as to be called a spiritual body. We lose the influence of literal truth upon the sensibilities, if we persevere in refusing it an appropriate image. We must add a body to the soul of a doctrine, whenever we would make it palpable and enlivening. It is brought, as it were, into our presence by its symbols, as a strong passion is exhibited to us by a gesture, as the idea of dignity is made almost visible in the Apollo Belvedere. A picture may, in itself, be superficial; but it expresses the substantial reality. What though some of the representa-

[1] Note 2, in Appendix.

tions which feeling demands be a mere exponent of the exact truth; they are, *as it were,* that very truth. What though our conceptions be only the most expressive signs of the actual verity, they are *as if* the actual verity itself. They are substantially accurate when not literally so; moral truth, when not historical. The whole reality is at least *as* good, *as* solid as they represent it, and our most vivid idea of it is in their phases.

The whole doctrine, for example, of the spiritual world, is one that requires to be made tangible by an embodiment. We have an intellectual belief that a spirit has no shape, and occupies no space; that a human soul, so soon as it is dismissed from the earth, receives more decisive tokens than had been previously given it of its Maker's complacency or displeasure, has a clearer knowledge of him, a larger love or a sterner hostility to him, a more delightful or a more painful experience of his control, and at a period yet to come will be conjoined with a body unlike the earthly one, yet having a kind of identity with it, and furnishing inlets for new and peculiar joys or woes. It is the judgment of some that the popular tract and the sermons of such men as Baxter and Whitefield ought to exhibit no other than this intellectual view of our future state. But such an intellectual view is too general to be embraced by the feelings. They are balked with the notion of a spaceless, formless existence, continuing between death and the resurrection. They regard the soul as turned out of being when despoiled of shape and extension. They represent the converted islander of the Atlantic as rising, when he leaves the earth, to

the place where God sitteth upon his throne, and also the renewed islander of the Pacific as ascending, at death, from the world to the same prescribed spot. When pressed with the query, how two antipodes can both rise up, in opposite directions, to one locality, they have nothing to reply. They are not careful to answer any objection, but only speak right on. They crave a reality for the soul, for its coming joys or woes, and will not be defrauded of this solid existence by any subtilized theory. So tame and cold is the common idea of an intangible, inaudible, invisible world, that few will aspire for the rewards, and many will imagine themselves able to endure the punishments which are thus rarified into the results of mere thought. Now a doctrine of the intellect need not, and should not empty itself of its substance in the view of men because it is too delicate for their gross apprehension. "God giveth" to his doctrine "a body as it hath pleased him," and it should avail itself of this corporeal manifestation for the sake of retaining its felt reality. If it let this Scriptural body go, all is gone in the popular consciousness. It is not enough for the intellect to prove that at the resurrection a new nature will be incorporated with the soul, and will open avenues to new bliss or woe; it must vivify the conception of this mysterious nature and its mysterious experiences by the picture of a palm-branch, a harp, a robe, a crown, or of that visible enginery of death which, in the common view, gives a substance to the penalties of the law. Our demonstrable ideas of the judgment are so abstract, that they will seemingly evaporate unless we illustrate them by one individual day of the grand assize, by the particular

questionings and answerings, the opened book, and other minute formalities of the court. The emotions of a delicate taste are, of course, not to be disregarded; but it is a canon of criticism—is it not?—that we should express all the truth which our hearers need, and express it in the words which they will most appropriately feel. The doctrine of the resurrection also seems often to vanish into thin air by an overscrupulous refinement of philosophical terminology. The intellect allows the belief that our future bodies will be identical with our present, just as really as it allows a belief that our present bodies are the same with those of our childhood, or that our bodies ever feel pleasure or pain, or that the grass is green or the sky blue, the fire warm or the ice cold, or that the sun rises or sets. The philosopher may reply, The sun does not rise nor set, the grass is not green nor the sky blue, the fire is not warm nor the ice cold, and our physical nature in itself is not sensitive. The man responds, They are so for all that concerns me. The philosopher may affirm that our present bodies are not precisely identical with those of our childhood; the man answers, They are so to all intents and purposes; and when we practically abandon our belief in our physical sameness here, then we may modify our faith in our resumed physical identity at the resurrection. But while man remains *man* upon earth, he will not give up the forms of belief which he feels to be true. He must vivify his abstractions by images which quicken his faith; and even if these images should lose their historical life, they shall have a resurrection in spiritual realities. Through our external existence, the Biblical exhibitions of

our future state will be found to have a deeper and deeper significance. They will be found to be literal truth itself, or else the best possible symbols by which that truth can be shadowed forth to men incapable of reaching either its height or its depth. In the Bible is a profound philosophy which no man has fully searched out. As this volume explains the essence of virtue by the particular commands of the law, the sinfulness of our race by incidents in the biography of Adam, the character of Jehovah by the historical examples of his love, and especially by portraying God manifest in the flesh; so, with the intent of still further adapting truth to our dull apprehension, it condescends to step over and beyond the domain of literal history, and to use the imagination in exciting the soul to spiritual research; it enrobes itself in fabrics woven from the material world, which seems as if it were formed for elucidating spiritual truth; it incarnates all doctrine, that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err, and that all *flesh* may see the salvation of God.[1]

But the sensitive part of our nature not only quickens the percipient, by requiring and suggesting expressive illustrations, it also furnishes principles from which the reasoning faculty deduces important inferences. I, therefore, remark in the *second* place:

The theology of the intellect enlarges and improves that of the feelings, and is also enlarged and improved by it. The more extensive and accurate are our views of literal truth, so much the more numerous and salutary are the

[1] Note 3, in Appendix.

forms which it may assume for enlisting the affections. A system of doctrines logically drawn out, not only makes its own appeal to the heart, but also provides materials for the imagination to clothe so as to allure the otherwise dormant sensibility. The perceptive power looks right forward to the truth (for this end was it made); from it turns to neither side for utilitarian purposes, but presses straight forward to its object; yet every doctrine which it discovers is in reality practical, calling forth some emotion, and this emotion animates the sensitive nature which is not diseased, deepening its love of knowledge, elevating and widening the religious system which is to satisfy it. Every new article of the good man's belief elicits love or hatred, and this love or hatred so modifies the train and phasis of his meditations, as to augment and improve the volume of his heart's theology.

It is a tendency of pietism to undervalue the human intellect for the sake of exalting the affections; as if sin had less to do with the feelings than with the intelligence; as if a deceived heart had never turned men aside; as if the reason had fallen deeper than the will. Rather has the will fallen *from* the intellectual powers, while they remain truer than any other to their office. It cannot be a *pious* act to underrate those powers, given as they were by Him who made the soul in his image. Our speculative tendencies are original, legitimate parts of the constitution which it is irreverent to censure. We *must* speculate. We must define, distinguish, infer, arrange our inferences in a system. Our spiritual oneness, completeness, progress, require it. We lose our civili-

zation, so far forth as we depreciate a philosophy truly so called. Our faith becomes a wild or weak sentimentalism if we despise logic. God has written upon our minds the ineffaceable law that they search after the truth, whatever, wherever it be, however arduous the toil for it, whithersoever it may lead. Let it come. Even if it should promise nothing to the utilitarian, there are yet within us the *mirabiles amores* to find it out. A sound heart is alive with this curiosity, and will not retain its health while its aspirations are rebuffed. It gives no unbroken peace to the man who thwarts his reasoning instincts; for amid all its conflicting demands, it is at times importunate for a reasonable belief. When it is famished by an idle intellect, it loses its tone, becomes bigoted rather than inquisitive, and takes up with theological fancies which reduce it still lower. When it is fed by an inquiring mind it is enlivened, and reaches out for an expanded faith. If the intellect of the Church be repressed, that of the world will not be, and the schools will urge forward an unsanctified philosophy which good men will be too feeble to resist, and under the influence of which the emotions will be suited with forms of belief more and more unworthy, narrow, debasing.

But the theology of reason not only amends and amplifies that of the affections, it is also improved and enlarged by it. One tendency of rationalism is, to undervalue the heart for the sake of putting the crown upon the head. This is a good tendency when applied to those feelings which are wayward and deceptive, but an *irrational* one when applied to those which are unavoidable and therefore innocent, still

more to those which are holy and therefore entitled to our reverence. Whenever a feeling is constitutional and cannot be expelled, whenever it is pious and cannot but be approved, then such of its impulses as are uniform, self-consistent and persevering are data on which the intellect may safely reason, and by means of which it may add new materials to its dogmatic system. Our instinctive feelings in favor of the truth, that all men in the future life will be judged, rewarded or punished by an all-wise Lawgiver, are logical premises from which this truth is an inference regular in mood and figure. Every man, atheist even, has certain constitutional impulses to call on the name of some divinity; and these impulses give evidence that he ought to pray, just as the convolutions of a vine's tendrils and their reaching out to grasp the trellis, signify that in order to attain its full growth the vine must cling to a support. The wing or the web-foot of an animal is no more conclusive proof of its having been made with the design that it should fly or swim, than the instinctive cravings of the soul for a positive, a historical, a miraculously attested religion, with its Sabbaths and its ministry, are arguments that the soul was intended for the enjoyment of such a religion. If the Bible could be proved to be a myth, it would still be a divine myth; for a narrative so wonderfully fitted for penetrating through all the different avenues to the different sensibilities of the soul, must have a moral if not a literal truth. And so it appears to me, that the doctrines which concenter in and around a vicarious atonement are so fitted to the appetences of a sanctified heart, as to gain the favor of a logician,

precisely as the coincidence of some geological or astronomical theories with the phenomena of the earth or sky, is a part of the syllogism which has these theories for its conclusion. Has man been created with irresistible instincts which impel him to believe in a falsehood? Or has the Christian been inspired with holy emotions which allure him to an essentially erroneous faith? Is God the author of confusion;—in his Word revealing one doctrine and by his Spirit persuading his saints to reject it? If it be a fact that the faithful of past ages, after having longed and sighed and wrestled and prayed for the truth as it is in Jesus, have at length found their aspirations rewarded by any one substance of belief, does not their unanimity indicate the correctness of their cherished faith, as the agreement of many witnesses presupposes the verity of the narration in which they coincide? In its minute philosophical forms, it may not be the truth for which they yearned, but in its central principles have they one and all been deceived? Then have they asked in tears for the food of the soul, and a prayer-hearing Father has given them a stone for bread.

Decidedly as we resist the pretension that the Church is infallible, there is one sense in which this pretension is well founded. Her metaphysicians, as such, are not free from error, nor her philologists, nor any of her scholars, nor her ministers, nor councils. She is not infallible in her bodies of divinity, nor her creeds, nor catechisms, nor any logical formulæ; but underneath all her intellectual refinements lies a broad substance of doctrine, around which the feelings of all renewed men cling ever and everywhere, into

which they penetrate and take root, and this substance must be right, for it is precisely adjusted to the soul, and the soul was made for it.

These universal feelings provide us with a test for our own faith. Whenever we find, my brethren, that the words which we proclaim do not strike a responsive chord in the hearts of the choice men and women who look up to us for consolation, when they do not stir the depths of our own souls, reach down to our hidden wants, and evoke sensibilities which otherwise had lain buried under the cares of time; or when they make an abiding impression that the divine government is harsh, pitiless, insincere, oppressive, devoid of sympathy with our most refined sentiments, reckless of even the most delicate emotion of the tenderest nature, then we may infer that we have left out of our theology some element which we should have inserted, or have brought into it some element which we should have discarded. *Somewhere it must be wrong.* If it leave the sensibilities torpid, it needs a larger infusion of those words which Christ defined by saying, they are spirit, they are life. If it merely charm the ear like a placid song, it is not the identical essence which is likened to the fire and the hammer. Our sensitive nature is sometimes a kind of instinct which anticipates many truths, incites the mind to search for them, intimates the process of the investigation, and remains unsatisfied, restive, so long as it is held back from the object toward which it gropes its way, even as a plant bends itself forward to the light and warmth of the sun.[1]

[1] Note 4, in Appendix.

But while the theology of reason derives aid from the impulses of emotion, it maintains its ascendency over them. In all investigations for truth, the intellect must be the authoritative power, employing the sensibilities as indices of right doctrine, but surveying and superintending them from its commanding elevation. It may be roughly compared to the pilot of a ship, who intelligently directs and turns the rudder, although himself and the entire vessel are also turned by it. We are told that a wise man's eyes are in his head; now although they cannot say to the hand or the foot, we have no need of you, it is yet their prerogative to determine whither the hand or foot shall move. The intellectual theology will indeed reform itself by suggestions derived from the heart, for its law is to exclude every dogma which does not harmonize with the well-ordered sensibilities of the soul. It regards a want of concinnity in a system, as a token of some false principle. And as it will modify itself in order to avoid the error involved in a contradiction, so and for the same reason it has authority in the last resort to rectify the statements which are often congenial with excited emotion. I, therefore, remark in the *third* place:

The theology of the intellect explains that of feeling into an essential agreement with all the constitutional demands of the soul. It does this by collating the discordant representations which the heart allows, and eliciting the one self-consistent principle which underlies them. It places side by side the contradictory statements which receive, at different times, the sympathies of a spirit as it is moved by different

impulses. It exposes the impossibility of believing all these statements, without qualifying some of them so as to prevent their subverting each other. In order to qualify them in the right way, it details their origin, reveals their intent, unfolds their influence, and by such means eliminates the principle in which they all agree for substance of doctrine. When this principle has been once detected and disengaged from its conflicting representations, it reacts upon them, explains, modifies, harmonizes their meaning. Thus are the mutually repellent forces set over against each other, so as to neutralize their opposition and to combine in producing one and the same movement.

Seizing strongly upon some elements of a comprehensive doctrine, the Bible paints the unrenewed heart as a stone needing to be exchanged for flesh; and again, not as a stone, but as flesh needing to be turned into spirit; and yet again, neither as a stone nor as flesh, but as a darkened spirit needing to be illumined with the light of knowledge. Taking a vigorous hold of yet other elements in the same doctrine, the Bible portrays this heart not as ignorant and needing to be enlightened, but as dead and needing to be made alive; and further, not as dead but as living and needing to die, to be crucified, and buried; and further still, not as in need of a resurrection or of a crucifixion, but of a new creation; and once more, as requiring neither to be slain, nor raised from death, nor created anew, but to be born again. For the sake of vividly describing other features of the same truth, the heart is exhibited as needing to be called or drawn to God, or to be enlarged or circumcised or puri-

fied or inscribed with a new law, or endued with new graces. And for the purpose of awakening interest in a distinct phase of this truth, all the preceding forms are inverted and man is summoned to make himself a new heart, or to give up his old one, or to become a little child, or to cleanse himself, or to unstop his deaf ears and hear, or to open his blinded eyes and see, or to awake from sleep, or rise from death. Literally understood, these expressions are dissonant from each other. Their dissonance adds to their emphasis. Their emphasis fastens our attention upon the principle in which they all agree. This principle is too vast to be vividly uttered in a single formula, and therefore branches out into various parts, and the lively exhibition of one part contravenes an equally impressive statement of a different one. The intellect educes light from the collision of these repugnant phrases, and then modifies and reconciles them into the doctrine, that *the character of our race needs an essential transformation by an interposed influence from God.* But how soon would this doctrine lose its vivacity, if it were not revealed in these dissimilar forms, all jutting up like the hills of a landscape from a common substratum!

We may instance another set of the heart's phrases which, instead of coalescing with each other in a dull sameness, engage our curiosity by their disagreement, and exercise the analytic power in unloosing and laying bare the one principle which forms their basis. Bowed down under the experience of his evil tendencies, which long years of painful resistance have not subdued, trembling before the ever

recurring fascinations which have so often enticed him into crime, the man of God longs to abase himself, and exclaims without one modifying word: "I am too frail for my responsibilities, and have no power to do what is required of me." But in a brighter moment, admiring the exuberance of divine generosity, thankful for the large gifts which his munificent Father has lavished upon him, elevated with adoring views of the equitable One who never reaps where he has not sown, the same man of God offers his unqualified thanksgiving: "I know thee that thou art *not* an hard master, exacting of me duties which I have no power to discharge, but thou attemperest thy law to my strength, and at no time imposest upon me a heavier burden than thou at that very time makest me able to bear." In a different mood, when this same man is thinking of the future, foreseeing his temptations to an easily-besetting sin, shuddering at the danger of committing it, dreading the results of a proud reliance on his own virtue, he becomes importunate for aid from above, and pours out his entreaty, with not one abating clause: "I am nothing and less than nothing; I have no power to refrain from the sin which tempts me: help, Lord, help; for thou increasest strength to him who hath no might." But in still another mood, when the same man is thinking of the past, weeping over the fact that he has now indulged in the very crime which he feared, resisting every inducement to apologize for it, blaming himself, himself alone, himself deeply for so ungrateful, unreasonable, inexcusable an act, he makes the unmitigated confession, with his hand upon his heart; he dares not qualify his

acknowledgment: "I could have avoided that sin which I preferred to commit; woe is me, for I have not done as well as I might have done; if I had been as holy as I had power to be, than had I been perfect; and if I say I have been perfect, that shall prove me perverse." Thus, when looking backward, the sensitive Christian insists upon his competency to perform an act, and fears that a denial of it would banish his penitence for transgression; but when looking forward, he insists upon his incompetency to perform the same act, and fears that a denial of this would weaken his feeling of dependence on God. Without a syllable of abatement, he now makes a profession, and then recalls it as thus unqualified, afterward reiterates his once recalled avowal, and again retracts what he had once and again repeated. It is the oscillating language of the emotions which, like the strings of an Æolian harp, vibrate in unison with the varying winds. It is nature in her childlike simplicity, that prompts the soul when swayed in opposing directions by dissimilar thoughts, to vent itself in these antagonistic phrases, awakening the intenser interest by their very antagonism. What if they do, when unmodified, contradict each other? An impassioned heart recoils from a contradiction no more than the war-horse of Job starts back from the battle-field.

The reason, however, being that circumspect power which looks before and after and to either side, does not allow that of these conflicting statements, each can be true save in a qualified sense. It, therefore, seeks out some principle which will combine these two extremes, as a magnet

its opposite poles; some principle which will rectify one of these discrepant expressions by explaining it into an essential agreement with the other. And the principle, I think, which restores this harmony, is the comprehensive one, that man with no extraordinary aid from divine grace is obstinate, undeviating, unrelenting, persevering, dogged, *fully set* in those wayward preferences which are an abuse of his freedom. His unvaried wrong choices imply a full, unremitted, natural power of choosing right. The emotive theology therefore, when it affirms this power, is correct both in matter and style; but when it denies this power, it uses the language of emphasis, of impression, of intensity; it means the certainty of wrong preference by declaring the inability of right; and in its vivid use of *cannot* for *will not* is accurate in its substance though not in its form. Yet even here it is no more at variance with the intellectual theology than with itself, and the discordance, being one of letter rather than of spirit, is removed by an explanation which makes the eloquent style of the feelings at one with the more definite style of the reason.[1]

But I am asked, "Do you not thus explain away the language of the emotions?" No. The contradictoriness, the literal absurdity is explained out of it, but the language is not explained away; for even when dissonant with the precise truth, it has a significancy more profound than can be pressed home upon the heart by any exact definitions. "Do you not make it a mere flourish of rhetoric?" I am asked again. It is no flourish; it is the utterance that comes well-

[1] Note 5, in Appendix.

ing up from the depths of our moral nature, and is too earnest to wait for the niceties of logic. It is the breathing out of an emotion which will not stop for the accurate measurement of its words, but leaves them to be qualified by the good sense of men.

"If, however, this language be not exactly true," I am further asked, "how can it move the heart?" We are so made as to be moved by it. It is an ultimate law of our being, that a vivid conception affects us by inspiring a momentary belief in the thing which is conceived. "But," the objector continues, "can the soul be favorably influenced by that which it regards as hyperbolical?" Hyperbolical! What is hyperbolical? Who calls this language an exaggeration of the truth? If interpreted by the letter, it does indeed transcend the proper bounds: but if interpreted as it is meant, as it is felt, it falls far short of them. To the eye of a child the moon's image in the diorama may appear larger than the real moon in the heavens, but not to the mind of a philosopher. The literal doctrines of theology are too vast for complete expression by man, and our intensest words are but a distant approximation to that language which forms the new song that the redeemed in heaven sing; language which is unutterable in this infantile state of our being, and in comparison with which our so-called extravagances are but feeble and tame diminutives.

Astronomers have recommended, that in order to feel the grandeur of the stellary system we mentally reduce the scale on which it is made; that we imagine our earth to be only a mile in diameter, and the other globes to be propor-

tionally lessened in their size and in their distances from each other; for the real greatness of the heavens discourages our very attempt to impress our hearts by them, and we are the more affected by sometimes narrowing our conceptions of what we cannot at the best comprehend. On the same principle, Christian moralists have advised us not always to dilate our minds in reaching after the extreme boundaries of a doctrine, but often to draw in our contemplations, to lower the doctrine for a time, to bring our intellect down in order to discern the practical truth more clearly, to humble our views in order that they may be at last exalted, to stoop low in order to pick up the keys of knowledge;— and is this a way of exaggerating the truth? *We do err, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God,* if we imagine that when, for example, he says, the enemies that touch his saints touch "the apple of his eye," and "he will lift up an ensign to the nations from far, and will hiss unto them from the end of the earth," he uses a mere hyperbole. No. Such anthropopathical words are the most expressive which the debilitated heart of his Oriental people would appreciate, but they fail of making a full disclosure; they are only the foreshadowings of the truths which lie behind them. These refined, spiritual truths, the intellect goes round about and surveys, but is too faint for graphically delineating, and it gives up the attempt to the imagination, and this many-sided faculty multiplies symbol after symbol, bringing one image for one feature, and another image for another feature, and hovers over the feeble emotions of the heart, and strives to win them out from their dull repose even as "an

eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings." Into more susceptible natures than ours the literal verities of God will penetrate far deeper than, even when shaped in their most pungent forms, they will pierce into our obdurate hearts. So lethargic are we, that we often yield no answering sensibilities to intellectual statements of doctrine; so weak are we, that such passionate appeals as are best accommodated to our phlegmatic temper are after all no more than dilutions of the truth, as "seen of angels;" and still so fond are we of harmony with ourselves, that we must explain these diluted representations into unison with the intellectual statements which, however unimpressive, are yet the most authoritative.[1]

We are now prepared for our *fourth* remark:—The theology of the intellect and that of feeling tend to keep each other within the sphere for which they were respectively designed, and in which they are fitted to improve the character. Both of them have precisely the same sphere with regard to many truths, but not with regard to all. When an intellectual statement is transferred to the province of emotion, it often appears chilling, lifeless; and when a passionate phrase is transferred to the dogmatic province, it often appears grotesque, unintelligible, absurd. Many expressions of sentiment are *what* they ought to be, if kept *where* they ought to be; but a narrow creed *displaces* and thus spoils them. It often becomes licentious or barbarous, by

[1] Note 6, in Appendix.

stiffening into prosaic statements the free descriptions which the Bible gives of the kindliness or the wrath of God. The very same words are allowed in one relation, but condemned in a different one, because in the former they do, but in the latter do not, harmonize with the sensibilities which are at the time predominant. When we are enthusiastic in extolling the generosity of divine love, we feel no need of modifying our proclamation that God desires all men to be saved, and in these uninquisitive moods we have no patience with the query which occupies our more studious hours, "whether he desire this good all things, or only itself considered." Often, though not in every instance, the solid philosophy of doctrine, descending into an exhortation, makes it cumbrous and heavy; and as often the passionate forms of appeal, when they claim to be literal truth, embarrass the intellect until they are repelled by it into the circle distinctively allotted them.

At the time when the words were uttered, there could not be a more melting address than, "If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet;" but when this touching sentiment is interpreted as a legal exaction, an argument for a Moravian or Romish ceremony, its poetic elegance is petrified into a prosaic blunder. There are moments in the stillness of our communion service, when we feel that our Lord is with us, when the bread and the wine so enliven our conceptions of his body and blood as, according to the law of vivid conception, to bring them into our ideal presence, and to make us *demand* the saying, as more pertinent and fit than any other,

"This *is* my body, this *is* my blood." But no sooner are these phrases transmuted from hearty utterances into intellectual judgments, than they merge their beautiful rhetoric into an absurd logic, and are at once repulsed by a sound mind into their pristine sphere. So there is a depth of significance which our superficial powers do not fathom, in the lamentation: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me." This will always remain the passage for the outflow of his grief, whose fountains of penitence are broken up. The channel is worn too deep into the affections to be easily changed. Let the schools reason about it just as, and as long as, they please. Let them condemn it as indecorous, or false, or absurd, and the man who utters it as unreasonable, fanatical, bigoted. Let them challenge him for his meaning, and insist with the rigidness of the judge of Shylock, that he weigh out the import of every word, every syllable, no more, no less:—they do not move him one hair's breadth. He stands where he stood before, and where he will stand until disenthralled from the body. "My meaning," he says, "is exact enough for me, too exact for my repose of conscience; and I care just now for no proof clearer than this: 'Behold, I *was* shapen in iniquity; and in sin *did* my mother conceive me.' Here, on my heart, the burden lies, and I *feel* that I am vile, a man of unclean lips, and dwell amid a people of unclean lips, and I went astray as soon as I was born, and am of a perverse, rebellious race, and there is a tide swelling within me and around me, and moving me on to actual trangression, and it is stayed by none of my unaided efforts, and all its billows roll

over me, and I am so troubled that I cannot speak; and I am not content with merely saying that I am a transgressor; I long to heap infinite upon infinite, and crowd together all forms of self-reproach, for I am clad in sin as with a garment, I devour it as a sweet morsel, I breathe it, I live it, I *am* sin. My hands are stained with it, my feet are swift in it, all my bones are out of joint with it, my whole body is of tainted origin, and of death in its influence and end; and here is my definition and here is my proof, and, definition or no definition, proof or no proof, here I plant myself, and here I stay, for this is my feeling, and it comes up from the depths of an overflowing heart: '*Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.*'" But when a theorist seizes at such living words as these, and puts them into his vice, and straightens or crooks them into the dogma, that man is blamable before he chooses to do wrong; deserving of punishment for the involuntary nature which he has never consented to gratify; really sinful before he actually sins, then the language of emotion, forced from its right place and treated as if it were a part of a nicely measured syllogism, hampers and confuses his reasonings, until it is given back to the use for which it was first intended, and from which it never ought to have been diverted.[1] When men thus lose their sensitiveness to the discriminations between the style of judgment and that of feeling, and when they force the latter into the province of the former, they become prone to undervalue the conscience, and to be afraid of philosophy, and to shudder at the axioms of com-

[1] Note 7, in Appendix.

mon sense, and to divorce faith from reason, to rely on *church government* rather than on fraternal discussion.

It is this crossing of one kind of theology into the province of another kind differing from the first mainly in fashion and *contour*, which mars either the eloquence or else the doctrine of the pulpit. The massive speculations of the metaphysician sink down into his expressions of feeling and make him appear cold-hearted, while the enthusiasm of the impulsive divine ascends and effervesces into his reasonings and causes him both to *appear*, and to *be*, what our Saxon idiom so reprovingly styles him, hot-headed. There are intellectual critics ready to exclude from our psalms and hymns all such stanzas as are not accurate expressions of dogmatic truth. Forgetting that the effort at precision often mars the freeness of song, they would condemn the simple-hearted bard to joint his metaphors into a syllogism, and to sing as a logician tries to sing. In the same spirit, they would expurgate the Paradise Lost of all phrases which are not in keeping with our chemical or geological discoveries. But it is against the laws of our sensitive nature to square the effusions of poesy by the scales, compasses and plumb-lines of the intellect. The imagination is not to be used as a dray-horse for carrying the lumber of the schools through the gardens of the Muses. There are also poetical critics who imagine that the childlike breathings of our psalmody are the exact measures, the literal exponents of truth, and that every doctrine is false which cannot be transported with its present bodily shape into a sacred lyric. But this is as shallow an idea of theology as it is a mechani-

cal, spiritless, vapid conception of poetry. If this be true, then my real belief is, that "God came from Teman and the Holy One from Mount Paran; that he did ride upon his horses and chariots of salvation; the mountains saw him and they trembled; the sun and the moon stood still; at the light of his arrows they went and the shining of his glittering spear; he did march through the land in indignation, he did thresh the heathen in anger." And if this be the language of a creed, then not only is the suggestion of Dr. Arnold[1] a right one that "in public worship a symbol of faith should be used as a triumphal hymn of thanksgiving, and be chanted rather than read," but such is the original and proper use of such a symbol at all times. And if this be true, then I shall not demur at phrases in a Confession of Faith, over which, in my deliberate perusal, I stagger and am at my wits' end. Wrap me in mediæval robes; place me under the wide-spreading arches of a cathedral; let the tide of melody from the organ float along the columns that branch out like the trees of the forest over my head; then bring to me a creed written in illuminated letters, its history redolent of venerable associations, its words fragrant with the devotion of my fathers, who lived and died familiar with them; its syllables all of solemn and goodly sound, and bid me cantilate its phrases to the inspired notes of minstrelsy, my eye in a fine frenzy rolling, and I ask no questions for conscience' sake. I am ready to believe what is placed before me. I look beyond the antique words, to the spirit of some great truth that lingers somewhere around them; and

[1] Life, p. 102, First Am. Ed.

in this nebulous view, I believe the creed *with my heart*. I may be even so rapt in enthusiasm as to believe it because it asserts what is impossible. Ask me not to prove it,—I am in no mood for proof. Try not to reason me out of it,—reasoning does me no good. Call not for my precise meaning,—I have not viewed it in that light. I have not taken the creed so much as the creed has taken me, and carried me away in my feelings to mingle with the piety of bygone generations.

But can it be that this is the only, or the primitive, or the right idea of a symbol of faith? For *this* have logicians exhausted their subtleties, and martyrs yielded up the ghost, disputing and dying for a song? No. A creed, if true to its original end, should be in sober prose, should be understood as it means, and should mean what it says, should be drawn out with a discriminating, balancing judgment, so as to need no allowance for its freedom, no abatement of its force, and should not be expressed in antiquated terms lest men regard its spirit as likewise obsolete. It belongs to the province of the analyzing, comparing, reasoning intellect; and if it leave this province for the sake of intermingling the phrases of an impassioned heart, it confuses the soul, it awakens the fancy and the feelings to disturb the judgment, it sets a believer at variance with himself by perplexing his reason with metaphors and his imagination with logic; it raises feuds in the church by crossing the temperaments of men, and taxing one party to demonstrate similes, another to feel inspired by abstractions. Hence the logomachy which has always characterized the defense of

such creeds. The intellect, no less than the heart, being out of its element, wanders through dry places, seeking rest and finding none. Men are thus made uneasy with themselves and therefore acrimonious against each other; the imaginative zealot does not apprehend the philosophical explanation, and the philosopher does not sympathize with the imaginative style of the symbol; and as they misunderstand each other, they feel their weakness, and "to be weak is miserable," and misery not only loves but also makes company, and thus they sink their controversy into a contention and their dispute into a quarrel; nor will they ever find peace until they confine their intellect to its rightful sphere and understand it according to what it says, and their feeling to *its* province and interpret its language according to what it means, rendering unto poetry the things that are designed for poetry, and unto prose what belongs to prose.

The last clause of our fourth proposition is, that the theology of intellect and that of feeling tend to keep each other within the sphere in which they are fitted to improve the character.[1] So far as any statement is hurtful, it parts with one sign of its truth. In itself or in its relations it must be inaccurate, whenever it is not congenial with the feelings awakened by the Divine Spirit. The practical utility, then, of any theological representations is one criterion of their propriety. Judged by this test, many fashionable forms of statement will sooner or later be condemned. Half of the truth is often a falsehood as it is impressed on the feelings; not always, however, for sometimes it has the good, the

[1] In consequence of the length of the Discourse, this paragraph and that which follows it, were omitted in the delivery.

right influence, and is craved by the sensibilities which can bear no more. The heart of man is contracted, therefore loves individual views, dreads the labor of that long-continued expansion which is needed for embracing the comprehensive system. Hence its individualizing processes must be superintended by the judgment and conscience, which forbid that the attention be absorbed by any one aspect of a doctrine at the time when another aspect would be more useful. If the wrong half of a truth be applied instead of the right, or if either be mistaken for the whole, the sensibilities are maltreated, and they endure an evil of which the musician's rude and unskilful handling of his harp gives but a faint echo. The soul may be compared to a complicated instrument which becomes vocal in praise of its Maker when it is plied with varying powers, now with a gradual and then with a sudden contact, here with a delicate stroke and there with a hard assault; but when the rough blow comes where should have been the gentle touch, the equipoise of its parts is destroyed, and the harp of a thousand strings, all meant for harmony, wounds the ear with a harsh and grating sound. The dissonance of pious feeling, with the mere generalities of speculation or with any misapplied fragments of truth, tends to confine them within their appropriate, which is their useful, sphere. In this light, we discern the necessity of right feeling as a guide to the right proportions of faith. Here we see our responsibility for our religious belief. Here we are impressed by the fact, that much of our probation relates to our mode of shaping and coloring the doctrines of theology. Here also we learn

the value of the Bible in unfolding the suitable adaptations of truth, and in illustrating their utility, which is, on the whole, so decisive a touchstone of their correctness. When our earthly hopes are too buoyant, we are reminded "that one event happeneth to them all," and "that a man hath no preeminence above a beast;" but such a repressing part of a comprehensive fact is not suited to the sensual and sluggish man who needs rather, as he is directed, to see his "life and immortality brought to light." When we are elated with pride we are told that "man is a worm;" but this abasing part of a great doctrine should not engross the mind of him who despises his race, and who is therefore bidden to think of man as "crowned with glory and honor." If tempted to make idols of our friends, we are met by the requisition to "hate a brother, sister, father and mother;" but these are not the most fitting words for him who loves to persecute his opposers, and who requires rather to be asked, "He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" In one state of feeling we are stimulated to "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling," but in a different state we are encouraged to be neither anxious nor fearful, but to "rejoice in the Lord alway." I believe in the "final perseverance" of all who have been once renewed, for not only does the generalizing intellect gather up this doctrine from an induction of various inspired words, but the heart also is comforted by it in the hour of dismal foreboding. Yet when I wrest this truth from its designed adjustments, and misuse it in quieting the fears of men who are instigated to count "the blood of the

covenant, wherewith they were sanctified, an unholy thing," I am startled by the threat that "if they shall fall away, it will be impossible to renew them *again* unto repentance." This threat was not designed, like the promise of preserving grace, to console the disconsolate, nor was that promise designed, like this threat, to alarm the presumptuous. Let not the two appeals cross each other. My judgment, and, in some lofty views in which I need to be held up by the Divine Spirit lest I fall, my feelings also are unsatisfied without the Biblical announcement that "the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart;" but at my incipient inclination to pervert these words into an excuse for sin, or a denial of my entire freedom, or of my Maker's justice or tenderness, I regard them as a "form of sound words" from which my depravity has expelled their spirit, and I flee for safety to the other words, which are a complement to the first, that "Pharaoh hardened his own heart." When even a Puritan bishop is inflated with his vain conceits, it is perilous for him to concentrate his feelings upon the keys with which he is to open or shut the door of heaven. Such a man should oftener tremble lest having been a servant of servants here, he be cast away hereafter. But with a melancholic though faithful pastor, this application of Scriptures may be reversed. We delight in the thought, that he who hath made everything beautiful in its season, who sendeth dew upon the earth when it has been heated by the sun,—and again, when it has been parched by drought, sendeth rain; who draweth the curtains of darkness around us when the eye is tired of the bright heavens, and irradiates the vision when the night

has become wearisome; who intermingleth calm with tempest and parteth the clouds of an April day for the passage of the sun's rays,—hath also adopted a free, exuberant, refreshing method of imparting truth to the soul; giving us a series of revelations flexile and pliant, flitting across the mental vision with changeful hues, ever new, ever appropriate, not one of its words retaining its entire usefulness when removed from its fit junctions, not one of them being susceptible of a change for the better in the exigency when it was uttered, but each being "a word spoken in due season, how good is it."

There is a kind of conjectural doctrine, which in the Swedenborgian and Millenarian fancies is carried to a ruinous excess, but which within, not beyond the limit of its practical utility may be either justified or excused. Our feelings, for example, impel us to believe that we are compassed about with some kind of superior and ever wakeful intelligence. To meet this demand of the heart, Paganism has filled the air with divinities, but a wiser forecast has revealed to us the omnipresence of an all-comprehending mind. Still our restless desires would be sometimes gratified by a livelier representation of the spiritual existence around us, and accordingly, in the more than paternal compassion of Jehovah, he maketh his angels ministering spirits, sent forth to attend upon the heirs of salvation, and to animate our spiritual atmosphere with a quick movement. But even yet, there are times when the heart of man would be glad of something more than even these cheering revelations. We are comforted with the thought that our de-

ceased companions still mingle with us, and aid us in our struggles to gain their purity, and that, after we have left the world to which thus far we have been so unprofitable, we shall be qualified by our hard discipline here, for more effective ministries to those who will remain in this scene of toil. Such a belief, however, is not one which the reason, left to itself, would fortify by other than the slightest hints. It is a belief prompted by the affections, and the indulgence in it is allowed by the intellectual powers no farther than it consoles and enlivens the spirit which is wearied with its earthly strifes. If we begin to think more of friends who visit us from heaven than of Him who always abideth faithful around and over and within us, if we begin to search out witty inventions and to invoke the aid of patronizing saints, if we imagine that she who once kept all her child's sayings in her heart will now lay up in her motherly remembrance the *Ave Marias* of all who bless her image, then we push an innocent conjecture into the sphere of a harmful falsehood. The intellectual theology recognizes our felt need of a tenderness in the supervision which is exercised over us, but instead of meeting this necessity by picturing forth the love of one who after all may forget her very infant, it proves that we are ever enveloped in the sympathies of Him who will not give away to his saints the glory of answering our feeble prayers. The intellectual theology does indeed recognize our felt want of a Mediator, through whose friendly offices we may gain access to the pure, invisible, sovereign, strict Lawgiver. But instead of an unearthly being canonized for his austere virtues, it gives us

Him who ate with sinners, who called around him fishermen rather than princes, and lodged with a tax-gatherer instead of the Roman governor, so as to remind us that he is not ashamed to call us brethren. Where men looked for a taper, it gives a light shining as the day, and hides the stars by the effulgence of the sun; where they looked for a friend it gives a Redeemer, where for a helper, a Saviour, where for hope, faith. It takes away in order to add more, thwarts a desire so as to give a fruition. It not so much unclothes as clothes upon, and swallows up our wish for patron saints in the brotherly sympathies of Him who ever liveth to make intercession for us.

In conclusion, allow me to observe, that in some aspects our theme suggests a melancholy, in others a cheering train of thought. It grieves us by disclosing the ease with which we may slide into grave errors. Such errors have arisen from so simple a cause as that of confounding poetry with prose. Men whose reasoning instinct has absorbed their delicacy of taste, have treated the language of a sensitive heart as if it were the guarded and wary style of the intellect. Intent on the sign more than on the thing signified, they have transubstantiated the living, spiritual truth into the very emblems which were designed to portray it. In the Bible there are pleasing hints of many things which were never designed to be doctrines, such as the literal and proper necessity of the will, passive and physical sin, baptismal regeneration, clerical absolution, the literal imputation of guilt to the innocent, transubstantiation, eternal generation and procession. In that graceful volume, these met-

aphors bloom as the flowers of the field; *there* they toil not neither do they spin. But the schoolman has transplanted them to the rude exposure of logic; here they are frozen up, their fragrance is gone, their juices evaporated, and their withered leaves are preserved as specimens of that which in its rightful place surpassed the glory of the wisest sage. Or, if I may change the illustration, I would say that these ideas, as presented in the Bible, are like Oriental kings and nobles, moving about in their free, flowing robes, but in many a scholastic system they are like the embalmed bodies of those ancient lords, their spirits fled, their eyes, which once had speculation in them, now lack luster; they are dry bones, exceeding dry. Not a few technical terms in theology are rhetorical beauties stiffened into logical perplexities; the exquisite growths of the imagination pressed and dried into the matter of a syllogism in Barbara. Many who discard their literal meaning retain the words out of reverence to antique fashions, out of an amiable fondness for keeping the nomenclature of science unbroken, just as the modern astronomer continues to classify the sweet stars of heaven under the constellations of the Dragon and the Great Bear.[1]

In this and in still other aspects our theme opens into more cheering views. It reveals the identity in the essence of many systems which are run in scientific or æsthetic moulds unlike each other. The full influence of it would do more than any World's Convention, in appeasing the jealousies of those good men who build their faith on Jesus

[1] Note 8, in Appendix.

Christ as the chief corner-stone, and yet are induced, by unequal measures of genius and culture, to give different shapes to structures of the same material. There are indeed kinds of theology which cannot be reconciled with each other. There is a life, a soul, a vitalizing spirit of truth, which must never be relinquished for the sake of peace even with an angel. There is (I know that you will allow me to express my opinion) a line of separation which cannot be crossed between those systems which insert, and those which omit the doctrine of justification by faith in the sacrifice of Jesus. This is the doctrine which blends in itself the theology of intellect and that of feeling, and which can no more be struck out from the moral, than the sun from the planetary system. Here the mind and the heart, like justice and mercy, meet and embrace each other; and here is found the specific and ineffaceable difference between the gospel and every other system. But among those who admit the atoning death of Christ as the organific principle of faith, there are differences, some of them more important, but many far less important, than they seem to be. One man prefers a theology of the judgment; a second, that of the imagination; a third, that of the heart; one adjusts his faith to a lymphatic, another to a sanguine, and still another to a choleric temperament. Yet the subject matter of these heterogeneous configurations may often be one and the same, having for its nucleus the same cross, with the formative influence of which all is safe. Sometimes the intellectual divine has been denounced as unfeeling by the rude and coarse preacher, who in his turn has been condemned as

vulgar or perhaps irreverent by the intellectual divine; while the one has meant to insinuate into the select few who listened to him, the very substance of the doctrine which the other has stoutly and almost literally *inculcated* into the multitudes by which he was throngel. The hard polemic has shown us only his visor and his coat of mail, while beneath his iron armor has been often cherished a theology of the gentle and humane affections. Dogmas of the most revolting shape have no sooner been cast into the alembic of a regenerated heart, than their more jagged angles have been melted away. We are cheered with a belief, that in the darkest ages hundreds and thousands of unlettered men felt an influence which they could not explain, the influence of love attracting to itself the particles of truth that lay scattered along the symbols and scholastic forms of the Church. The great mass of believers have never embraced the metaphysical refinements of creeds, useful as these refinements are; but have singled out and fastened upon and held firm those cardinal truths, which the Bible has lifted up and turned over in so many different lights, as to make them the more conspicuous by their very alternations of figure and hue. The true history of doctrine is to be studied not in the technics, but in the spirit of the Church. In unnumbered cases, the real faith of Christians has been purer than their written statements of it. Men, women and children have often decided aright when doctors have disagreed, and doctors themselves have often felt aright when they have reasoned amiss. "In my heart," said a tearful German, "I am a Christian, while in my head I am a philos-

opher." Many who now dispute for an erroneous creed have, we trust, a richer belief imbedded in their inmost love. There are discrepant systems of philosophy pervading the sermons of different evangelical ministers, but often the rays of light which escape from these systems are so reflected and refracted, while passing through the atmosphere between the pulpit and the pews, as to end in producing about the same image upon the retina of every eye. Not seldom are the leaders of sects in a real variance when the people, who fill up the sects, know not why they are cut off from their brethren, and the people may strive in words while they agree in the thing, and their judgments may differ in the thing while their hearts are at one.

Thus divided against itself, thus introverting itself, thus multiform in its conceptions, so quick to seize at a truth as held up in one way, and spurn at it as held up in another, so marvelous in its tact for decomposing its honest belief, disowning with the intellect what it embraces with the affections, so much more versatile in regarding its merely inward processes than in directing the motions of an equilibrist, thus endued with an elastic energy more than Protean,—thus great is the soul, for the immense capabilities of which *Christ died.* Large-minded, then, and large-hearted must be the minister, having all the sensibility of a woman without becoming womanish, and all the perspicacity of a logician without being merely logical, having that philosophy which detects the substantial import of the heart's phrases, and having that emotion which invests philosophy with its proper life,—so wise and so good must the minister

be, who applies to a soul of these variegated sensibilities the truth, which may wind itself into them all, as through a thousand pores; that truth, which God himself has matched to our nicest and most delicate springs of action, and which, so highly does he honor our nature, he has interposed by miracles for the sake of revealing in his written Word; that Word, which by its interchange of styles all unfolding the same idea, by its liberal construction of forms all enclosing the same spirit, prompts us to argue more for the broad central principles, and to wrangle less for the side, the party aspects of truth; that Word, which ever pleases in order to instruct, and instructs in such divers ways in order to impress divers minds, and by all means to save some. Through the influence of such a Bible upon such a soul, and under the guidance of Him who gave the one and made the other, we do hope and believe, that the intellect will yet be enlarged so as to gather up all the discordant representations of the heart and employ them as the complements, or embellishments, or emphases of the whole truth; that the heart will be so expanded and refined as to sympathize with the most subtle abstractions of the intellect; that many various forms of faith will yet be blended into a consistent knowledge, like the colors in a single ray; and thus will be ushered in the reign of the Prince of peace, when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, when the body shall no more hang as a weight upon the soul, and the soul no longer wear upon its material framework, when the fancy shall wait upon rather than trifle with the judgment, and the judgment shall not be called as now to restrain the fancy, when the passions

shall clarify rather than darken the reasoning powers, and the conscience shall not be summoned as now to curb the passions, when the intellect shall believe, not without the heart, nor against the heart, but *with the heart unto salvation;* and the soul, being one with itself, shall also be one with all the saints, in adoring one Lord, cherishing one faith, and being buried in one baptism; and when we who are united unto Christ on earth, he dwelling in us and we in him, shall, in answer to his last prayer for us, be made perfect with him in God.

PROFESSOR PARK AT 50

THE INDEBTEDNESS OF THE STATE TO THE CLERGY

The election sermon was preached before His Excellency Geo. N. Briggs, Governor, His Honor John Reed, Lieutenant Governor, the Honorable Council, and the Legislature of Massachusetts, at the Annual Election January 2, 1851. The services were held in the Old South Church, to which "the State Government" was escorted by the Independent Cadets of Boston. The "Traveler" says of the sermon: "We have carefully read this sermon and find it to be just what might have been expected from the well-known ability of its author—clear, logical and to the point."

THE INDEBTEDNESS OF THE STATE TO THE CLERGY

"Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man." —*Eccl.* 9: 15.

IN the kingdom of nature the greatest effects are produced by occult forces. Magnetism and electricity had been working out their mightiest results for ages before their existence was recognized. Gravitation is a latent power which worlds obey in silence. Throughout the sphere of mind, also, energies are felt when not acknowledged. By the force of an idea, one man will move a whole community, and he will be forgotten while his idea lives on. There is a class of persons who, in some States of our Union, are debarred by law from all civil office and among whom a rich man is a phenomenon. The spirit of their profession and their habits of thought disincline or perhaps incapacitate them for pecuniary speculation. They are persons whose rightful influence comes from their good thoughts and good character. These are their wisdom, and by it, through the aid of heaven, they deliver the State from many an evil. Still, the results of their labor are often delicate, refined, and therefore unnoticed. The consequence is, that no one who limits his view to tangible benefits remembereth these same poor men.

It may be thought a singular and forced process by which this description can be applied to clergymen. They have often dwelt in ceiled houses; they have been the first officers in the realm, and have held their foot on the neck of kings. And as they have not been always poor, neither, by any means, have they been always wise; for it has been said by one who has, however, overstated the truth, "that the surest sign of the divine authority of our religion is, that it has not yet been exterminated by those who have essayed to preach it." In lieu of delivering the State from harm, the State has often prayed to be delivered from them; and, so far from not being remembered, it is impossible for the millions who have suffered by them ever to forget them.

For the faults of the clergy we have no time now to apologize. It were as unsafe to condemn them in a mass as to extol them in a mass. Their ranks have included some of the worst, and some of the best men whom the world has ever seen. We may consider them, however, not as they have uniformly been in fact, but as we may reasonably expect them to be; as complying with the *tendencies* of their office; as representatives of a doctrinal system which is better than they are themselves; as faithful, in some good measure, to their professions; as identifying their own history with much of the history of the gospel; as "living epistles," imperfect, indeed, but yet fairly expressive of the truth. We may consider them as they have usually appeared among the various sects of this Commonwealth; and, not dilating on their highest usefulness to the spiritual and eternal interests of men, we may take a nar-

rower view of their function, and in this grave presence may consider, I trust, without any unfitness,

THE INDEBTEDNESS OF THE STATE TO THE CLERGY

We might illustrate this indebtedness by describing the effort which would be needed for *undoing* the good already done through clerical influence, and by describing the scenes which would ensue if this influence should now entirely cease. But, pursuing a more direct method, we may remark, that

I. The State is indebted to the clergy for their influence in promoting the comfort of the people. Other things being equal, that nation is the most secure whose citizens are the most happy, and the citizens are the most happy when their natural sensibilities have at once the freest and most healthful play. Hence it is one aim of the Commonwealth to satisfy, where it wisely can, the instinctive impulses of the people. It provides a fit gratification for the sense of honor, the spirit of liberty, the love of enterprise, of repose, of amusement even. Sometimes it regulates prices, forbids dangerous sports, encourages the fine arts, increases the facilities of locomotion, with the primary intent of diffusing good cheer which wins men to good citizenship. More than one government has been convulsed with revolutions, merely because it did not appease the appetite of hunger among the populace. Now, there is in man a religious sentiment, sometimes noiseless because it is deep, and sometimes the deepest when partially repressed, which must be gratified, or man becomes

restive, querulous, tumultuous, ungovernable. It is a complex feeling, not always nor in general involving a holy preference, but including some necessary processes of our very constitution. Much of it consists in man's natural tendency to look upward, to revere a power above him, to feel his dependence upon it, an involuntary thankfulness toward it, a moral accountability to it, a hope of being rewarded by it for virtues, a fear of being punished by it for vices, a dread of it as just, a complacency in it as bounteous and loving. This religious sentiment will and must be expressed. Here it resembles, not the fire in the flint, which is struck out by concussion, but the light of a lamp, which is itself radiant. For one mode of its expression, it insists on having a consecrated order of men who shall be an embodiment of the religious idea. It demands either the priest or the minister as an organ of communication between earth and heaven,—an organ through which the feelings of the people may be uttered to God, and the richest favors of God may be transmitted to the people. It is a dictate of nature, that such an organ be required by men for expressing their devotedness to a superior power, because themselves being disturbed by the turmoils of life, they confide so much the more in a selected band who dwell amid the stillness of the temple, and are imagined to have the spirit, as they are seen to have the marks, of peculiar sanctity. On the same principle, it is an impulse of nature that men desire a special organ for receiving their choicest gifts from heaven; because, immersed as men are in the cares of life, they need a class of teachers from whom they may

gain spiritual wisdom. They have a faith in the teaching and example of those who devote their life to the mysteries of religion, as they have a faith in the instructions of professed mechanicians, or philosophers, or jurists. It is sometimes asked whether the ministry be a divine or merely human institution. It is divine as the religious sentiment itself. It is divine as the human soul. It was no more devised by man than his constitutional instincts were devised by him. Mr. Hume says,[1] that priests may "justly be regarded as an invention of a timorous and abject superstition;" but it is a superstition which cannot be reasoned down, nor flattered down, nor awed down, nor sneered down. It is no more timorous than our very conscience, no more abject than is our filial affection. It pervades the wide world. Every tribe of men has its sacred orders. They are in the pagoda, the mosque, the cathedral, the meeting-house. The rites of worship have not been multiplied by the gospel, but rather diminished,—made less instead of more imposing; yet we might as soon find a musical people without professed musicians, and a seafaring people without an order of captains, and a martial people without a rank of head men, as a nation who receives the gospel and disowns its Sabbaths and its teachers. With us, the alternative is between the Christian religion and no religion at all; and therefore, as we accept Christianity, so we must take with it some form of its ministry. This ministry has indeed a positive, which is of itself a sure basis, but this basis overlies a moral

[1] Essay X.

groundwork. The adaptation of the office to the very make of the soul, is a signature of its divine origin, and is alike the cause and the proof of its irrepressible influence. When men are forcibly deprived of their religious counsellors, they refuse to be comforted. Hence, the Gregories and the Innocents have regulated their government by the principle, that the masses of men, who can bear all things else, will never long endure an interdict on their ministers, and therefore a monarch can be punished most effectively by silencing, on his account, the priesthood in his kingdom. For his people, if shut out from their sanctuaries, will be as uneasy as if barred from the free air, and sooner or later will trample on the throne and rush over it to the altar, or else will persuade their king to make concessions, any concessions, to purchase, to beg a resumption of those soothing offices with which the fondest affections of men, women and children are intertwined.

When in the gloom of night death comes to the first-born of a mother, it is in her very nature to listen for the voice of the man of God who may say, "It is well with the child." To the mourners who bend over the bier, and take their farewell of the friend whom they are to see no more, there is a meaning which they must feel, for they are so made as to feel it either for good or ill, in the words of their Comforter in heaven, who speaks to them through his anointed servants on earth. As the human sensibilities are, the best reliefs for the afflicted will not, even if they can, be enjoyed where there is no order of men distinctively and

divinely set apart to administer them. Although the name of a pastor is seldom mentioned by an historian,[1] yet the real unwritten history of the race is not, in the main, made up of wars and of diplomatic maneuvers, but of those domestic griefs which the pastor assuages, and of those private joys which he hallows. He supplies a want too profound to be reached by mere civil enactments, too delicate to be touched by armed magistrates, too radical to be left without the care of philanthropists especially devoted to it. The clergy, then, instead of being, as they are sometimes regarded, mere goads and stings to the public conscience, made for teasing and annoying a quiet population, are the ministers of solace, and of that peace which no political economy can give or take away. They earn more thanks than they receive from the government for cooperating with it in multiplying the satisfactions of life and for insinuating a happy influence into those recesses of the soul, which are closed against all other than spiritual appliances.

II. The State is indebted to the clergy for their influence in educating the people. Every land should have its native literature, and especially our land, which is overspread with writings foreign to us alike in origin and spirit. Now, the religious is the most durable part of our national literature, and this should be in harmony with the genius of our institutions. The larger portion of our sacred lore is in the

[1] There is too much truth in the remark of Dr. Channing, that history "has not a place even in the margin for the minister and the schoolmistress."

products of the pulpit. If the sermons preached in our land during a single year were all printed, they would fill a hundred and twenty million octavo pages. Many of these sermons are, indeed, specimens of human weakness; but the frailest vase may hold roots that will far outgrow its own dimensions. The themes of the dullest preacher may germinate into a quickening life. The mind is so framed as to be stimulated by the queries, "Who am I? Of what kingdom am I a spiritual citizen? Am I to live forever? If so, in what realm, in what condition, with what companions, under what laws? The Judge from whom there is no appeal, the Monarch whose sway over me will be without end—how can I gain his favor?" Now, the church is the people's university for the study of such questions. The minister, therefore, is a teacher of science,—the science of the human soul, in which every cautious man feels a personal interest,—the science of that great Spirit whose attributes either alarm or delight men, and in either case touch their deepest sympathies. This is the science for which man was made, for which he was made inquisitive; which has already, more than any other object, tasked the ingenuity of thinkers, and waked up the sensibilities of men otherwise lethargic. It arouses the religious principle; and this, when started, sets all the wheels of mental activity in motion.[1] It feels after the truth, if haply it may find it. It

[1] The celebrated infidel, D'Alembert, speaking of the Protestant Reformation, says: "The new doctrines of the reformers, defended on one side and attacked on the other with that *ardor which the cause of God, well or ill understood, is alone able to inspire*, equally obliged their defenders and their opponents to acquire instruction.

expands the character. It is this principle which made our forefathers great and trustworthy men. Many a pastor has noticed that a renewal of Christian faith is often combined with a renovation of the intellectual life. And the minister teaches not in the listless way of writing books, but with the living voice; with those tones and emphases which, in an orator like our own Stillman, are themselves almost a doctrine; not with the voice alone, but with the hand, which opens in order to give out the truth; with the eye, which radiates a thought unutterable by the lips; with the whole person, which bodies forth what is concealed within.[1] And instead of writing on this science for here and there an insulated reader, the minister preaches to a sympathizing congregation, to fathers and mothers surrounded by their offspring in comely attire. With this animating influence of a multitude upon each other, he combines the influence of a consecrated day, when business is stilled so as to make his whisper audible. He speaks, too, in the temple which men feel to be sacred, and in which the pulpit is raised in dignity above the pews. All these incidents, making his

Emulation, *animated by this powerful motive,* increased all kinds of knowledge, and light, raised from amidst error and dissension, was cast upon all objects, even such as appeared most foreign to those in dispute."

[1] When John Adams was informed, in a letter from a parish committee, that the church-pew which he had then recently selected for himself was, by means of an intervening pillar, badly situated for his seeing the preacher, he returned the following laconic reply: "Faith cometh by hearing." But in the department of oratory, men hear with their eyes as well as ears. The full hearing of the truth involves a vision of the man who expresses it.

hearers the more susceptible, make his words the more impressive. He preaches, also, not to those alone who can educate themselves, but to the masses of men, who depend on him for their moral instruction; who, being near the basis, form the support of the political system; who are continually sending up both men and influences to invigorate the higher classes of society. It is one seal of the divine wisdom in our religion, that truth so disciplinary should be made known in a method so quickening, to the class of men who are in such peculiar need of being trained in this peculiar way. And here lies the eloquence in the climax of Him who spake as never man spake, and who specifies, as the signs of his mission, that "the blind receive their sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and" (more than all these physical blessings) "the *poor* have the gospel *preached* to them."

It is not, then, to any unusual genius possessed by clergymen,—for often their character is disfigured by no such excrescence,—nor to any magical arts which they practise, that we must ascribe the enlivening influence of their words; but we impute it to the adaptations of their office, to the inherent fitnesses of their message, to the attendant influences of Him who blends his own power with the truth which he has revealed. Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton says:[1] "A man must preach very well indeed, before he conveys such a lesson of the greatness of God, and the unworthiness of man, as a view of the heavens discloses." This is well

[1] Memoir, p. 203.

said; but if any minister has the soul of a minister, and believes the pure gospel, and feels what he believes, and speaks what he feels, he preaches very well indeed; for the truths which he utters are more radiant than the stars of the sky, and his soul, if duly enlarged by those truths, is greater than the expanse of the heavens, and the shining forth of such truths from such a soul awakens and enlightens men who would sleep under the starry heavens without once dreaming of their Author. And the same noble baronet who has now been named, and who has, perhaps, achieved as good a work for the imprisoned and the enslaved as any man of the last century says,[1] near the close of his beneficent career: "Whatever I have done in my life for Africa, the seeds of it were sown in my heart in Wheeler-Street Chapel." "It was much, and of vast moment, that I there learned from" the minister of that sanctuary. And what and where is Wheeler-Street Chapel? The world has never heard of Wheeler-Street Chapel, but the world has heard of Sir Fowell Buxton; and the chain of the slave loosens at the mention of his name, and Ethiopia stretches out her hands to welcome him to her fond embrace; and the children of her schools which were founded by his care, have learned his history by heart, and will engrave it on bracelets of gold around their wrists. Yet the eloquence with which he instructed the British senate, the skill with which he gained the sympathies of his countrymen, and the vigor with which he broke the bands of the West India slave, he traced back to the educating influences of a pulpit

[1] Memoir, p. 46.

in a small, weather-beaten chapel of Spitalfields; for from that pulpit he learned those truths that touch the most elastic springs of intellectual as well as moral enterprise,—that are subtle enough to reach, as nothing else can, the hiding-places of the conscience, and to make it familiar with great thoughts which make the mind great, and so to regulate the association of ideas that one may find "sermons in stones, books in running brooks," and religious lessons in the starry heavens that preach so well.

The strictly religious truths of the Bible must, from their intellectual spirit, have an affinity with all knowledge. He who is curious to learn them is the more easily interested in everything which can illustrate them. The sciences pertaining to the works of God, are involved in the science pertaining to his character. Not a few mechanical inventions, even, have been made by clergymen. The world has been enriched by the chemical researches of Priestley; but he indulged himself in these as an aid to his theological, which were his main, studies. Many minds have been expanded by the astronomical discourses of Chalmers; but he studied the stars of heaven as moral lights to guide him in his pilgrimage through this dark world. Much of the ethical philosophy now taught in our learned schools, is borrowed from the sermons of Bishop Butler. The sensibilities of men have been ennobled by the architecture of the cathedral; but the sublimer principles of this architecture have been discovered by the priests in their aim to image forth an inward by an outward grandeur. The public taste has been refined by the music of the choir; but many of the

most solemn harmonies have been composed by the ministers of the altar. It is the religious sentiment which has suggested the costliest products of the chisel and the pencil; for whatever is grand or beautiful is affianced to religious truth. More than one Lord Chancellor has committed to memory the sermons of more than one Dr. Barrow, merely for their *inevitable* words which come from a hearty faith. We infer the conduct of men from their interests, and the interests of a clergyman require him to disseminate as well as to gain intelligence. "Because the preacher was wise," says Ecclesiastes, "he still taught the people knowledge." He discourses with a freer and manlier spirit, when the minds of his hearers have been raised up to an interest in the lofty discussions pertaining to Him before whom the mountains flow down. We confess with shame that the preacher has not always understood his interests. He has often been afraid to learn, and still oftener afraid to teach. But this was the abuse, not the use, of his office. In the darkest ages, however, he made "the benefit of the clergy" arise from an erudition superior to that of most other men. In those cold ages, the Church, at immense cost and pains, fondly preserved the literature of the world, even as the mother who lay freezing on the snow wrapped her own tattered garments around her babe which she warmed and cherished in her bosom. There was darkness in the world at those times, because the messengers of heaven forgot their errand to preach the gospel. They deemed the truths of religion so stimulating as to be dangerous for the com-

mon mind. Still, even then they betrayed the affinities of their office: they were the jurists, the arithmeticians, the rhetoricians of the world; they comprehended all the sciences and even the arts in theology, and some of them must, even now, be regarded as prodigies of learning. The best universities of the Old World have been founded by clerical influence. Nearly all our own colleges, as those at Waterville, Middlebury, Hanover, Providence, New Haven, Princeton, were organized by ministers, for the main purpose of disseminating the religious truth which loves to find and to make men intelligent. When Boston contained no more than thirty houses, and Massachusetts no more than twenty-five civilized towns, the pastors devised the plan of Harvard College, with the primary intent of making worthy preachers and fit hearers of *the* truth, which is the life of the soul. It is interesting to notice the degree in which divines like our Mayhews and Chauncys labored to make plain the very rudiments of popular instruction. And, at the present day, no small part of the minister's energy is spent in aiding the teachers, animating the pupils, preserving the order and inspecting the progress, of our common schools.[1] Without his genial interest, these

[1] Professor Stowe, who has held an important official connection with the public schools of Ohio, says: "My experience has taught me to despair of establishing, with any permanency, even a good district school, where there is not a good church and an intelligent ministry to watch over and sustain it." President Sears, once the indefatigable Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, says: "The efficient coadjutors which I have had the happiness to find in all parts of the State, while engaged in my official duties, belong to no one profession or class of men. It may, however, be said, with-

schools had never been, as they now are, the treasures of our State. Our clergy and our schoolmasters have long been in communion, so that one of our own native poets has said of our Commonwealth, that she never

> "Dreads the skeptic's puny hands,
> While near her school the church-spire stands,
> Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
> While near her church-spire stands a school."

There are a thousand other avenues through which the learning of a clergyman, who is what he ought to be, flows into the very hearts of his people. The fact that he is a scholar adds a power, and the fact that he is known to be a scholar adds an authority, to even his common words. From such a man as Owen, or Bates, or Calamy, or Poole, or Flavel, each of whom wrote his scholastic folios amid the pressure of parochial care, there went forth,—it could not be otherwise,—there stole forth from his very attitude and mien as he strolled along the byways of his parish,—there breathed itself forth an influence which raised the aims and refined the thoughts of young men. Amid the multitude of brighter names which have adorned the pulpit, we seldom hear of Robert Bolton, who published five theological quartos, translated the whole of Homer, and commented on the whole of Aquinas, and studied the Fathers as if he cared nothing for his contemporaries; yet this same divine associated with his contemporaries as if he cared nothing

out any injustice to others, that the clergy, of every name, in the Commonwealth, have been second to no other men in respect to an enlightened policy and energetic action promoting the education of the people."

for the Fathers, and in his daily walks through the lanes of his precinct, he bore the results of his multifarious learning to the doors of the humblest peasantry. On one page in the life of Baxter we read of his toiling, amid pains and faintness, over the last of the hundred and sixty-six treatises which he wrote for the press; and on another page we read of him laden with the fruits of his erudition, and diffusing the influence of it among the inmates of a hovel at Kidderminster. It is told of an ancient astronomer, that when reproved for his want of patriotism, he defended himself by pleading, "My country is in the heavens." But we read of Jonathan Edwards writing at one hour of the day, which he calls his *leisure* hour, that Treatise on the Will which David Hume and Dugald Stewart and Sir James Mackintosh ranked with the works of Locke and Leibnitz; and at another, which was his *business* hour, mingling as a father with the untutored Indians of his neighborhood, preaching once in a week to the Mohawks, and once in a week to the Housatunnucks, and often catechizing their vagrant children. His country, too, was in the heavens; but it was pleasant for him to walk thither hand in hand with the poor pilgrims, who might otherwise wander far away from the home of the Great Spirit.

I know that men like these do not appear every day and everywhere, but the difference is often in degree, not in kind; for in many a New England hamlet there is now a parsonage where the gems of sacred lore are treasured up, where the spirit of the patriarch is refined by a patient and liberal culture; but while the world is running out in search

of noisy captains who boast themselves to be patriots, and escorting them in long processions, "all the while sonorous metal" breathing martial sounds, this man, whose inward worth is equal to his freedom from outward display, and who might have been famed in the senate had he not chosen to minister unto the necessities of the saints, is now living as the educator of a retired parish, speaking a word in season to herdsmen's boys, and imitating while he serves the great Teacher who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;" but from the circle of hardy youths who enjoy his counsel there will come forth robust and earnest scholars, who will invigorate the literature of their country, and gather to themselves the honors of the State, while no one remembereth the poor wise man who delivered them from their ignorance; but he toils on, willing to be obscure, so he may humbly serve his generation, and waiting with a resigned and pensive spirit for the day when he shall be borne by a few devout men to his burial, and when he who hath been faithful over a few things shall be made ruler over many things, and shall enter with loud acclaim into the joy of his Lord.

III. The State is indebted to the clergy for their influence in promoting the political virtues. So gentle and well-nigh domestic is the pastor's vocation, as in the view of some to steal away his manly energy. Yet the very men who are most inclined to smile at what they term his effeminate manners, are the most sensitive to his interference with politics. They cannot forgive it unless it be what they significantly call, "*on the right side.*" The reason is,

that his words, homely as they may seem, come with a power peculiar to his office, and therefore go down into the recesses of the soul, made as it is for religious appeal.[1] Hence he is suspected of unfairness, when he gives up to a party what is required for the common good. He should be wise, then, in setting bounds to his political activity. He should be careful that his political influence not only be, but also *seem* to be, in behalf of virtue. He should be and *appear* to be solicitous, not so much for the outward forms as for the moral spirit of politics. Hence he should never be vociferous in civil affairs, so as to let the minister be lost sight of in the politician. His influence on those affairs will be greater and better if he make them secondary to his more spiritual duties. He loses his political influence if he think too much of it. He must never contend in such a way for the interests of this world as to mar the felicity of his pleading for the interests of another. His general rule should be, to make the Sabbath a day of rest, and the sanctuary a place of rest, for friends and foes who are wearied with their earthly strifes. His habits and his sympathies disqualify him for the personal details of politics. When he goes far beyond the discussion of principles into a mere partisanship for men,[2] he is out of his sphere, and that simplicity which is and ought to be his most amiable

[1] "Many [State] constitutions exclude the clergy from voting, because their influence, always great, is feared if they interfere with politics." Lieber's Political Ethics, Part II., p. 268.

[2] There is an obvious difference between the discussion of political principles on the one hand, and the *meddling* with politics on the other.

virtue, is the means of his being deceived into wrong estimates of character. Still he is a man, a citizen, a teacher, a moral guide, and as such he must utter many truths relating to our civil duties. He must, for example, exhort his hearers to "owe no man anything," even if he should be suspected of looking toward some laws about fraudulent bankruptcy and repudiation. As the theology of the pulpit is linked with all sciences, so is its religion with all virtues. Politics cannot be sealed up hermetically against moral influence. Like the air of heaven, this influence pervades every sphere of life. Welcomed or opposed it must be met.[1] Religion will either refine politics, or politics will contaminate religion. In self-defence, therefore, as well as in fealty to the State, the minister pleads for the duties of good citizenship. It is one divine signature of his religion, that the same virtues which it demands without reasoning and merely as enjoined by God, are reasoned out by the physiologist to be promotive of health, and by the statesman to be needed for the national growth. The germs of political ethics are thus in the Bible. By a train of religious sentiment, Fénelon unfolded the essential principles which Adam Smith afterwards erected into the new science of Political Economy. In an indirect way, the minister is a politician when he explains and enforces, as he does so often, the duties of

[1] "To be a real patriot, a man must consider his countrymen as God's creatures, and himself as accountable for his acting towards them. If *pro aris et focis* be the life of patriotism, he who hath no religion and no home, makes a suspected patriot."—*Berkeley's Maxims concerning Patriotism.*

parents and children; for these duties are essential to the order of the family; this order, as it represents in miniature, so it facilitates the government of, a nation. A family is the cement of the political system; and unless it be carefully watched, the Commonwealth will not be peacefully ruled. But all history proves that the virtues of the household will not be long preserved, where they are not fostered by those ministers of the church who, in their lowly services, are among the best ministers of the State. At the commencement of the last half century, some islands of the sea were sunk in the deepest barbarism, but now send their ambassadors to the courts of Europe. A few preachers from New England carried to them the story of that remarkable Personage who came to be a model for the child and the parent, the scholar and the teacher, the layman and the priest, the fellow citizen and the judge, the servant and the lawgiver, the subject and the king, the vanquished and the conqueror;—and that story makes men think of political maxims which it does not expressly mention, and gives men one link which draws after it the whole chain of political virtues.[1]

One of these virtues, which the clergy are inclined by the very genius of their office to encourage, is *that of sustaining the laws and government of the land.* A church-going are apt to be a law-abiding people. Their pastor has a professional regard for law. He loves its moral influence. He esteems a good statute as a sermon and obedience to it as

[1] The Sandwich Islanders have more than once forwarded money to the United States, in aid of our national charities.

a preparative for acquiescence in the divine will. He represents religion as consisting in this acquiescence, and he fears that men who love to disobey the ruler whom they have seen, will also disobey the Sovereign whom they have not seen. His office is to prove that the true submission to government involves a benevolent regard to the common good; that it is therefore not pusillanimous but a noble virtue; and as men must love the law of God in order to acquiesce in the gospel, so they must obey the laws of man in order to enjoy true freedom.

He teaches, indeed, on the principles of natural reason, that civil government is of divine origin; not merely because it exists in the providence of God, for sin itself exists in the same providence, without having God for its author. But civil government is of divine origin, because and so far forth as, it is prompted by those normal instincts within us which are of divine workmanship. Our Maker has given us a tendency to revere and obey magistrates. Speaking through our constitution, then, he has ordained them. And as government comes thus from a divine impulse, so it has a divine right; not merely because it is providentially so strong that it cannot be resisted, and therefore ought to be welcomed, for a pestilence or an inundation may be providentially irresistible and still not desirable; but government is of divine right, because and so far forth as it is adapted to our natural and fitting wants. These wants are from God; they indicate the supply which is needed for them; this supply is political government; this government, then, as it is suited by nature to a demand existing by nature, must

be sanctioned by the Author of that nature. He loves to promote our welfare; our welfare is advanced by the institutions which are fitted to the structure of our minds; these beneficent institutions, therefore, are authorized as well as originated by Him who has incited us to devise, by causing us to demand them. Thus we claim a divine authority for the marriage relation and for the family regimen, because they are not only a result of sensibilities which God has implanted in the soul, but also a means of the happiness and virtue which he has made the end of our being. Desiring this end, he has required these means. The theory that government derives its claims from the social compact, is, in the main, a fictitious mode of expressing the idea that government is congenial with our sensibilities and interests, and therefore may be presumed to secure a promise of obedience from us, and hence must be pleasing to God, who chooses that we observe the covenants which himself has predisposed us to make. The theory that government demands our homage on account of its venerable and ancestral associations, resolves itself into the truth, that a reverence for old systems was implanted within us by the Ancient of Days, and he desires that this graceful sentiment be cherished in every form and degree which can harmonize with the paramount law of virtuous progress. In fine, the element of truth existing in all theories of civil government is enveloped in the Christian doctrine, that such government has a divine authority, and this doctrine is essential to the highest influence of those theories. There are masses of men who care little for abstractions. It has been said

of them, they "cannot see, but they can feel;"[1] at least, they do not see so far as to ultimate utilities, nor so far around as to general results. But they love or fear a personal God, who superadds his own sanction to the threatenings of human law, who gives a new sacredness to life as connected with an immortal existence, and to property as a means of spiritual culture; a new meaning to an oath, a religious value to a ballot, a deep solemnity to an office; and who invests the very forms of justice with a distinct majesty.[2] Not in an abstract way, but by living men, his ministers, has the authority of the great Lawgiver been associated with human jurisprudence. Hence have these ministers been summoned, either by the wisdom or conscience or policy of rulers, to stand forth as the representatives of the divine will in behalf of human legislation. They have administered the holy sacrament to the king as he has assumed the diadem. They have chanted the Te Deum before the army as it has marched forth into the battle-field. In the dignified simplicity of the gospel they have invoked the aid of the Most High on our legislative councils. They have, in various forms, clothed the polity of man with that honor which cometh from nothing but an association with the King of kings.[3]

[1] Harrington's Political Aphorisms.

[2] "Many barbarian tribes, as the Goths, believe their kings to have descended from their divinities and thus to be worthy of especial reverence; as Homer's heroes were the reputed issue of gods or demigods, and thereby became the objects of religious homage." See Guizot's Hist. European Civilization, p. 223.

[3] In his speech (pp. 47, 48) on the Girard Will Case, Mr. Webster

There are some laws, perhaps, which, unless ennobled by this alliance with the religion of the pulpit, would be regarded as too severe to be sustained. Had not the New

says: "At the meeting of the first Congress there was a doubt in the minds of many about the propriety of opening the session with prayer; and the reason assigned was, as here, the great diversity of opinion and religious belief:—until at last Mr. Samuel Adams, with his gray hairs hanging about his shoulders, and with an impressive venerableness now seldom to be met with (I suppose, owing to the difference of habits), rose in that assembly, and with the air of a perfect Puritan, said, it did not become men professing to be Christian men, who had come together for solemn deliberation in the hour of their extremity, to say that there was so wide a difference in their religious belief that they could not, as one man, bow the knee in prayer to the Almighty, whose advice and assistance they hoped to obtain. And independent as he was, and an enemy to all prelacy as he was known to be, he moved that the Rev. Mr. Dushe, of the Episcopal Church, should address the Throne of Grace in prayer. And John Adams, in his letter to his wife, says that he never saw a more moving spectacle. Mr. Dushe read the Episcopal service of the Church of England, and then, as if moved by the occasion, he broke out into extemporaneous prayer. And those men who were then about to resort to force to obtain their rights, were moved to tears; and floods of tears, he says, ran down the cheeks of the pacific Quakers who formed part of that most interesting assembly."—In the Convention of 1787, which framed the Constitution of the United States, Dr. Franklin made, and Roger Sherman seconded, the motion, that "henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of heaven and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this Assembly every morning." This motion, however, was not made until the 28th of June, when the Convention had been more than four weeks in session, and then "Mr. Hamilton and several others expressed apprehensions, that however proper such a resolution might have been at the beginning of the Convention, it might, at this late day, bring on it some disagreeable animadversions, etc. Dr. Franklin and Mr. Sherman answered that the past omission of a duty could not justify a further omission, etc. Mr. Williamson observed that the true cause of the omission could not be mistaken. The Convention had no funds. Mr. Randolph proposed, in order to give a favorable aspect to the

Testament unfolded the nature of justice as including in itself the tenderest care for the general peace, there might be a reason for modifying the application of the old command, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." The executioner would be deterred from pressing the fatal spring, did not the gospel, which wins our love by its mildness, illustrate the benevolence of the penal code, framed not for paining the guilty so much as for relieving the innocent; not for grieving a small circle of friends, but for securing the comfort and the virtue of an entire nation. Had not the people of our Commonwealth been saved from a one-sided philanthropy by the comprehensive spirit of the New Testament, which utters a more subduing threat as well as a more cheering promise than the Old; had they not been taught by Him who came to be our pattern of gentleness, that civilization is something higher than a poetic sentimentalism; that true compassion reaches beyond the man who has abused his race, and guards also the race from being still further abused; that religion is the love of right, and therefore involves the hatred of wrong; aims to bless men, and therefore frowns on all that injures them; pities the sordid temper of the criminal, and therefore watches with the kindlier sympathy over the children and mothers, the timorous and the frail,

measure, that a sermon be preached, at the request of the Convention, on the 4th of July, and thenceforward prayers. Dr. Franklin seconded this motion." It was not carried, however, and the original motion of Dr. Franklin was lost by a very decisive vote. It is pleasing to reflect that this omission is an anomaly in our highest legislative proceedings. See Spark's Life of Franklin, Vols. I., pp. 514, 515 and V., pp. 153-155; and Mr. Madison's Journal, *in loco.*

who tremble by day and by night in fear of that criminal; had not our fathers been inspired with this conservative spirit of Christianity, still permeating our civil institutions, —we had not seen, and the world had not admired, the majestic march of justice through our Commonwealth during the past year; the manliness and dignity of our judges; the firm, cautious, and lofty spirit of our councillors, sustaining the law which is made so fearful for the sake of preventing a sin yet more sinful; listening with parental tenderness to every plea of the sufferer, but hearkening also to the voice of God as he says, through the instinctive sentiments of our race, that the penalty which men are so framed as to dread most of all, the last of all, is the fit dissuasive from that last and most appalling of crimes, which hardens the heart against all gentler motives.[1]

Clergymen have been accused, some of them justly, but others unjustly, of pressing the claims of government too far, and of degrading themselves into the mere parasites of the men who happen to be in power.[2] The more trustworthy divines, however, have not been content with advocating the virtue of allegiance; they have enjoined a sec-

[1] Allusion is here made to the execution of Professor John W. Webster, August 30, 1850, for the murder of Dr. George Parkman; and to the steadfastness with which all efforts for the pardon of Prof. Webster were resisted by the government.

[2] Mr. Hume says, Essay IX., in language altogether too unguarded: "All princes that have aimed at despotic power, have known of what importance it was to gain the established clergy; as the clergy, on their part, have shown a great facility in entering into the views of such princes. Gustavus Vasa was, perhaps, the only ambitious monarch that ever depressed the Church at the same time that he discouraged liberty. But the exorbitant power of the bishops in Swe-

ond duty,—*that of ameliorating the laws and government of the land.* They have recommended this duty in various ways and widely different degrees.

Breathing the spirit of his office, a clergyman is reluctant to think ill of civil enactments, for they need to be revered. Still he has often aided in correcting, when he has not seen, their faults. His teachings have been more useful than his observation has been exact. When advocating an injurious law, he has enforced principles which resulted in amending it.

And when his charity which thinketh no evil has been compelled to recognize the maladministration of lawgivers, he has been slow to condemn them in his public speech; for it is written, "Thou shalt not speak evil of the ruler of thy people."[1] Still, without reproaching he has often benefited them, for he has unfolded a system of divine legislation which in its gradual working assimilates the government of earth to that of heaven. Immoral codes have sometimes been submitted to him for revision, as when the laws of the Visigoths were humanized by the Councils of Toledo.

But when the malfeasance of rulers passes a certain line, he cannot but speak out. He dreads the influence of cor-

den, who at that time overtopped the crown itself, together with their attachment to a foreign family, was the reason of his embracing such an unusual system of politics."

[1] Much is said, and wisely, at the present day, against disobedience to rulers. But the spirit of unrighteous disobedience to them is fostered by the practice of unwarranted slander against them. A faithful preacher dissuades men from "speaking evil of dignities," as well as from refusing subjection to them; and when the disposition is so rife, as in our land, to calumniate the civil authorities, we

rupt magistrates as preachers of heresy, as men who will nullify the laws which he is commissioned to proclaim. Therefore, if he live under a government susceptible of peaceful changes, he is required to plead for a reform of statutes that miseducate the soul, benumb the conscience, deaden the sentiment of pity or honor or generosity, and weaken the very basis of government by vitiating the moral principles on which every good government rests. It is sometimes said, that "it is immaterial what civil polity we have, provided that the people are honest and intelligent;" but unless we have the right polity, there is danger that the people will never be honest and intelligent.

Still, the true pastor is far from sanctioning the rule that every injurious statute be of course disobeyed; for it may be so compacted with beneficent laws that they will stand or fall with it, and the one unsightly stone of an arch must not be pried out from the other stones which depend upon it for their form and pressure. Neither does he sustain the rule that every government, corrupt on the whole, be disobeyed; for often he has reason to believe that it would be made only the more corrupt by being opposed, and even if overthrown, would give place to a new structure built of the same materials in a worse form. Bad laws and bad rulers are frequently less bad than any which would be at once substituted for them; and while they cannot claim obedi-

must expect the consequent disposition to resist them. The fact that our rulers may not belong to our own party, is no excuse for the desire or the practice of saying more against them than the welfare of the State obviously and urgently demands. The careless or unnecessary disparagement of them is one of the worst species of detraction, and has in all ages been condemned by the pulpit.

ence for their own merits, we may be required to yield obedience for our own usefulness. We only confuse ourselves when we imagine that obedience to a wrong law must necessarily be, or always is in itself sinful. Although a government has no right to command when we have no right to obey, yet we are often under obligation to obey mandates which the government ought not to have imposed. For resistance to these mandates may not always be necessary in order to avoid sin, and it may moreover be useless, and if useless it is hurtful, and if hurtful it is offensive to our best Friend, for he forbids us to waste our probation in efforts which threaten evil when they do not promise good, and he often gives a divine right to obedience when he gives none to the government obeyed. It is true, however, singular as it may seem, that the interests of men coincide so far with their duty as to make the larger part of human statutes coincident with the law of God, and to make them, therefore, his laws. In agreement with these principles, the preacher has insisted on the *general* rule, that men obey the law of the land; not merely that they obey, if they deem the law expedient, but that they obey; not merely if they approve it, but that they approve of obedience to it; not that they make the wisdom of a particular statute the condition of their compliance with it, but that they believe in the wisdom of their compliance with it so long as it is a statute. The *general* rule of the "wise man" is to reverence law because it is good, or else to obey it because it is law; and in such a land as our own, where the legislation is founded on Christian prin-

ciples, we must presume a statute to be right, unless we have palpable evidence that it is wrong. And even when there is such evidence, the act which the law requires of us may not be wrong like the law which requires it. This act may be unfortunately so complicated with the affairs of a useful government, that, although it may be injurious to a few individuals, yet the omission of it may compromit the safety of the government, and may thus be still more injurious to a larger number of individuals. This is an outward act, and although the same moral choice must be either good or bad, ever the same, yet many an external deed may vary in its character, become right here and now, although it was wrong there and then. If not commanded, it would be unfit and hurtful, but when it is commanded, it may be less unfit and less hurtful than would be the disobedience to the statute. It is a principle of mere fanaticism, that if an external deed is proper in one relation, therefore it may be performed in all relations; and if improper in some circumstances, therefore it must be performed in no circumstances, even "though the heavens fall."[1]

But the human mind is like a pendulum swinging from one extreme to the other, and reaching that other because it had been first at the one. It is an extreme view, and therefore a dangerous view (because an ultraism on one side repels into an ultraism on the other, and it is hostile to the genius of the gospel, and of its true ministers, to advocate

[1] The well-known proverbs are "Fiat justitia; ruat coelum," and "Fiat justitia et pereat mundus."

any, and of course this, extravagance), that the general rule of conformity to human law will never allow an exception.[1] There is a certain line beyond which the minister who represents the gospel cannot, and for the good of the State should not pass, in defending the active compliance with law. He has long insisted on the distinction between ac-

[1] It is one characteristic of a "wise man," that he knows when and where to make exceptions to a general rule. By forcing the rule of obedience so far as to shut out the rightfulness of any exception whatever, we prejudice men against the rule; while, on the contrary, by making exceptions too easy and too numerous, and by undervaluing the strong antecedent presumptions in favor of the existing law, we drive men into the opposite extreme of denying the rightfulness of any exception whatever. "If there be a danger on the one hand," says Dr. Campbell, "of tying the knot of allegiance which binds the subject to the sovereign *too hard,* there is no less danger on the other of making it *too loose.*" Many clergymen of England, receiving too much aid from Usher, Sanderson, Ken, South and Berkeley, have contended that the *general* rule of obedience is also a *universal* one. Some of these divines have, as Mr. Macaulay says, "delighted to exhibit the doctrines of non-resistance in a form so exaggerated as to shock common sense and humanity." But nearly all the British divines on whose judgment our countrymen are most apt to rely, have sustained the old doctrine of the Church Fathers, that the general rule of obedience is to be urged strenuously, but still not so blindly as to exclude all exceptions. This has been the doctrine of Jewell, Hooker, Bilson, Bedell, Burnet, Jeremy Taylor, Chillingwith, Hoadley, King, Conybeare, Paley;—of nearly all the dissenting, and also the Scottish theologians. It has also been the doctrine of standard jurists. "Upon these two foundations, the law of nature and the law of revelation, depend all human laws; for being coëval with mankind, and dictated by God himself, they are of course superior in obligation to any other, and are binding all over the globe, in all countries and all times; no human laws, therefore, are of any validity if contrary to these; and such of them as are valid derive all their force and all their authority, mediately or immediately, from this original."—*Law Grammar,* Chap. II. Sect. 3.

tive and passive obedience, and between disobedience to the perceptive part of law and resistance to the retributive part of it.[1] While he has dissuaded men from rebelling against an unworthy statute, he has, in some rare instances, counselled their quietly submitting to its sanctions as a less serious evil than their performing its requisitions. The wise preacher has given this counsel when, and only when, the statute has required citizens to violate the clear decisions of a well-trained conscience and the plain will of God; the *clear* decisions of conscience, for this faculty leads us to infer that if there be any doubt, the government is ordained of heaven to have the benefit of that doubt; the decisions of a *well-trained* conscience, for this is a faculty which decides aright only when treated aright, when carefully enlightened, when free from the sinister influence of passion, when combined with an earnest desire and all possible efforts to learn the good way; the *plain* will of God, for he wills us to act on the presumption that human laws are just, and that they are his ordinances, unless it be obvious that they violate other ordinances which are more obviously and imperatively his. Men who seek to be instructed by him will be guided into a knowledge of his statutes, and will cleave to them, whether they do or do not sanction the statutes of men. Such is the consistent pastor's faith in the divine providence, that he believes it *salutary*, as well as proper, to illustrate the wrongfulness of an evidently immoral and demoralizing law by a specimen of its grievous results, and he doubts not that a prudent leg-

[1] Aliud est non parere quam resistere.—*Beza.*

islature will reform such an enactment rather than multiply fines and pains upon the very men whose moral principles are at once the richest treasure and the best preservative of the State, and who honor the law in general by patiently enduring the penalties which ought never to have been threatened. The divine has aimed to be, and has been, a patriot in allowing no expectation that he would advocate a policy which must displease the Author of all national blessings, and must undermine the prosperity by impairing the virtue of the people. His hope has been to raise the tone of morals both in the high and low places of the land, by teaching that we are subjects of Jehovah before, and while, and after we are under the dominion of men, and therefore the plain laws of heaven bind us more thoroughly and deeply than any enactments which may contravene them; for they bind us in the motive as well as in the deed, by a regard for the soul as well as the body, for time and forever. When the prophets and apostles chose, at the expense of life and liberty, to obey God rather than man; when the martyrs of the ancient Church welcomed their pains as a reward for not abandoning their rights of worship; when the Reformers of Germany, the Huguenot clergy of France, the Covenanting divines of Scotland, the Protestant bishops and Puritan ministers of England, took joyfully the spoiling of their goods as a recompense for not transgressing the decisive mandates of heaven, and not yielding a principle which they knew, and we all know, that God required them to maintain,—they were not rebels nor revolutionists; they did not love their country less as

it was, but more as through their example it was to be; they offered their treasure and their blood as a sacrifice, not for their own land alone, but also for the world, in their time and in all time. And we, above all men, see and feel the results of their patriotism; and if *we*, who are free-born through their influence, are ready to charge the noble army of martyrs, whose very names are hallowed by our prayers, with sedition and treason and insurrection, then we are ready to exhume their bones and scatter their ashes to the winds.

If a deputy should enjoin what was not permitted by the magistrate who deputed him, or if a magistrate should order what was not allowed by the province which appointed him, or if that province should command what the national government had forbidden, or if the national government should enact what the Constitution had prohibited, or if the Constitution should require what is expressly interdicted by Jehovah, in every such case of conflicting laws, the true interests of a State forbid that the higher injunctions be contravened for the sake of compliance with the lower.[1] The general truth is that the higher sustain the lower, and the command of obedience to the lower presupposes that they will demand no transgression of the higher; and when this supposition fails, the maxim of Ben Sirach is to be ap-

[1] "A constable may a thousand times more excusably pretend authority against the king, or independent of him, than a king can claim authority against God, or independent of him."—*Richard Baxter's Holy Commonwealth.* "Obedience to man's laws is not necessary, when the matter is forbidden us by God's laws, or when they are laws without power, that is, such as men have no authority to make."—*Baxter's End of Controversy,* p. 286.

plied, "Let not the reverence for any man cause thee to sin." The Christian divine urges upon citizens the apostolic rule, "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake." So he urges upon children the rule, "Obey your parents in all things." So he urges upon servants the rule, "Obey in all things your masters."[1] In the same revealed sentence which contains the injunction to obey magistrates, is another injunction to "speak evil of no man." But the wise preacher saves his hearers from fanaticism by proving, that many inspired mandates are expressed in general terms, so as to devolve on man the duty of affixing the requisite limitations. They often exact a service in unqualified language, so that they may exercise and improve the moral judgment of man in defining the extent of the service. He who aims to guide himself by the general spirit of Christianity, will receive wisdom enough

[1] "Yet I believe no Christian will urge, that there would be an obligation to obedience from this precept, should a parent command his child, or a master command his servant *to steal.*" "Our Lord has given us this express prohibition, *Resist not evil,* and that without any restriction whatever. Yet if this were to be understood by Christians as admitting no exception, it would, among them, abolish magistracy itself. For what is magistracy but, if I may be allowed the expression, a bulwark erected for the defence of the society, and consequently for the purpose of *resisting evil?*" These remarks are from a sermon of Dr. George Campbell, "preached at Aberdeen, Dec. 12, 1776, being the Fast Day appointed by the King on account of the Rebellion in America." This celebrated critic stigmatizes the "ringleaders of the American Revolt, the members of their Congress," as inconsiderate and dishonest men, deserving both pity and blame; but still contends "that no man is bound to yield an active obedience to a human law, which, either from the light of nature or from revelation, he is persuaded to be contrary to the divine law." See Campbell's Dissertation, Sermons and Tracts, Vol. II., pp. 136-154.

to modify the commands which are not designed for being pressed to the letter. A consistent theologian, believing in the divine right of rulers, cannot believe in their right "divine of doing wrong." They forfeit their heavenly claim so far forth as they plainly transgress the will of heaven. "The powers that be are ordained of God," says the first preacher to the Gentiles, "*for* rulers are not a terror to good works, but to the evil." Not in all particulars, then, but in those particulars in which these powers become a terror, not to evil works, but to good, the reason for the divinity of their government fails. They have a divine right when they do no wrong, but have no right at all to require a sinful compliance. The heavenly signet of their office bears the inscription, "*for* [the ruler] is the minister of God to thee for good," *for* he is "a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil. *Wherefore* ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake." But this ruler loses his *divine* signet and the *divinity* of his office, not in all respects, but to the extent in which he becomes the minister of evil instead of good; and in which men cannot obey, either for conscience' sake, because an enlightened conscience requires them to obey an opposite command of heaven; or for wrath's sake, because they will endure a sorer punishment for disobeying God in compliance with a human law, than for obeying him in opposition to it.

But there is another line, still more remote and still more fearful, where the wise minister ceases to recommend even passive obedience, and advocates a forcible opposition to

the government which has abused its trust. In these extreme cases, when forcible resistance is a smaller evil than the tyranny otherwise endured; when it is the necessary and the only means of avoiding an oppression too grievous to be borne; when it, and it alone, promises to be successful in securing the rights of the citizen, whenever submission to tyrants is evidently treason against God,—then the representative of the gospel has served the State by encouraging its patriots in a revolution. If the stone should cry out of the wall and the beam out of the timber should answer it, they would tell of many a Sabbath appeal with which this sanctuary[1] once resounded in favor of our fathers struggling to escape from bondage. On the sixth of December, seventeen hundred and seventy-four, our Provincial Congress addressed a circular letter to every clergyman in the colony, for the purpose of securing the influence of his office against the encroachments of the royal power.[2]

[1] Old South Meeting-house.

[2] The following is the letter, as found in Dr. Gordon's History of the American Revolution, Vol. I. pp. 417, 418: "Rev. Sir,—We cannot but acknowledge the goodness of Heaven, in constantly supplying us with preachers of the gospel, whose concern has been the temporal and spiritual happiness of this people. In a day like this, when all the friends of civil and religious liberty are exerting themselves to deliver this country from its present calamities, we cannot but place great hopes in an order of men who have ever distinguished themselves in their country's cause; and do therefore recommend to the ministers of the gospel, in the several towns and other places in this colony, that they assist us in avoiding that dreadful slavery with which we are now threatened." It was natural that the people who had long revered John Cotton and Thomas Hooker, as fathers to the State as well as the Church, should in the times of the Revolution look up to the clergy as not only spiritual but also political advisers.

Our Revolutionary generals often entreated the minister's aid. He welcomed the rising army, blessed them as they girded on their weapons of defence, emboldened them with the thought, which always stirs the soul like a trumpet, that they were in a religious war, and fought, like the Jews of old, for their altars, and the God of the armies of Israel would go before them in a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night; and it is rational to suppose that if the frequent prayer of the sanctuary had not been sent up to heaven in behalf of our forlorn troops, they had fainted under the prolonged severity of their contest.

But the solemn question arises, Who shall judge whether a law be so extremely injurious as to be fitly unobeyed in its precept, or even resisted in its sanctions? Who shall determine when a statute has passed that line of abuse beyond which it cannot be complied with, safely and rightly? This inquiry has various meanings. Is it asked whether every citizen may examine the merits of a law? A State—above all, a Republic—is a school for this invigorating study. Is it inquired whether every citizen may judge of a law, as if he were no less competent to do so than the civil authorities? He should feel an habitual deference toward them; the pulpit admonishes him to be modest and reverent; but in deciding to obey them against his previous judgment, he does and must decide for himself. Is it asked whether every citizen may pronounce sentence against a law,

The influence of such divines as Mayhew, Cooper and Witherspoon, of the Election preachers of Massachusetts, is noticed in Gordon's History, Vol. I. pp. 418-420; Grahame's Colonial History, Vol. II. pp. 394, 412, 419, 445, 463.

without consulting the wise and good of the past or present times? He should humbly reverence their decision, but in yielding to it and obeying the law on account of it and against his previous judgment, he does and must decide for himself. Is it asked, whether a citizen may disobey any law without solemn and pious meditation? He must take a large and broad view of disobedience in all its extended results, many of them so disastrous, and he is a rash man if he dare to disobey until he has learned wisdom from communing with the great Ruler. Shall a man judge hastily? No. Shall he judge in a passion? No. Shall he follow a perverted conscience? He should not *have* a perverted conscience which he *can* follow. He should have no conscience but a good one, one that is fit to be followed, and one that is worthy to punish him if he do not follow it. He was made so that he may have, and he ought to have, and not only to *have* but also to *obey*, this accurate conscience. Of course he ought to do what, at the time of his deed, after having adopted all possible means of learning his duty, he thinks to be right, or else what he thinks to be wrong; and to affirm that a man ought to do what, at the time of doing it, he thinks to be wrong, is a solecism in morals.[1] Is it then inquired whether in the last resort every citizen must

[1] The patriots of our land have been trained to a high reverence for their moral faculty. John Adams, writing to his son John Quincy Adams, at St. Petersburg, in 1782, says: "Your conscience is the minister plenipotentiary of God Almighty in your breast. See to it that this minister never negotiates in vain. Attend to him in opposition to all the courts in the world."—*Letters of Mrs. Adams*, p. 427, 4th edition.

judge of his political duty? He must judge *of* it, provided that he is to be judged *for* it at the last day. He must decide for himself, unless some magistrate is to stand as a daysman between him and the King of kings at the dread account. A man must determine for himself his *religious* faith, with a view of its everlasting consequences, and he is also summoned to determine his political conduct with a view of life or death, honor or infamy, as its result. This is the condition of our free agency. Herein is the dignity and grandeur of the soul. Here is the solemnity of a life on which depends the life to come; and here do we find a new and a prominent reason why the God of nations has appointed a class of ethical advisers who may, with his help, train men to make and to keep their conscience pure, to educate it, to rectify it, to preserve it as a safe guide, to obey it when it is, as it always may and should be thus safe, to cherish that spirit which has the promise of leading men into the truth, to suspect their own decision when opposed to that of their lawgivers, to judge of "the powers that be" with a devout and humble temper, and never to venture on disobedience to them save in the last and most dismal emergency; to give up for them everything which does not forfeit the favor of Him whose favor is life to the nation, and "if it be possible, as much as lieth in them, to live peaceably with all men," and above all with those men who bear the sword not in vain.

But is there not peril in these private decisions? Peril! Where is there not peril on this earth, spread all over with snares and pitfalls, as the signs and results of transgression?

Peril! If we take the wings of the morning, and fly anywhere within the confines of probation, we shall find peril. He who made us meant to try us, and danger is our trial. There is danger in enslaving the conscience. There is danger in subduing men into peace by benumbing the vitality of their individual judgment. A State will never thrive by counseling its citizens to undervalue their moral nature, to brave as womanish their fears of sinning, to become patriotic by becoming indifferent to their conscientious scruples, to sacrifice a general to a mere incidental expediency. A political party will sooner or later lose its dominion, unless it associate with itself the religious sentiment of the people. For, while the interests of men vary, and favor now this party and then another, the religious sentiment holds on and holds out, oscillating sometimes like the needle, but sure to come back again at last, and point to the star which lingers over the abode of justice and of truth. In certain individuals this sentiment is diseased. There is danger here as well as elsewhere, and indeed everywhere. A morbid conscientiousness makes good men discern evils which do not exist. There is danger that men mistake a diseased imagination for a moral sense; and it was well said by Napoleon Bonaparte, that there is no class of men so difficult to be managed in a State as those whose intentions are honest, but whose consciences are bewitched.[1] And, when the religious sentiment becomes fanatical, you

[1] "No such instrument to carry on a refined and wellwoven rebellion as a tender conscience and a sturdy heart. He who rebels conscientiously, rebels heartily."—*Dr. South.*

cannot repress it by threatening. It laughs at the shaking of a spear. You cannot silence it by mere calculations of expediency. You might as well put a bridle on the north wind as forcibly bridle the tongue of either man or woman who is goaded on by a conscience made too sharp in its friction against common sense. This irritated feeling is calmed quietly, if at all; by gentle appliances, if by any; and these are the appliances of the gospel. And here, again, we see a reason, and a good and a great reason, why the ministers of this gospel are needed by the State; for their business is to assuage a false zeal by a true one, to call up one religious sentiment which may modify another, to qualify fervor by Christian prudence, to restore the equilibrium of the feeling, to intreat the aid of Him who maketh his children wise, and thus to prevent men from being martyrs by mistake, and from making imprisonment the conclusion of the syllogism of which ignorance and fanaticism are the major and the minor premises. And there is one sentiment, which is a religious one, and which the minister may often evoke for the allying of unwholesome excitements against the law.

I therefore remark, that a third political virtue which the pastor favors is *a love of country*. The names of Luther and Melancthon give to the Saxon and the Prussian a new interest in their fatherland. Her Bossuets and Fénelons brighten the glory of France to the eye of her citizens, and the Latimers and Jeremy Taylors of England invest with a singular charm their old homes and mother tongue. It is natural that the fondness of parishioners for their minister

should diffuse itself so far as to embrace the country which he loves and serves. The nature of his office is peculiarly congenial with our republican institutions. Even when it was most perverted, and when other high functions lay under an hereditary *caste*, this office remained open to all, and was the only avenue of the poor to places of influence and trust. So the duties of the office are eminently republican.[1] Scholars and civilians have longed in vain to hear the eloquent conversation of Robert Hall; but the framework-knitters of Leicestershire were sought out by him, and were comforted by the words which would have been written in the books of more learned hearers. Philosophers have made a pilgrimage to Berlin for an interview with Schleiermacher, and have found him conversing with the children of peasants in the streets. One aim of the Christian ministry is to develop the importance of every individual soul, to give a consciousness of their own worth to the lower classes, to bring together both the rich and the poor before the Maker of them all, and thus to prevent the evils, if not the existence, of pauperism. Just such is the genius of our republican institutions. A wise clergyman—but every clergyman is not wise—will love a republic, for it stimulates the mind to an enterprise which will one day become a Christian zeal. Its citizens are not joyous, nor so contented even, as are many subjects of a monarch, but

[1] "They demand that the minister be of no particular *caste*, but that he be a bond of union between all *castes;* that he be neither a patrician solely, nor a plebeian solely, but that he move from the palace to the cottage, and from the cottage to the palace, as a man who is at home wherever he can commune with a human soul."—Chalmers' Life, Vol. II. p. 550.

they are trained to think more, to know more, to possess more of character, of real manhood. Hereby are they fitted to love more, to be more vigorous philanthropists, to be more capacious of godly thoughts, to have more of that individuality which is the basis of rich spiritual gifts.[1] A wise minister will love this republic, for Christian sympathies gave the first impulse to it,[2] and it is in its spirit a humane, considerate and Christian republic, and it has been, is now, and—he trusts in God—is long to be, an asylum for the persecuted church. It is the habit of his religion to take the form of patriotism. His professional style does not allow him to say so much as others of our "eagle, stars and stripes, the beat of our drum, and the thunder of our cannon," but he feels inspired by their influence so far forth as they are expressions of a self-respect which may add to the dignity of Christian freemen. The pulpit is no place for him to boast of our shores bounding either ocean; still, his heart is expanded by the thought of them, as of lines of light which are to illumine the East and the West, Africa and Japan. He expects to dig for no treasures

[1] In a recent lecture of the Earl of Carlisle (Lord Morpeth), he says of our countrymen: "One of their able public men made an observation to me which struck me as pungent, and perhaps true, that [theirs is] probably the country in which there is less misery and less happiness than in any other of the world." But in no other country is there so much of tact, shrewdness, common sense, energy, and consequent capability of exploits. This is not the world for happiness, but for exertion; and therefore a philanthropist who sees the need of enterprise and toil for the moral education of the race, must feel a peculiar interest in a country which, like our own, trains men for high efforts.

[2] John Cotton has been called the founder of Massachusetts;

along the Sacramento, for he is, and is to be, a "poor wise man;" but he has a faith that the pillars of learned schools are yet to be laid in these mines opened by human science, and that in these schools religion is yet to sit enthroned and "girded round about with a golden girdle." His pious sympathies are bound up with the union of our States; for in that union are blended the interests of free thought and free speech. While he loves his country he is not unmindful of its sins, and in laboring to purify it from evil he gains a clearer view of its capabilities for good. He loves it for these capabilities. He loves it because its place in the geography of the world and in the history of the world gives it an influence over the eastern and the western nations, over the old dynasties and the new republics. Never does he inscribe on his banner: "Our country right or wrong," but his motto is: "Our country for the right, and against the wrong." He remembers the apostle who, while rebuking his fellow Israelites, breathed the self-denying spirit of a patriot, saying: "I could wish that myself were anathema from Christ *for my brethren. . . whose are the fathers.*" To the earlier ministers of the gospel the spirit of true patriotism was commended by Him who having been condemned to suffer in Jerusalem charged his disciples to perform their work of love "*among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.*" [1]

Thomas Hooker, the founder of Connecticut; Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, etc. Our own clergymen, too,—Hopkins, Mills, Finley, Ashmun,—gave the first impulse to the Republic of Liberia. Other American preachers have planted and are still planting the germs of other Republics.

[1] For testimonies to the good influence of clergymen in the early

IV. The State is indebted to the clergy for their efforts in promoting Christian benevolence. Such benevolence is something more and higher than the religious sentiment and the natural virtues. It quickens, regulates, beautifies, hallows them. It involves a holy love of self, relatives, friends, strangers, enemies; of one's country, one's race, the world; of all in fit proportion to each other, of God more than all; of all in their relation, their due subordination to God. The life of many a pastor who cannot calculate on living for two years in his own hired house, but is sent from town to town by the caprice of fickle majorities, and who, without any certain dwelling-place for himself, submits to the expectation of leaving his widow and orphan children homeless and penniless, and who still perseveres in storing his mind with good thoughts that he may comfort the sick and sorrowing, is an example of this benevolence. Often, at least, he was prompted by this virtue to enter an office conventionally excluding him from some recreations which add vigor to other men, and wasting his health by a continuous and peculiar tax on his sensibilities; an office, in preparing for which he has anticipated a meager and ill-paid income[1] so needful for the supply of his intellectual

days of our republic, see the Address of President Washington to the Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church of North America. He quotes and endorses the expression of the Synod, that "while just government protects all in their religious rights, true religion affords to government its surest support."—Sparks's Writings of Washington, Vol. XII. pp. 167, 405. See also the Letter to Washington from General Lincoln acknowledging the good and "very great influence of the clergy."—Sparks's Washington, Vol. IX. p. 330.

[1] A small salary would be a less inadequate recompense for the

wants, and in prosecuting which he is often humbled by the deprivation of even the conveniences of life; and still he magnifies this office by the cheerful discharge of its philanthropic duties. It is the diffusive influence of this virtue that exalteth a nation. The Germans gained the means of their mental supremacy from Saint Boniface, when he carried to them the gospel of love. We may trace the preeminence of our Anglo-Saxon fathers to the mission of Saint Austin, who commended to them that godliness which is profitable unto all things. Designing to speak with a sneer, men have denominated the clergy a "spiritual police," [1] employed for preventing the crimes which the civil police would punish with carnal weapons. But in the sneer lies a pleasant truth. Degrading as the phrase may seem, true religion has an economical value. It was given for the

labor of clergymen, if the customs of society and their own mental tendencies allowed them to employ those economical expedients which are proper for men of a less spiritual vocation. "We have took," says Dr. South, "all ways to affright and discourage scholars from looking towards this sacred calling; for will men lay out their wit and judgment upon that employment for the undertaking of which both will be questioned?"—Sermon on 1 Kings 13: 33, 34. One of the modern Romish fathers, earning his daily bread by teaching the Oriental languages and working as a compositor in a printing-office, had for his motto: "Tribulations are my distinction, and poverty my glory." A clergyman who has a world-wide reputation remarked in his extreme old age: "If I live three years longer I shall not have enough property left to pay for my coffin." But he had preached so often against the love of filthy lucre that he was not suspected of feeling an acute pain in view of his penniless old age.

[1] A similar title has been sometimes given to them, without any intention of undervaluing their office. In the Prussian laws they are called *Staats-beamten*. Dr. Inglis calls the clergy a "moral constabulary." "If there was not a minister in every parish," says Dr.

State as well as for individuals, and in the reciprocity of benefits the State was by its first Author designed for religion. *Men* have organized civil society with a primary intent of securing physical good, as, for example, "undisturbed rest within unbarred doors." But sleep is not the final good; it is a mere preparative for another and higher good. *Men* have formed the State with an immediate aim to cultivate the mind; but an active intellect is a means to an end, and is less noble than the end. *Men* have devised the State with a primary design of augmenting their social pleasures, but He who made the State necessary for these pleasures, contrived them as the allurements to that love which is the fulfilling of the law. The State was instituted by men with the direct purpose of multiplying the arts of life and increasing the facilities of commerce; but the finest of the arts have their chief value as persuasives to the beauty of holiness, and commerce was designed of heaven to encourage the circumnavigations of charity; for what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and have none of that benevolence which is the life of the soul? Some of our fathers erred in supposing that political government was intended to be the servitor of a specified *visible* church.[1] No visible church is pure enough to receive such a service. None is strong enough to retain its benevolence

South, on 1 Kings 13: 33, 34, "you would quickly find cause to increase the number of constables; and if the churches were not employed to be places to hear God's law, there would be need of them to be prisons for the breakers of the laws of men."

[1] See a Discourse about Civil Government in a Plantation whose Design is Religion; by John Cotton, 1663.

which involves its meekness, when it looks upon the State as its handmaid. We must confess the humiliating fact, that the only church fit to be thus honored by rulers is the *Invisible*. The clergy lose their official life when they find it amid the honors of State patronage. Such honors inflame their ambition or their envy; and clerical ambition and clerical envy, taking hold of the eternal world and refining themselves with the truth, which, even when perverted, is instinct with power, consume the best sympathies of the soul, and burn to the lowest depths. The pride of the world is superficial when compared with that of a priesthood, flattered with the temptation of wielding the strong arm of a civil government in the enforcement of their own creed. The human soul is too weak to bear a union of the temporal with the spiritual authority. But there is a purer church, invisible, composed of all men of all sects who love Jehovah with the whole soul and their neighbors as themselves, who love their country because it belongeth to him, and love him the more because among other and richer gifts he has given them such a country, who obey magistrates "for the Lord's sake," and worship the Lord in sustaining the "ordinances of man," who have that benevolence which comprehends in itself all that is most amiable in character, and on which hang all the law and the prophets. Now, it is to enlarge the number and to augment the excellence of such men, that He who doeth all things for eternity hath ordained the State. And it is with the same loving aim that He hath also ordained the ministers of the Church. These ministers, then, serve the State

in fulfilling its last and noblest destiny, and "they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into"[1] the kingdom of heaven; while the State aids the ministers in permitting them to think what they please and to preach what they think. The clergy favor the Commonwealth by confining themselves to their rightful sphere and pleading the cause of virtue, while the Commonwealth favors the clergy by confining itself to its own department, and securing to all citizens that mental and moral liberty which is a means of spiritual discipline. The government provides a system of elementary instruction for the people, and thus furnishes worthy minds for the influence of the pulpit; while in their turn the clergy hallow the government as the Lord's anointed, and foster those habits of pious allegiance which are the protection of even the law itself. The servants of the State cut the cedar trees and the fir trees and the algum trees out of Lebanon, and with such materials the servants of the Church build the temple, without the sound of a hammer or axe or any tool of iron, and in that temple offer the prayers of the people for all who are in authority.[2]

[1] Rev. 21 : 26.
[2] Note 9, in Appendix.

PROFESSOR PARK AT 51

MOSES STUART

The "Register" of that day had the following:—

"Professor Moses Stuart died at his house in Andover, where he had lived for more than forty years, on the evening of Sunday, Jan. 4th, and was buried from the Chapel of the Seminary, in which he had so long worshiped and taught, on Thursday, Jan. 8th. The services of the occasion were attended by a numerous concourse of pupils, professional brethren, neighbors and friends and were in a marked degree impressive and instructive. They were introduced with prayer and appropriate selections of Scripture by Rev. Professor Stowe of Brunswick. The general prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Emerson of Andover, Professor of Ecclesiastical History; and after a hymn, the funeral discourse was preached by the Rev. Professor Park, of Andover."

Dr. Lyman Beecher, writing to a friend, says of this discourse: "The reading of the funeral sermon at the interment of Brother Stuart has made this a forenoon of tender reminiscences. It has made the grave where Jesus slept for me less dreary, and heaven, where he reigns, more glorious than any visions of the past. . . The sermon was, perhaps, written in haste, but so much the better. It is sublimely superlative in its tenderness and fullness of feeling and majesty of just eulogy, and honest impartiality in the recognition of defects, which, while they depress, do raise him immeasurably higher. That such a one should have done so great and noble a work, renders him a benefactor of his country and the world."

MOSES STUART

"Them that honor me I will honor."—1 *Sam.* 2: 30.

"God only is great." He sitteth on his throne independent, and needeth not the homage of the angels even. When Solomon had builded "an house unto the name of the Lord," he was overcome by the thought of having ventured to provide a resting-place for Him who filleth immensity; and with a subdued feeling he exclaimed: "Will God indeed dwell on the earth? behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded?" So wonderful is the structure of mind, so mysterious are the sympathies between the Great Spirit and the intelligences which he hath made, that he is said to inhabit their praises, and he declares, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me."

How shall we understand this mystery? In what way can a child of the dust honor that lofty One before whom the heavens are unclean?

A heathen sage has said, that *to know God* is to glorify him. So majestic are the attributes of Jehovah, that a mind perceiving must admire, even if it hate them. The conscience of a fallen spirit approves of the virtue which the will rejects. God is exalted by the lost minds who believe and tremble.

Much more is he honored by men who piously seek to know, in order to love him. When the idea of his excel-

lence is followed by the becoming affection, when every thought of his ways elicits the appropriate confidence, when the knowledge of his truth blooms into reverence for it, and bears the fruit of peace and good will, then is the Father glorified. One sigh of a penitent child is a nobler tribute to the divine praise, than is the largest knowledge of a seraph even. How complete, then, is the honor which God receives from the most capacious intelligence, sanctified by the fullest love; when every idea concerning him is enriched with an appropriate emotion, and every new thought occasions new and holier joys!

As Jehovah is honored by the mere fact of our intelligence respecting him, even if it call forth a reluctant homage, and still more by our free-will offering, that answers to the claims of our intelligence, so is he glorified by our endeavors to diffuse among other minds a like knowledge, with its corresponding love. A Christian scholar, contending with the infirmities of an emaciated body, leaving his sleepless couch that he may discipline himself for the studies of an anxious day, and closing his volume at evening, that he may gain some intermittent sleep for the relief of his wearied frame; eating the bread of carefulness, that he may have a clear mind for interpreting the sacred page, keeping aloof from the busy haunts of men, that he may search out new motives for winning them to a life of godliness—such a scholar offers his soul and his body as a burnt-offering to the Lord, and by the sacrifice of his own ease he persuades others to walk in the ways of pleasantness and peace. When a Biblical teacher allures young men to

become, themselves, the instructors of the community; when he inspires them with a love of the gospel, qualifies them to translate it into other tongues, instils into them an earnest desire to open this treasure before their wondering fellow men; when he sends them forth, year after year, to the east and the west, the north and the south, earnest to make known what they have learned from him, such a teacher of teachers is himself a missionary, perambulating among the dark places of the earth, going from the wigwams of the West to the city of Constantine, and in a kind of moral ubiquity unfolding the varied truths which he has gathered up in his still retreat. On one and the same Sabbath, through a hundred ministers, to Parthians and Medes, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia and in Judæa and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia; to the strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, he is speaking in their own tongues the wonderful works of God.

The principles of the gospel are disseminated among men, not more by argument, than by the authority of personal character. Hence a child of the dust may honor the King of kings, by associating religion and religious truth with those qualities which command the respect of the world.

There is a style of intellect which may be in itself no worthier than other styles, but it dazzles the observers; it strikes their imagination; it enforces homage. A man of marked subtlety and acuteness of powers, of accurate distinctions, and a scrupulous nicety of expression, is not fitted to carry captive the multitude; but they are surprised

and borne onward by the comprehensive mind that generalizes extensively, and calls up illustrations from a multifarious reading; by the mind that takes a wide range over all sciences, and sweeps through a literature in various and strange languages, and holds together the spoils of a vast learning within the grasp of a giant memory. When this man consecrates his genius to the cause of the Nazarene, many troubled souls are comforted; the timid grow valiant in the cause of virtue, and praise their Maker for giving them a strong staff on which they may lean. "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called: but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence." Still, it pleaseth him to give here and there a sovereign demonstration that all the riches of the spiritual world are his; that at his behest lie the resources of the most versatile intelligence, and he holds in his hand the hearts of the kings in the realm of mind, and turneth them whithersoever he will.

Nor is our Sovereign honored by the authoritative character of the intellect alone, which he consecrates to himself. There is a peculiar style of moral excellence, which, though it may have no more intrinsic value than other styles, is more fitted to attract the admiration of men to itself and to its great Author. There is a virtue in duly caring for

the body; but the sympathies of the world will rather go with him who makes the animal give way to the spiritual nature, and is not afraid to *use*, while he does not abuse his health, and perseveres in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness, to labor for the moral improvement of the churches. There is a virtue in frugality, but the multitude will kindle into the higher enthusiasm for a generous temper, and in their view the crown of a public servant is, that after a hard life he died poor. There is a virtue in a fitting deference to the opinions of the community; but the masses of the people will raise their loudest shout for the man who braves public opinion in what he deems a good cause. Sooner or later, they bow before him who has a positive character, and who assails a favorite error or vice in high places; who rushes forward amid obloquy, in defiance of a general ill will, and is earnest for a seeming truth or grace, be it generally despised; and is fearless of all who may resist him, and hears their reproaches and goes forward with his eye single on one mark, and when circumvented by their snares, forces his passage through them and gains the prize. There is a virtue in discreetness and prudent reserve; but the hearts of men will open most readily to him who is frank and ingenuous; who will rather lose his cause than spring a mine upon his adversary and will be ensnared into the loss of his estate or his fame, sooner than be guilty of one mean evasion; who will retract his errors as guilelessly as he made them, and will expose all his foibles, and lay open the recesses of his soul

gladly, rather than deceive the lowest of his race. When a man of such noble impulses blends his own name with that of true godliness, he is a jewel in the Redeemer's crown. He wins a large community to a devout life. He makes men feel that lowly Christians are the world's nobility. They honor God for him. He honors God through them. It may be that Simon Peter had no truer love than Bartholomew or James the Less, but he has associated religion with an intrepid spirit, and identified real piety with real courage; and all times will pay obeisance to a manly boldness, and to the genius of the gospel, which makes the wicked flee when no man pursueth, but makes the righteous bold as a lion.

"Them that honor me I *will honor*." God exalts them, in causing them to glorify him. Nothing can glorify that august Being, save what is itself noble, and by everything which is truly dignified he is exalted, as the Great Spirit from whom cometh down every perfect gift. The chief greatness of man is summed up in his virtue, and this virtue is itself an honor, and the virtuous man has obtained this honor from the Father of Lights, and is ennobled by the mere reception of that which, proverbially, is its own reward.

As we honor the Most High by a love of his truth, so he will crown that love with his blessing. It is one office of the Holy Spirit, to make fresh disclosures of his will to the earnest and trustful seeker. He is pleased by our honest search after all that pertains to his attributes. No man has a character that will bear to be thoroughly exam-

ined. The great distinction of God is, that all new discoveries of his ways will be discoveries of new excellence, and we praise him by our assured faith that the deeper we descend into the mine of Christian doctrine, so much the richer will be the gold and the precious stones found in those depths. His will is, that himself be known, not be hidden from observation. They who strive to know him, then, coincide with his will; and, seeking, shall find the wisdom which he gives in recompense of their toils. There is a sympathy between an inquiring spirit and every religious idea. That idea is like a magnet, drawing to itself the mind that inclines to learn of it. The appetences of a Christian scholar after larger and higher attainments in revealed truth, are a commendation of that truth; as the bended branches of a house-plant toward the window, illustrate the worth of the light of day. Nothing can satisfy a true divine but the Word of God. In his extreme age his zeal remains fresh for this Word. As he walks the streets he is old; but he becomes young again when he opens this volume, for this renews the strength of the faint. Amid the depressing maladies of a student's life, he finds his chief comfort in exploring these pages, for these are a medicine to the sick. The world is dark to him, but the Bible lies before him in illuminated letters. Foes rise up against him, but he loses himself in the contemplation of God. He is enveloped in the truth. This is his protection. And the very fact that the Scriptures have this variety of appeal to his varied sensibilities, that they are his defence amid peril, his lamp in the darkness, his companion when

lonely, his staff when he is languid; the fact that they are everything to him in every want, is an encomium upon their value, as it proves them to be the word ever in season. Such a man, free from personal interests, superior to partisan schemes, sacrificing his old prejudices to the great Teacher, will be elevated into the true knowledge. He may err in an individual argument. He may mistake a minor interpretation. But we may rely upon the general tendencies of his mind. The great principles of the gospel he will understand. This understanding is an appropriate reward for a hearty search. He who gives a healthful air to the lungs panting for it, and provides a fit satisfaction for every instinct made by him, also "giveth to a man that is good in his sight wisdom, and knowledge, and joy;" and has established it as an ordinance, that if an inquirer have a pure love for the truth, he shall be honored with a growing knowledge of it.

To a man of these generous aspirations after the highest wisdom, will be vouchsafed a good name among his fellow men. Even in this gross world, God will honor him for his spiritual tastes. Amid the ruins of the fall, there is still preserved in the race a respect for truth, and for those who seek the truth with a full heart. Men who hate the search, will gaze and admire. Deep-seated in the human soul, among its ineradicable instincts, is a reverence for an honest man, who studies to know God in order to become like him, and who becomes assimilated to him in order to know him yet more perfectly. Men may oppose such an inquirer; they may calumniate him, but the best part of

their natures yields a homage to him, and they will garnish his sepulcher when he is no more. Even if the letters of his name be forgotten, his character will be venerated. The reverence which is paid to a clear mind animated by pure desires, is paid to him in reality, though not in form, after his titles and even his residence have ceased to be recognized. The thoughts which he started into life will live on, and at last will find him out and pay him tribute. No literature is so permanent as the religious; for none is so intertwined with the enduring sensibilities of man. No poetry, no paintings, no sculptures keep their hold on the affections of the race so long as those which are consecrated to Him who made our souls for religion. To this end are we born, that we may know and do the will of God. He, therefore, who enlarges our comprehension of that will, furthers the end of our being; and as men become the more mindful of their high vocation, they will be the more grateful to every one who has quickened their moral growth. The exile at St. Helena complained, that in a few ages all his mighty deeds would be honored with only a few sentences of the historian. But the histories which will be read in the millennium, will portray the character and the influence of Augustine and Luther, with the vividness of a present reality. Long buried reminiscences of the good will then be revived. Then will be the first resurrection of those who have signally honored God. While the fame of the wicked shall be as the snow upon the river, the deeds of the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance.

But the highest honor of those who adorn the Church of the Redeemer, is reserved for a nobler sphere. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." He that hungereth and thirsteth for divine knowledge, shall sit down at last to a perennial feast. He who has the most spiritual mind, is the best prepared for the world of spirits. There is a temple, where the fathers of the Church are assembled as devout learners. There is a school, where great philosophers stand in adoring council. There is an arena, where the captains and the mighty men of the Church militant rest from their warfare, and cast the crowns of their victory at the feet of the Prince of peace. The elect minds of the Church, the venerable doctors of divine science are collected there in a magnificent array, and have become like unto their great Teacher, for they see him as he is. Owen and Baxter are there; and strive together no more. Toplady and Wesley are there; and, forgetting their old contentions, unite in each other's hymns of praise. Heaven has long been attracting to itself, and continues still to draw up within its alluring walls, whatever is majestic and vigorous and graceful in the Church below. The clouds do not roll up the mountain and vanish out of our sight into the pure skies above us more surely, or by a firmer law, than our good men who honor their Lord, rise from our view to be honored by him.

When the Most High endueth any of his servants with rich and costly gifts he requireth us to take note of them,

and to say with the prophet: "Blessed be the name of God for ever and ever: for wisdom and might are his: and he changeth the times and the seasons: he removeth kings, and setteth up kings: he giveth wisdom unto the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding." Let us now strive to gain a deeper reverence for his name, while we glance at the favors which he lavished upon the man whose form, on its passage to the grave, is for a brief hour detained in the sanctuary.

Moses Stuart was born in the town of Wilton, State of Connecticut, on the twenty-sixth of March, 1780. Like the majority of our clergymen, he was a farmer's son; and, until he was fourteen years old, had no intention of pursuing any but a farmer's life. His early field labors, although they did not give him health, were one means of prolonging his days. He looked back upon the farm as one of his best schools, where were nurtured some of his most healthful tastes. In his extreme age, he remembered the eagerness with which, when but four years old, he read a book of popular ballads. At that early period, he had a fondness, which never forsook him, for the creations of an imaginative genius. When a lad of but twelve years, he became absorbed in the perusal of Edwards on the Will. In his fifteenth year, he was sent to an academy in Norwalk, Connecticut, merely for the purpose of perfecting his English education. His preceptor was quick to recognize in him the signs of a masculine intellect, and urged him to prepare for a collegiate course. He began his Latin gram-

mar with a characteristic impetus. In one evening he learned the four conjugations of verbs. In another evening he mastered the sixty rules of syntax. In three days the principles of the whole grammar were in his mind, and he found himself a member of a class who had devoted several months to the language. While pursuing the Latin and the Greek, he attended also to the French classics. Several of his elder schoolmates had devoted many weeks to the reading of Telemachus. They ridiculed him for his attempt to recite with them at the very beginning of his study. He remained with them a day and a half, and was then transferred to a higher class.

In May, 1797, having been under the careful tuition of Roger Minot Sherman, he entered the sophomore class of Yale College. At this period, his tastes were preeminently for the mathematics; but his thirst for all learning was intense. His physical system proved then, as ever afterward, unable to sustain the full action of his mind. One of his honored classmates describes "the identity of the youth of seventeen with the old man of seventy," and says: "The first composition which I heard him read, was in the same style, in its leading characteristics, as his last publication from the press. . . . At our commencement in 1799 he had the salutatory oration, which was considered at that time the *first* appointment, and I do not suppose that a single individual of the class thought this distinction unmerited." Thus early in life he had a marked, positive, determined character.

During the year after his graduation, he taught an acad-

emy in North Fairfield, Connecticut; and during a part of the following year, he was the principal of a high school in Danbury, Connecticut. Here he commenced the study of the law. He soon left the school and devoted himself entirely to this study, in the office of Judge Chapman or Judge Edmonds, at Newtown. He was admitted to the bar in 1802, at Danbury.

In the legal profession, a brilliant career opened before him. In many respects, he seemed made for an advocate. He had a memory quick to seize the minutest facts of every case, and strong to retain the old precedents relating to them. He had a rare vividness of conception, by which he could bring himself and his auditors into the ideal presence of any scene. He had a fertility of illustration, and could present a single idea in so many different lights and shades, as to make the dullest mind both see and feel it. He had a singular readiness of utterance, and a quickness of repartee, and a forceful, authoritative manner which would have held a mastery over the jurors, and baffled most of his antagonists.[1] His legal studies exerted an obvious influence on his whole subsequent life. He ever delighted in examining points of jurisprudence. Thus was

[1] The power of Mr. Stuart's elocution is not readily understood by those who heard him in his advanced life only. An eminent critic, familiar with him in his youth, says that his Master's oration spoken at Yale College in 1802, was requested for the press and published by the editor of the United States Gazette, in Philadelphia, and adds: "This was an honor unusual at that time. I must say, however, that the oration owed its success in part to the manner in which it was pronounced. No man whom I have ever known, has appeared to me his equal in the faculty of saying even common things so as to give them the air of novelties."

he led to cherish such an interest in politics as was enough to absorb an ordinary mind. He continued through life to preserve some familiarity with the decisions of the English courts; with the movements of the French and German parties, and was as conversant with the political details of our own country, as if he had been constantly in civil office. During the last few weeks of his continuance among us, he examined our relations to the Magyars, with as lively an interest as if he had been responsible to our national cabinet for his opinion. It was a singular felicity with which, in the professor's chair, he often referred to the principles of human legislation, for the purpose of illustrating the divine. He acquired a certain manliness and versatility of style from his perusal of the forensic orators, and he often advised men to study the noble science of the law, as preparative for the nobler one of divinity.

A few weeks before his admission to the bar, he was called to a tutorship in Yale College. "My love of study," he writes, "induced me to accept the office." He continued to perform its duties from the autumn of 1802 to that of 1804. A teacher of large experience, who was then associated with him in the college faculty, has said of Mr. Stuart: "He excelled all men whom I have ever known in the same employment, for enkindling among his pupils an ardent zeal in their literary pursuits; although his instruction, perhaps, was not better than that of some others. . . . His great power was, in making a class feel that *something was to be done*. Even Dr. Dwight, whose influence in this way was wonderful, did not in this particular surpass Mr.

Stuart." During the earlier part of his tutorship, the science of the law was ever in his mind. "I well remember," says one of his associates in office, "that he would often speak to me of some discovery he had made with regard to the origin of a legal formula, or of some mode of proceeding in the courts; or he would mention some new decision of which he had learned, and which he considered as settling some important legal principle."

But soon a change came over the spirit of his conversation. He felt, probably, the influence of that religious movement which had so recently made the collegiate year of 1801-2 so memorable in the annals of New Haven. Of two hundred and thirty students, about one-third, and among them the philanthropic Evarts, had become interested in the claims of the gospel. One day, desirous of procuring some appropriate book for the Sabbath, Mr. Stuart borrowed of the president a volume of Macknight on the Epistles. That volume opened before the future philologist a new field of inquiry. At first his interest in it seemed to be a mere literary inquisitiveness; soon he became absorbed in religious contemplation. His feelings were deeply moved. For a long time he resisted the new influence, but at last bowed his heart before God. There was great joy among the disciples, when so promising a mind yielded its prospective honors to the Redeemer. In the early part of 1803 he connected himself with the church in Yale College.

Under the direction of President Dwight, who entertained for him a high esteem, he now began to prepare

himself for the work of a preacher. "After reading," he says, "Dr. Hopkins' System of Divinity, a number of President Edwards' Treatises, several of Andrew Fuller's, a part of Ridgley's Body of Divinity, and some of Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, and a part of Prideaux's Connection, I was examined and licensed to preach, by the neighboring Association of Ministers." Thus narrow was the ordinary course of theological study in that day! Its present expansion is a result, in no small degree, of his own efforts.

In the autumn of 1804 he journeyed for his health among the Green Mountains; and having preached several Sabbaths at Middlebury, Vermont, was invited to take the pastoral care of the Congregational church in that town. Having declined this call, he spent several weeks in supplying the pulpit of Rev. Dr. James Dana, in New Haven; and, subsequently, of Rev. Dr. John Rodgers, in New York. "Soon after I had begun to preach in New Haven," he says, "the people made a movement to obtain the consent of their pastor that I should be settled as a colleague with him; but when he had heard me preach several times, he strenuously opposed" the movement. Dr. Dana had been long known as an opposer of the Edwardses, Bellamy, and Hopkins. But he could not resist the determination of his people to enjoy the services of Mr. Stuart. He was dismissed from his pastoral office. Mr. Stuart was chosen his successor with only five dissenting votes, and was ordained on the fifth of March, 1806. "His short ministry in New Haven marks an era in the history of

the church which he served as pastor. We might almost define his settlement as the date of a revolution. The old petrified order of things which had come down through the ministry of at least three successive pastors, and which was sanctified by the traditions of more than a century, was rapidly and effectually disturbed. Meetings for prayer and free religious conference, which before had been hardly known—meetings in the evening by candlelight, which before had been reckoned little better than a scandal, became frequent. A new religious vitality began to be developed in the church; a new seriousness spread itself over the congregation at large." So writes the present minister of that church,[1] and he adds that, during the three years and ten months of Mr. Stuart's pastorate, two hundred persons were admitted into full communion in the church, of whom only twenty-eight were received by letter from other ecclesiastical bodies. Well-nigh the whole ministry of this zealous man was passed amid scenes of special religious interest. They fitted him for his literary life. He had, indeed, a rare combination of excellences for a pulpit orator. His voice, deep, sonorous, solemn, was like that of a prophet. His commanding and impassioned manner gave to his spoken words a power which they lost on the printed page. His language was copious, his illustrations were distinct, his vivacity of thought awakened men, his energy of feeling bore them onward. He seized a subject in its strong points, and held it up, simple, clear, prominent, until it affected his hearers as it obviously affected

[1] Rev. Leonard Bacon, D. D.

himself. He loved his work. His interest in preaching rose to enthusiasm. In despite of all his zeal for books, he devoted each afternoon of every week to the duties of a pastor.[1] Had he remained in the pastoral life, he would have been what is now provincially termed a "revival preacher." Thousands in our cities would have continued to hang, as they once did, upon his lips. The common people heard him gladly. Dr. Porter of this seminary, on listening to one of his sermons, almost forgot his usual care for the proprieties of the occasion, and had no sooner passed the threshold of the sanctuary, than he exclaimed aloud: "*This* is preaching the glorious gospel of the blessed God!" The life of our friend's discourses was, Christ and him crucified. On the communion Sabbath, at the sacramental table, his emotions often choked his utterance, and he expressed his sympathies in silent tears. Many of his admirers, after maturest deliberation, deemed it unwise for him to leave the sphere of a parish minister. But his field was the world. When his removal to Andover was proposed by Dr. Samuel Spring, President Dwight replied, "We cannot spare him." Dr. Spring rejoined, "We want no man who can be spared."

On the 28th of February, 1810, Mr. Stuart was inaugurated Professor of Sacred Literature, in Andover Theologi-

[1] Speaking of a negro, once purchased as a slave by President Stiles, Mr. Stuart was wont to remark: "That negro was the sexton of my church, and the most happy man on account of his piety whom I ever knew. I used to call on him oftener than on any man in my congregation, and it did me more good to hear *him* converse on his religious experience, than any other man."

cal Seminary. "I came here," he says, "with little more than a knowledge of the Hebrew alphabet, and the power of making out, after a poor fashion, too, the bare translation of some [five or six] chapters in Genesis and a few psalms, by aid of Parkhurst's Hebrew Lexicon, and without the vowel-points. I had not, and never have had, the aid of any teacher in my Biblical studies. Alas, for our country at that time (A. D. 1810); there was scarcely a man in it, unless by accident some one who had been educated abroad, that had such a knowledge of Hebrew as was requisite in order to be an instructor." [1] The youthful professor's acquaintance with the Greek language was far inferior to that now obtained in our universities. He was to be a self-made man. In about two years, amid all the heterogeneous cares of a new office and a new seminary, he prepared a Hebrew grammar, without the points, for the immediate use of his pupils. They were obliged to copy it, day by day, from his written sheets. In the third year, he published it at his own expense. To print a Hebrew grammar was then a strange work. He was compelled to set up the types for about half the paradigms of verbs, with his own hands. He taught the printers their art. Is he not fitly termed the father of Biblical philology in our land? Eight years afterwards, he printed his larger Hebrew grammar. This he soon remodelled with great painstaking, and published it in a second edition, two years after the first. Not satisfied with it, he reexamined all its principles anew, wrote "some of it three, four, and

[1] Christian Review, Vol. VI, p. 448.

a small part seven or eight times over,"[1] and published the third edition five years after the second. Professor Lee, of the University in Cambridge, England, while speaking of this edition, says, "The industry of its author is new matter for my admiration of him."[2] When called to prepare a seventh edition of this work, on which he had already expended labor enough to fill up half the life of an ordinary man, he preferred to introduce the amended system of younger grammarians, and therefore, in his sixty-seventh year, he translated the grammar of Gesenius as improved by Roediger. As early as 1821, his enterprise had procured[3] for the seminary a Hebrew press, then unrivalled in this land; and as early as 1829, he had at his command fonts of type for eleven Oriental languages and dialects. The works which he sent forth from this press, gained the notice of scholars who had previously looked upon our literature with indifference, if not with disdain. He awakened a scientific interest in Biblical theology.

When he began his course in the seminary, he often consulted Schleusner's Lexicon, and was troubled by the German terms occasionally introduced into that work. No one could explain their meaning to him. His curiosity was thoroughly roused. At an exorbitant price he obtained the apparatus for German study, and in a single fortnight had read the entire Gospel of John in that lan-

[1] See Preface to Hebrew Grammar, 1828.

[2] See North American Review, Vol. XXXVII, p. 295, and American Biblical Repository, Vol. I, pp. 776-786.

[3] Through the generosity of Rev. John Codman, D. D., of Dorchester, Mass., donor of the Codman press.

guage. A friend presented him with Seiler's Biblische Hermeneutik, and this work introduced him to the wide range of German literature. He felt himself to be in a new world. It was the suggestions and references of that one volume, which enabled him, through the liberal aid of the trustees of the institution, to fill our library with the richest German treatises then in the land. "Before I obtained Seiler," he writes, "I did not know enough to believe that I yet knew nothing in sacred criticism."[1] For ten years he performed the rugged work of a pioneer; and in his maturer life he often said that he did not know how to begin the study of the Bible until he was forty years old. For forty years he had been in the wilderness. He entered late in life upon the promised possession.

Nor was he merely alone, in the efforts of the first ten years of his professorship. To have been simply friendless would have been to him a relief. But the anxieties of good men were awakened with regard to the results of his German study. He endured the whisperings of his brethren. Many of them met him with an averted face. "Solitary," he says of himself, "unsupported, without sympathy, suspected, the whole country either inclined to take part against me, or else to look with pity on the supposed ill-judged direction of my studies," "admonished by my bosom friends," "warned of my approaching ruin," "very sensitive on the point of character," "many a sleepless night have I passed, and many a dark and distressing day, when some new effusion of suspicion or reproof had been

[1] Christian Review, Vol. VI, p. 449.

poured upon me."[1] Morning after morning he sallied forth from his house at five o'clock, through rain, hail, snow, storm, and as his attenuated figure breasted the winds of our cold winters, it seemed a type of his spirit, encountering manfully the opposition not of foes only—this were easily borne—but of friends. Night after night he repeated the sentiment which at the age of threescore years he expressed in a public prayer, and which many an ingenuous youth will hereafter read with a tearful eye: "God in mercy keep me, by thy Spirit, from falling—from denying the Lord that bought me, and from refusing to glory in the cross of Christ! A poor, dying sinner has no other hope or refuge but this; and to forsake his last and only hope, when he is approaching the verge of eternity—would be dreadful indeed!"[2]

The time at length arrived for developing the influence of his communion with the Teutonic mind. The Unitarian faith had acquired a dominant influence in our commonwealth. Buckminster and Channing had commended it by the graces of their style, and by the beauties of their character. The celebrated Baltimore sermon had begun to attract a general admiration. At this crisis, Professor Stuart published his Letters to Dr. Channing. The first edition was exhausted in a single week. Two other editions rapidly followed. Four or five were soon printed in England, with the highest commendation. His opponents acknowledged and admired his learning. His friends con-

[1] Christian Review, Vol. VI. pp. 455, 456.
[2] Ibid, p. 460.

fessed their error in resisting his German progress. They felt the importance of it for the Church. "No," said the venerated Porter to him, "you could not have written that volume without your German aid. You are in the right in this matter, and your friends are in the wrong; take your own way for the future."[1] Before this contest of the intrepid student, scarcely one of our divines was acquainted with German literature. He has made it common. With a great sum he obtained for us this freedom. For it he endured a great fight of afflictions. But he fought a *good* fight; and he kept the faith. He came off a conqueror and more than a conqueror, through Him that loved him. Thousands of trembling Christians now triumphed in their strong deliverance. They honored him who had honored Christ. At this time he entered upon a career of popularity as a scholar, which was perhaps unexampled in our religious annals. He disapproved of the adulation that was offered him. Such encomiums ought not to be pronounced upon a mortal.

Flatteries, however, more than frowns did not deter him from his studies. In a few years he published his Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews. At once this work was honored in the high places of letters, where so few of our theological treatises had been previously noticed. The most eminent scholars of Great Britain have confessed their obligations to it. The North American Review predicted that it would be translated into the German

[1] Christian Review, Vol. VI, p. 458.

language.[1] It was lauded as an American treatise has seldom been, in the German periodicals.[2] Within five years the Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans followed that on the Hebrews, and awakened a still deeper interest, not only among critics, but also among metaphysicians. It is unwonted for a treatise to touch so many salient points in the creeds, and to stir up so many classes of men. It reached the hidden springs of intellectual and of moral life. If some expositions of this epistle be more accurate than his, are many of them more learned? If some be more learned than his, are many of them more accurate? In originality of thought and feeling, it excels those by which it is surpassed in logical order and chaste style. It exhibits no more of piquant idiom, nor of good sense, nor of pious feeling than are to be found in some other commentaries, but it exhibits an unusual combination of these excellences —of thoughts which are to be remembered, with phrases which are to be quoted. The erudite and pious Tholuck commended it to the "learned Germans," and said: "In preparing this work its author was able to avail himself of a rich exegetical literature; he himself examined every point independently and carefully; his remarks bear testimony to a keen and practiced judgment; he is particularly careful in deciding the most important doctrinal points of the epistle; and what is in the highest degree attractive, is the Christian mildness and moderation which he every-

[1] North American Review, Vol. XXVIII, p. 150.

[2] Although the preparation of this commentary cost its author years of toil, yet he formed the plan of it in fifteen minutes, and wrote the entire first volume with a single quill.

where manifests; as also the expression of his warm Christian feeling which here and there breaks through."[1]

No sooner had our departed friend completed his Exposition of the Romans, than he began his Exposition of the Apocalypse. With what enthusiasm he searched into the dark sayings uttered on Patmos, his exhilarated pupils know right well. Never shall I forget the tones almost of inspiration with which he exclaimed: "Oh, that I might have seen Michael Angelo or Guido, and besought them to transfer to the canvas three or four scenes which John has suggested to my mind. I am on the point of writing to Washington Allston and proposing to him these subjects for his pencil." So large were the conceptions, so vast the plans of our many-sided critic! Whether the details of this, which he regarded as his most elaborate commentary, be true or false, it will effect a revolution in our mode of interpreting the prophetical style. Many will resort to it for information, if they will not admit it as an authority. Many a finished treatise will be cut out from it, as a statue from a marble block. It is a pyramid of labor. One of its most eminent opposers has said, that "if it were compressed into two-thirds its present bulk, it alone would bear the name of its author to a distant age." In rapid succession followed this veteran's commentaries on Daniel and Ecclesiastes; both of them abounding with hints and references of rare worth. On his seventy-second birthday he began his Exposition of the Proverbs. In four months it was prepared for the press. Five weeks before his death

[1] Literarischer Anzeiger, 1834, No. 22. S. 170.

he fractured his arm by a fall upon the snow, but he persevered a full month in correcting, with his lame hand, the proof-sheets of this his final work, and sent the last pages of it to the press two days before he died. During his life he printed more than twenty volumes, and carried several of them through the second and third editions; and whenever he republished any one of his writings, he verified anew its accumulated references to other works. His pamphlets and periodical essays occupy more than two thousand octavo pages.[1] All the labor immediately connected with these voluminous publications has been performed, amid physical pain, during three, or at most, three and a half hours of each day. He has never allowed himself to engage in what he called study, for a longer portion of the twenty-four hours. These were his golden hours. No mortal man was allowed to interrupt them. They were his sacred hours. He was wont to commence them with secret, but sometimes audible prayer, and occasionally with chanting a psalm of David in the original Hebrew. While in his study, his mind moved like a swift ship. He bounded over the waves. It required a long time each day to repair his dismantled frame, his exhausted energies. He made all his pecuniary interests, all his plans for personal comfort, all his social enjoyments, tributary to his main business, that of investigating the divine Word.[2]

[1] Note 10 in Appendix.

[2] During a large part of his professional life at Andover, he would not allow himself to sit in his study chamber, after eleven and a half o'clock in the morning. At the stated minute, even if he were at the height of his interest in a theme, he would leave a sentence unfinished, drop his book or manuscript, and go to his physical exercise.

But although his writings have been read on the banks of the Mississippi and of the Danube, it is not by them that he has achieved his greatest triumphs. He lives in the souls of his pupils. He has stamped an image upon them. He has engraved deep lines on the character of the churches through them. Many a professor in our colleges has reiterated the saying, "I first learned to think under the inspiration of Mr. Stuart. He first taught me how to use my mind." The excellence of a teacher does not consist in his lodging his own ideas safely in the remembrance of his pupils, but in arousing their individual powers to independent action, in giving them vitality, hope, fervor, courage; in dispelling their drowsiness and spurring them onward to self-improvement. The vivacity of Mr. Stuart when he met his pupils, his exuberance of anecdote, his quick-thronging illustrations, his affluent, racy diction, his vivid portraiture of the prominent features of a theme, as-

He was once invited to perform the marriage ceremony for two friends, who had long enjoyed his esteem. He desired to gratify them, and consented to do so, on condition of their having the ceremony *after* half past eleven of the forenoon. They urged him to perform it at ten. "But that is in my study-hours!" was his reply, and, of course, another clergyman was called to the service. It will not be surmised that Mr. Stuart was divorced from books during the afternoon and evening of each day. His pupils were early familiarized to his distinction between "reading" and "studying." For his mental relaxation, he was daily pursuing books of geography, history, biography, literary criticism, etc. Among the works which he "read" in his parlor, were such as Brown's Philosophy of the Mind, Brown on Cause and Effect, Bishop Butler's Sermons. He interdicted all "study" during his seminary vacations, but in the five weeks' recess of 1841, he read thirty volumes through. He exemplified the law, that change of mental action is mental rest. The irrepressible instincts of his mind for progress in knowledge, illustrated the reasoning of the old philosophers for the immortality of the soul.

tonished his class, and animated their literary zeal. If all his writings had been burned in manuscript, the preparation of them in his own mind would have been a sufficient publication of them, through the minds of his scholars. By his enthusiasm in elaborating them, he disciplined himself for his oral instruction. Daily he went from the scene of their influence to his class-room. His words in the afternoon betokened his morning struggles, and quick was the sympathy which they awakened. He verified the adage, that instructors must be learners, and they cease to impart when they cease to acquire. The fresh, versatile, easy, open-hearted way in which he discoursed before his scholars on every science and every art, raised their admiration of him often to an excess. Some of them almost looked upon him as a being from a higher world. The hour when they first saw him was a kind of epoch in their history. "Never shall I forget my first interview with him," has been said by hundreds of young men. No teacher in the land ever attracted to himself so many theological pupils. The number of our alumni is eleven hundred and eleven. But the number of his scholars has been more than fifteen hundred. Men came to him from the Canadas, from Georgia, and the farthest West. Members of eight differing sects congregated around him, and did one ever suspect him of a proselyting spirit? They loved his freedom in dissenting from their views, but perhaps no man who knew him ever stigmatized him as a sectarian. More than seventy of his pupils have been the presidents or professors of our highest literary institutions; and in their persons he has given an

impulse to classical study among the colleges of our land. Nowhere is he more gratefully remembered than in our halls of science.[1] More than a hundred of his disciples have been missionaries to the heathen; about thirty of them have been engaged in translating the Bible into foreign languages, and have borne the results of his grammatical study to men who are to be civilized by means of it. It cheered his declining years to reflect that he had been preaching the gospel, through his missionary pupils, in ancient Nineveh and under the shadow of Ararat, as well as amid the wilds of Oregon, and on the islands of the sea.

The great work of Mr. Stuart may be summed up in a few words. He found theology under the dominion of an iron-handed metaphysics. For ages had the old scholastic philosophy pressed down the free meaning of inspiration. His first and last aim was, to disenthrall the Word of life from its slavery to an artificial logic. He made no words more familiar to his pupils than: "The Bible is the only and sufficient rule of faith and practice." In his creed the Bible was first, midst, last, highest, deepest, broadest. He spoke sometimes in terms too disparaging of theological systems. But it was for the sake of exalting above them the doctrines of John and Paul. He *read* the scholastic divines, but he *studied* the prophets and apostles. He introduced among us a new era of Biblical interpretation. The Puritan fathers of New England were familiar with the Greek and Hebrew tongues; but they never devoted themselves

[1] Note 11, in Appendix.

to the original Scriptures with that freshness of interest which he exhibited, that vividness of biographical and geographical detail, that sympathy with the personal and domestic life of inspired men, that ideal presence of the scenes once honored by our Redeemer, that freedom from the trammels of a prescriptive philosophy or immemorial custom. Because he has done so much and suffered so much, in persuading men to interpret the Bible, not according to the letter, but the spirit, not in subjection to human standards, but in compliance with its own analogies, not by conjectures of what it ought to mean, but by grammatical and historical proofs of what it does mean, he has received and deserved the name of our patriarch in sacred philology. Several weeks before he was publicly named for the professorship which he afterwards adorned, a sagacious observer remarked to him incidentally: "You, of all men whom I know, are just the man for that professorship. Biblical Literature is now at a low ebb throughout the country, but if you were to teach it at Andover, you would make the students there believe, in three months, that Sacred Criticism is as necessary to the successful progress of a theologian, as air is to the support of animal life." For more than forty years, the man who uttered this prophecy has been an instructor in one of our most enterprising colleges, and he is, perhaps, more familiar than any living man with the history of our philological literature, and he now writes: "No one has rejoiced more heartily than myself at the success which has attended Mr. Stuart in his office at Andover. He has done a work there, and in the whole of

our country, which no other man, as I believe, could have accomplished. Those who have come forward as theological students within the last thirty-five or forty years, can form but a very imperfect idea of the difficulties which he had to encounter at first. But he seemed not to regard them, and they disappeared."

As it was the aim of Mr. Stuart to present theology in a Biblical form, so it was one of his chief aims to exalt the doctrine of a Saviour's atoning death. One of his reviewers, the devout and quick-sighted Tholuck, has said of him: "In respect of his theological views, he believes in all the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Church of the Reformed [Calvinistic] confession. In these his extensive study of German literature has in no degree shaken his faith; though it should seem to have exercised an influence upon his method of establishing them. He forsakes the ways prescribed by those of the same faith, and the dogmatic interpreters of his own church, and seeks new paths; being led to this sometimes because scruples have occurred to him, which were unknown to them."[1] In a new path, however, or in a beaten one, he never went away from the scene where his Lord was crucified. Lutheran or Reformed, either, or both, or neither, he was determined to know nothing among men, save Jesus Christ and him crucified. Firm, indeed, was his faith in the sovereignty, the decrees, the universal providence of Jehovah. But these were not the heart of his theology. In his view, all other truths clustered around the doctrine of redemption. To

[1] Literarischer Anzeiger, 1834, No. 22. S. 169.

make this doctrine prominent, he would depress any formula invented by man. Around the cross he gathered all his learning. At the foot of the cross he strewed his many honors. Here his quick-moving, his indomitable spirit lingered in a childlike peace. If men trusted in the Redeemer, they were welcomed to his sympathy, let them err as they might on the metaphysical theories of religion. And when he uttered censures, too severe perhaps, upon the abstractions of our divines, it seemed to be not that he loved philosophy less, for he aspired after a true philosophy, but that he loved Jesus more.

Several years ago, I heard him say incidentally: "No greater injury can be done me, than to hold me up as faultless in my mode of thinking and living." The thought never occurred to my own mind, until three days ago, that I should be called to heed this admonition while standing over his bier. He was not faultless. The sun never shone on all parts of the same body at one and the same time. If it illumine one side, it must leave the other shaded. But the frailties of our revered friend were intimately combined with his excellences. The former suggest the latter. If he made minor mistakes, it was because he gazed too steadfastly at the great principles of things. In the celerity of his thought, he was sometimes led to overlook important incidents. Did he commit errors which he had the power to avoid? It was because he seized upon pressing exigencies, and hurried forward to meet the demands of the people. He launched his vessel when the tide was up. It is one characteristic of true genius to find out, and then to

meet the crisis; to put forth the influence which is demanded, and *when* it is demanded by the occasion. Mr. Stuart was always at the post of danger. When the Education Society was attacked, he was at once upon the ground. When the cause of temperance was assailed, he was speedily in the field. When the laws of hygiene were discussed, his essays were in the newspapers forthwith. Did he make more inaccurate statements than some other men? And did he not utter many more truths than most other men? The most luxuriant tree needs most to be pruned. Habitually was his mind on useful themes. Sometimes this, sometimes that, but always one important idea was revolving before him. When the missionary Judson, on his recent visit to this place, came out from the chamber of our departed friend, he said, with a full emphasis, what has been repeated by many a pilgrim on the threshold of that same chamber: "I feel that I have been conversing with a great man." In Mr. Stuart's conversation with a farmer, he imparted new ideas on the implements of husbandry. To the mechanic, he often seemed to have learned the trades. To the merchant, he gave instruction on political economy. To the philanthropist, he proposed new schemes of beneficence. Medical men were often surprised at the extent of his reading in their own department. If there were better metaphysicians than he, more accurate classical scholars, more correct historians, more profound statesmen—as there doubtless were—still, where is the man who knew so much of philology *and* philosophy *and* history *and* practical life, all combined—who had so many knowledges of

such multifarious things, and applied them all to a better purpose? If there be such a man (and there *may* be such), I am too ignorant to have learned his name.

We look for no perfect one on earth; and had the master who is taken from our head to-day, been more punctiliously accurate, he would have been less impulsive; and had he been less impulsive, he would not have stirred up the mind of the clergy; and had he not aroused men to Biblical studies, he would not have fulfilled his mission; for his mission was to be a pioneer, to break up a hard soil, to do a rough work, to introduce other laborers into the vineyard which he had made ready. If, then, he lapsed here and there in sacred literature, who are the men among us that correct him? Chiefly, the men who are in some way indebted to him for the power to make the correction. Chiefly, the men who have received from him the impulses by which they have learned to criticize him. Chiefly, the men who would have remained on the dead level of an empirical philology, had they not been quickened to an upward progress by his early enthusiasm. If the eagle in his flight toward the sun, be wounded by the archer, the arrow that is aimed at him is guided by a feather from the eagle's own broad wing.

He who now lies before us had faults of character. But he might have concealed them, if he had possessed more cunning and less frankness. He was ready to acknowledge his errors. Had he been adroit in hiding them, he would not have been a man of progress, nor that transparent, open-hearted man who won to himself the general love.

Spreading himself out over various departments, he was free in his speech upon them all. Had he not been thus adventurous, he would not have roused so many classes of minds to such diversified activity. He wore a glass before his heart. He spoke what he felt. We know, and the world knows the worst of him! and this is his highest praise. He had no hidden mine of iniquity. His foibles do not lie buried beneath our soundings. But it is no common virtue which is honored in every farmer's cottage of the town where he has lived for two and forty years, and which is venerated by missionaries of the cross on Lebanon and at Damascus. I have heard him praised by Tholuck, and Neander, and Henderson, and Chalmers, and by an Irish laborer, and a servant boy and by the families before whose windows he has taken his daily walks for almost half a century. His influence as a divine is to be widened and prolonged by the fact that on the hills and in the valleys around his dwelling, there is neither man nor woman nor child, who has known him, and does not feel that an honest Christian rests from his labors,—an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile.

The old age of Mr. Stuart honored God in illustrating the wealth of the inspired Word. In his sixty-seventh year, he read all the tragedies of Æschylus, for the sake of detecting idioms and allusions explanatory of the Bible. There were three hours in every day, when he forgot all the pains of advancing years, and all the turmoils of the world. More than once, with his wonted vivacity, has he repeated the sentiment of Heinsius: "I no sooner come into my library, than

I bolt the door after me, excluding ambition, avarice, and all such vices, and in the very lap of eternity, amidst so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and such sweet content, that I pity all the great and rich who know not this happiness." A few years ago, when he made a certain discovery with regard to the book of Job, he could not sleep for more than thirty-six hours. They were hours of a grateful interest in the wonders of the Bible. At his death, he had formed the plan for several commentaries which would have engrossed three years of his time.[1] His solace was in the Book of books. It never tired him. Not seldom was it his meditation all the night. It presented to him exhaustless stores. Near the end of his life he expressed a religious gratitude that the Hebrew language had become to him like his mother tongue, and that the simple reading of the Hebrew text opened the sense of passages which had before been closed against him. When asked whether he retained his confidence in the great system of truths which he had defended, he answered with a strong emphasis: "Yes." Have you any doubts with regard to your former principles? was the question; and the energetic answer was given at once, "No." As he approached the grave, he became more and more hopeful that these principles would soon triumph over all opposition. "I have long since learned," he said, "that feelings in religious experience are deceptive. I look mainly to my life for my

[1] He intended to write soon a second exposition of the book of Proverbs. It was to be popular in its character. Its plan was admirable. He recently collected the materials for an exposition of the book of Jonah, and also for the book of Job. He left written notes on the Epistles to the Corinthians.

evidence. I think that my first aim in life has been to glorify God, and that I have been ready to labor and suffer for him." When afflicted with severe pains, he loved to repeat the words, "Wearisome days and nights hast *Thou* appointed unto me." He had thought of death long and carefully. He was familiar with it. He was ready for it. It was less to him than a Sabbath day's journey. "This is the beginning of the end," was his placid remark with regard to his broken arm, and after alluding to the pains which it caused him, he added: "Such troubles make the peaceful asylum of the narrow house look very inviting." When he heard the hope expressed that his last sickness would be unto life and not unto death, he replied, "Unto the glory of God, but unto *death* . . . I am prepared to die. O God, my spirit is in thy hand! Have mercy, but thy will be done." On the first Sabbath of the New Year, when the storm was howling around his dwelling, he fell asleep. Peaceful, as to a night's repose, he entered on his long rest.[1]

Hearing of a severe personal affliction, he once said, in the language of Beza after the death of Calvin: "Now is life less sweet and death less bitter." So may that venerable matron say, now that the companion of her youth has been taken up out of her sight. Let her honor God, that she has been allowed to alleviate the cares of one, who has enabled so many missionaries of the cross to translate the Bible for the untutored Indian, and the learned Brahmin. Let her be thankful that she has been permitted so to order her house, that light has radiated from it upon the banks of the

[1] Note 12, in Appendix.

Ilissus and the Euphrates. Some of the most important volumes which the disciples of her husband have given to the world, are prefaced with the significant and amiable announcement, that they were written in the bosom of his family.[1] Her domestic cares have been for the Church. Her household arrangements have been made for the culture of mind. They have ministered to the comfort of one who has now, as we suppose, been welcomed to the school of the prophets and the apostles by more than two hundred of his ascended pupils. Then let her exclaim, as she has often heard her departed husband exclaim in this sacred place: "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

And the children of our deceased father will mourn most of all, because they have lost their opportunities for easing the toils of him who delighted in toiling for them. They cannot weep for the dead. They know his fitness for that world where his active spirit has found a congenial element, and where all his activity is rest. They have often witnessed his aspirations to see the old prophets, on whose words he had lingered so long. They have often observed his exultation at the thought of meeting Isaiah and Jeremiah, of conversing with Paul on the depth and the height, the length and the breadth; and of beholding the face of

[1] A volume of meaning is beautifully compressed in Dr. Robinson's dedication of his Biblical Researches: "To the Rev. Moses Stuart, Professor of Sacred Literature in the Andover Theological Seminary, these volumes, the fruits of studies begun in the bosom of his family, are respectfully inscribed, as a token of grateful acknowledgment on the part of a pupil and friend."

John, whom he had almost seen in vision here below. Let them be thankful for his present communion with the Man of sorrows, whom he has longed to see face to face, and in whose presence he has hoped to enjoy eternal health.

And while we unite our prayers for the children of our revered friend, we must remember his spiritual sons, who are scattered throughout the wide world, from the prairies of Wisconsin to the shores of the Bosphorus. In Canton and under Table Mountain, in Ceylon and at Jerusalem, they will feel that they have lost a father. We are the bereaved children of a scattered family. We have received impulses from him, which will affect us through our eternal life. Then let us honor him by a new love to that Volume which he prized more and more unto his dying hour, and by remembering with a new affection those words of his which we have all read: "When I behold the glory of the Saviour, as revealed in the gospel, I am constrained to cry out with the believing apostle, My Lord and my God! And when my departing spirit shall quit these mortal scenes, and wing its way to the world unknown, with my latest breath, I desire to pray, as the expiring martyr did, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." [1] "I ask for no other privilege on earth, but to make known the efficacy of his death; and none in heaven, but to be associated with those who ascribe salvation to his blood. Amen." [2]

[1] Conclusion of his Letters to Channing.
[2] Conclusion of his Two Sermons on the Atonement.

PROFESSOR PARK AT 56

THE DIVIDING LINE

THE DIVIDING LINE

"If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.

"For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side,

"And shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."—Luke 19:42-44.

When a seaman crosses the equator, he is as listless as if he were crossing any other line on the ocean, and knows not that he has moved suddenly out of the northern into the southern hemisphere. Men pass over the tropic of Cancer or the tropic of Capricorn and discern no mark distinguishing the one side from the other. Could we go to the Arctic or the Antarctic pole, we should perceive no monument of the spot, and should walk or sail over it as if it were any common point on land or the sea. The beginnings of all things are in darkness, in time as well as in space. We can easily determine whether it be near noon or whether it be near midnight; but not when the first dawn of day arises, nor whether the first shade of night has fallen. The tide flows, and we have no doubt that it is rising; it ebbs, and we have no doubt that it is falling, but we are in doubt with regard to the precise line which divides the flowing from the ebbing tide.

This action of the waters is an emblem of our own secular pursuits.

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

But the boundary point between the coming in and the going out of this tide is imperceptible. The boy leaves his rural home, struggles through his clerkship in the city store, breasts the adverse waves of business life, and while remaining without a reputation, without credit, without friends, he consumes his days in anxiety, and his nights are restless; but as soon as he doubles a certain cape, the tide and breeze favor him. He knows about where, but not exactly where, that cape lies. It is lost in the fog.

The statesman often speaks of the turn in his fortune. For a long period he rose, and could not tell why; he wearied himself to detect the precise hour at which his star ceased to be in the ascendant; he only knows that about this hour, or about that hour, he began to move downward, and then all things conspired to hasten his fall. Napoleon at St. Helena remarked that fortune smiled upon him up to about the time of his divorce from Josephine, and somewhere near that event his star grew pale, and the very men who had favored him so long as he was moving upward, turned against him just so soon as he began to move downward. We have often seen an allegory of human life as we have traveled over a mountain range; we could not be certain that we had found the very spot of the watershed, and we thought that we had entered on our descending course be-

fore we had really attained the highest point, or, on the other hand, it seemed as if Alps o'er Alps were rising above us after we had passed the summit of the range. Three years ago, a traveler among the White Mountains, surprised by the coming on of night, attempted to reach the house on the summit of Mount Washington; he groped his way along the path which lies a few rods from the cottage; the windows were lighted, but he could not discern them through the fog, and he passed along unheeding, and suddenly he perceived that he had gone one-third of the way down the mountain from the quiet house where he hoped to enjoy a night's repose.

The time of the beginning of our latest disease is generally hidden from us. It is the ceaseless mystery of life that we may be every day and every hour walking on the edge of some disorder which is sure to end in death. Without any suspicion of it, we step over that edge; we cannot discern that anything unusual has occurred, yet our doom for this world is sealed. Often men imagine themselves to have acquired new vigor, when they have only received a new excitement, which is soon to waste them away. There is a flush of the cheek and a sparkling of the eye, looking like the signs of rosy health. The leaves of the rose look fresh long after the fibers underground have begun to decay. The disease of the root is hidden in the earth, and the buds come out too soon, for the reason that the plant is soon to wither. There is a particular degree of exposure to the snow and the storm which invigorates the animal system. If that degree be not reached, the body is

frail, and will ere long break down. If that degree be exceeded one iota, the stoutest frame becomes like the flower, which the wind passeth over and it is gone. In September, 1839, I met at Mount Vernon Major Lewis, a nephew of General Washington. Forty years before, in December, 1799, he visited the general at Mount Vernon, and wrote concerning him: "The clear and healthy blush on his cheek and his sprightly manner brought the remark from both myself and my friend, 'We had never seen the general look so well.'" A very few days after this promise of long life, on the twelfth of that same December the ex-President started forth, at ten in the morning, to ride over his farm. "About one o'clock," he coolly remarks in his diary, "it began to snow, soon after to hail, and then turned to a settled cold rain." During the two hours from about one o'clock to about three, the sturdy warrior remained in this exposure to the storm. After he had left the saddle and entered his mansion, his secretary, perceiving that the snow was clinging to his hair behind, expressed a fear that his neck must be wet. He said, "It is not." And what if it had been? He was the hero of many a battle-field and had braved many a storm in the open camp. There was no danger, he supposed. He did not know that at some one moment during those last two hours he had let into his system a disease which would never go out. He did not know that in less than three days his widow was to exclaim: "All is over now; I shall soon follow him!" Five hours before his death he said: "I believed from the first attack that I should

not survive it." But he did not know when his first attack commenced; five hours before what he termed his first attack, while he was sitting erect upon his steed, he went over the mysterious line which he could never recross.

There is a particular degree of repose which gives health to the body, and a certain degree of amusement which fits it for redoubled labor. If that degree be not attained, the body wilts like the grass that groweth up in the morning; if that degree be passed one hair's breadth the seeds of disease may be sown in the system; they grow in silence until of a sudden they bring forth death in their fruit. Precisely what, precisely where this degree is, is not known to the jocund youth who beguiles the evening in the dance, and amid the cheer of laughter and song, and afterward steps out into the cold night air. The complexion becomes delicate; the friends wonder why the fingers become tapering; the friends ascribe it to this cause and that cause, and do not dream that when the threshold of the festive hall was crossed, then was crossed the boundary of that pathway which leads straight down to the grave.

While in seeming health a youth is surprised by a painful item of intelligence; he knows that he is sad, but does not imagine that in the hearing of those grievous words he crosses the fatal line. He reads a sentence in the newspaper; he is startled, but does not regard himself as very sorrowful; still at the moment of his sudden grief he stealthily passes the crisis of his life. The neighbors ascribe his malady to an imprudent exposure. No. The malady stole in with the sudden and secret grief. Many a mother has

looked upon her child fading away in the very blooming time of youth, and has sighed out the words: "If thou hadst known when thy disease was gathering itself up to assail thee! but the moment was hidden from thine eyes, and now the day has come for thy going from me,—because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."

On the thirteenth of July at 12 o'clock in the year 1842, the duke of Orleans, the man on whom the destinies of France depended, was to leave Paris for St. Omer in a four-wheeled carriage, drawn by two horses. Before he entered his carriage, he partook of what he supposed to be an innocent repast with his family friends. He was a temperate man, was probably never intoxicated, and now had no thought of exhilarating himself beyond the line of discretion; but he drank a few drops more of the wine than was consistent with his entire self-possession. In about a half hour afterward, when the horses took fright and the postilion became unable to master them, the prince, more animated than prudent, "put his foot on the step which was near the ground," and leaped from the cabriolet. Had not his pulse been unduly quickened by those few supernumerary drops of wine, he would have taken a safer counsel and remained in the carriage. In leaping from it, he fell; was instantly insensible; and at half after four o'clock on that afternoon expired in the arms of Louis Philippe, his father. At that genial repast he went beyond the edge of safety, and knew not that he had entered the pathway to his tomb. And I presume that there is some one in this audience who daily walks around in seeming health, but the fixtures for

his burial are lying, waiting, and no man knoweth that they lie waiting for him. Thy final disease, my friend, will be ascribed to a sudden cold; but no; the sly enemy is already lurking within thy veins, only to spring upon thee when that sudden cold shall furnish the occasion. Thou hast passed over the mysterious line. The cause of thy death is already at work: the occasion of it may be this or that trifling occurrence.

"On what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things;
The eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings!"

If thou hadst known in this thy day; if thou hadst known the time of thy visitation: but now it is hidden from thine eyes, and all the medicaments of the earth and the sea can never remove the cause which is in secret working out thy death. God adopts ever and anon a most costly expedient to show men how liable they are every moment to leave the world of probation for the world of retribution. How suddenly during the last winter was our favorite orator, Edward Everett, summoned away from us! and how graphically did Mr. Everett in his memoirs of Washington describe the death of that hero!

One fortnight ago to-day it was a bright Sabbath, and we were on the eve of a brilliant victory, and Monday was a day of jubilee, for the capital city of the foe was taken. One week ago to-day it was a bright Sabbath, and we gained a crowning victory, and at midnight bonfires were lighted, and cannon discharged, and the bells rang merry peals, for the chief captain of the rebel hosts had been taken.

We did not dream that we were walking on the edge of a great sorrow. Four years ago our President had gone through Baltimore, unharmed by the mob that sought his life. Often during the last four years had he walked through the streets of Washington at dead of night, and had been kept safe as in the hollow of the hand of God. Recently had he walked through the streets of Richmond, and not a hand was uplifted against him. He seemed to be the special favorite of Providence. We thanked the Lord for him. We anticipated an illustrious career for him. Thirty-six hours ago he sat gladsome amid scenes of amusement, but quick as the snapping of a pistol he crossed the line. Yesterday morning the nation woke to joy and triumph; but in a brief hour the nation crossed the line, and changed its laughter into weeping. As individuals and as a people we are walking ever on the boundary of affliction, and one moment may bring us from the heights of exultation to the depths of wailing. At the very hour when we are preparing to raise the flag of a nation's pride, at the very hour when we are preparing to illuminate our houses in joy, we are startled and stunned by the most appalling act which ever occurred in our history, or perhaps in any history. While we are rejoicing that right has become triumphant, and moral principle has prevailed over treason, suddenly the honest man and the good man fell down; and you and I and all of us fell down, and treachery seemed to triumph over us. If forty-eight hours ago, if we had known the things which belonged to our peace! But all this was hid from our eyes; for we knew not the time of our visitation.

A like unsuspected line is drawn through our spiritual relations. When a man perceives the truths of the gospel with a particular degree of clearness, and puts forth only a particular degree of resistance to them, these truths subdue that resistance, and the man through grace becomes a new man. What that degree of mental illumination is, what that degree of resistance is, we cannot divine. We know our duty. This is revealed to us by God. We are to repent of sin; then we shall be saved. This is clear. We are to trust in Christ; then we shall be saved. This is plain. Our duties belong to us. Therefore are they made known to us. The conditions with which we are to comply in order to gain heaven are so evident, that as we read in Isaiah, "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err" in regard to them. But there are occasions on which God acts, which are distinct from the duties required of us. These occasions are not revealed to us, because they do not belong to us.

Our all-wise Sovereign has selected certain conjunctures at which he will interpose and renew men. He has his own reasons for selecting these opportunities. When we would pry into his reasons, and when we would search out the exact place or time of these junctures, we learn the truth of the proverb: "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing." He has lifted up the veil, however, so far as to let us glance at this fact; that there is a particular line on one side of which if a man stand there is reason to hope that he will be renewed. God has intimated the existence of this shadowy line in one item of intelligence given us with regard to the inhabitants of ancient Tyre. They had received a particular

degree of mental illumination, and had resisted it with a particular degree of stubbornness. The degree of their knowledge did not overpower the degree of their resistance. But if the degree of their knowledge had been increased so as to equal the knowledge given to the people of Chorazin, and if the degree of their resistance had not been proportionally increased, we have reason to believe that the Spirit of God would have converted the Tyrians. There was a certain ratio between the amount of motive on the one hand, alluring them to repent; and the amount of opposition on the other hand to that motive: with this proportion, the Tyrians remained impenitent. Now if they had not allowed their resistance to rise above that line of proportion, and if the amount of motive addressed to them had risen above that line, then we have reason to believe that God, "who commanded the light to shine out of darkness," would have shined into their hearts "to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God." Again, there was a certain ratio between the knowledge enjoyed by the ancient Sidonians, and the resistance cherished by them against that knowledge: the motive came up to a definite amount; the opposition came up to a definite amount. The motive did not overpower the opposition. God did not convert the Sidonians; but we have reason to believe that he would have converted them if their knowledge had risen above that definite amount, and if their resistance had not proportionally risen above its former boundary. Acting as a sovereign, God watches and regards that line of proportion. He gave to Chorazin a degree of knowledge which would through

grace have converted Tyre; he gave to the Bethsaidans an amount of motive which would through grace have renewed the Sidonians, but this degree of allurement did not prevail with the men of Chorazin, nor with the men of Bethsaida. Why did it not prevail with these men? They did not allow their resistance to remain at its former line. They met new truth by augmented antagonism. They came into contact with the Captain of their salvation as if he were their armed foe; when he advanced with one power of motive they called out five powers to oppose him, and when he again advanced with ten powers of persuasion, they summoned one hundred powers to check and thwart him. If they had not built new fortresses he would have captured their city. If they had not encased themselves in new coats of mail, his arrows would have reached their hearts; and his arrows wound in order that they may heal. Therefore "began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not. Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. . . And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day." Sodom would have remained if ten of her citizens had yielded to the grace of God, and these ten men would have yielded if they had received the winning appeal which was made to Capernaum, and if they had not summoned an unwonted

force to withstand the unwonted allurement. "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do" was the prayer of the expiring Redeemer. But his murderers had some knowledge of their duty. If their knowledge had risen up to a certain line and if then they had chosen to slay the Prince of life, they might have gone beyond the precinct of forgiving grace, and even the Redeemer could not have prayed forgive them "for they know not what they do." Where does this territory of grace end? Where is this appalling boundary? God knoweth. "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God." Why should we know? "Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." This duty is simple, therefore it is revealed and belongs to us, and to our children forever, that we may do all the words of this law.

We have now seen, that if men will not rise in rebellion above a certain boundary, we may hope that they will be converted when they receive an increase of motive from God who renews men by his truth. We are now prepared to see, that if men do rise in rebellion beyond a certain boundary we have reason to believe that they will not be converted even if they should receive an increase of motive from God. The Tyrians and the Sidonians had not pushed their sin beyond the reach of hope. It could not be said of them: "They will never repent, come what may. They will never repent, even if miracles be wrought before them." But there have been men of whom it could be affirmed: they have pressed their rebellion so far that they will not yield come what may; not yield even if miracles be wrought

before their eyes. We read of five brethren: a prayer was offered for them that a messenger from the grave might be sent to them, and might present to them motives alluring them away from sin. But "they have Moses and the prophets;" let them submit to Moses and the prophets. "Nay, father Abraham: but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent." The response follows: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." They had resisted Moses who spake of Christ. They had resisted the prophets who foretold Christ; they had despised the whole sacrificial system which was the type of the one sacrifice upon Golgotha. They had seen and hated the glory of the gospel as it shone in the temple which prefigured the temple of the Lord's body. They had gone over the line beyond which even the grace of Jesus will not stretch itself. Tyre and Sidon and Sodom would have repented if they had seen the mighty works done in Capernaum, but these five brethren might have witnessed the miracle of the raising of Lazarus, and would remain obdurate. When, where did they cross the line? They did not know exactly when, nor exactly where. It did not belong to them to know. It belonged to them to hear Moses and the prophets. Had they obeyed this command, they would have been safe. But when they put forth a certain degree of resistance to this command that was the degree beyond which there was no redemption. But *what* is the degree? *Where* is it? It is the mysterious line; narrow, and, therefore, we cannot trace it; a point drawn out through the darkness and, therefore, we cannot discern it.

"But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee: or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee: and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee." Declare to thee what? Not the times and the seasons which God keepeth in his own power. Not precisely when, not precisely where God has determined to withdraw his Spirit, but that he who obeys God and he only is secure; he who does his duty and he only is beyond the reach of harm.

Thus are we prompted to inquire: Why does God draw through our spiritual relations such a line, that if men stand on one side we have reason to hope that he will convert them, but, if they stand on the other side of it, he will not convert, but may abandon them forever? The answer is obvious. He does it in order to awaken within us the spirit of obedience. This is his aim in all his arrangements with us. Why does he appoint any probation at all? In order to stimulate us in duty our eternal happiness is made to depend on a brief period. If during this short interval we be holy, we shall be glorified forever. If we will not obey him during the narrow interim between birth and death, we must be lost. What! can we not watch with him one hour? If we started in existence without a probationary appeal we should lose a stimulus to duty. If the probation were drawn out through a million ages the power of the incentive would be lessened. It would be expanded in time to be weakened in strength. But when the trial is compressed into a span, who will hesitate to endure the trial well? May we not hope to persevere during a hand-

breadth of time if then we may enjoy an everlasting rest? Shall we expect that men will barter away their whole eternity for that period which is a dream, a vapor? Now, as endless reward crowns a brief interval of obedience, and as endless punishment follows hard upon a refusal to spend a short time for our Redeemer, so our prospect of being converted depends, under God, upon our not allowing sin to pass a certain line of proportion to knowledge. If it goes beyond that proportion, he will never interfere to save us. As we are startled by the fact that we are favored with a narrow interval, and if we repent during this interval of life, we shall enter heaven, so are we aroused by the fact, that if we allow our sin to rise beyond a certain degree we shall never repent, but there remaineth for us nought but a fearful looking for judgment. If we dally with temptation beyond a particular line, the door of repentance is shut against us forever. So have we probation within probation; every moment may be our crisis; and although we shall not fall over the cataract until our final hour, yet we may at any minute enter that sweep and whirl of the waters which will bear us on to the fatal plunge. For all the purposes of salvation our life may terminate long before we cease to breathe. There may be many a man living in high health, but so far as any prospect of heaven is concerned he may be just as dead as if we had attended his funeral. In the year 1852, I read an obituary notice of a man who was frozen to death on the fourteenth of February, in Buffalo, Wisconsin, in sight of his house, to which he was returning after a short journey. That man had taken his final

farewell of his friends, yet he was hurrying back to greet them once more. He was in joyous hope, but he had already seen them for the last time forever. He catches the cheering view of his cottage; but as to the reunion with his household, he might as well have been already in his grave. And many a sinner is looking forward to the mansions in the skies and hopes that he will reach them. Too late! too late! He has frozen himself in sin. Months ago he stepped over the edge of safety, and he knows it not. It is all over with him. So far as repentance is concerned, he might as well be in the eternal world. Be watchful, therefore, lest thou pass over the hidden line. Take care lest thou stand on the verge of the precipice; for it is hard to stand on the boundary without falling into the abyss. There is a path on which you have room to walk; be wise then and do not attempt to walk along the outmost verge of the abyss; for says the greatest philosopher which the world has ever known: "For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be. . . . Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. But know this, that if the goodman of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up. Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

We are prompted to inquire again, Why does God con-

ceal the exact line on one side of which if men stand we have reason to think they will be converted, and on the other side there is no hope for them? There is more hope of a fool than of them. God leaves this line invisible in order to promote our constant activity. We are in danger of fatally crossing the line; therefore we must be alert. We may cross it before we see it; therefore, we must be continually alert. We know that we must die; hence we must prepare for the change: we do not know when we must die; hence we must every moment prepare for the change.

A laborer sometimes desists from his toil just before the moment when he would have succeeded if he had persevered. He aims to cleave asunder a rock, and strikes with his hammer ninety-nine times in the same place; and the rock does not open, and he lays his sledge down and goes home discouraged. Had he struck once more, the rock would have been in twain. There is many a Christian who continues for weeks faithful to an impenitent friend, and at length suspends his efforts, because he discerns no sign of a good result. Had he spoken one word more, had he persevered in his good example one hour longer, the rocky heart would have broken. But he ceased from duty just before he had reached the line.

It was a pointed remark of Rabbi Eliezer, "Turn to God one day before death." His disciples asked him: "How can a man know when this one day before death comes?" He answered them, "Therefore you should turn to God to-day —perhaps you may die to-morrow." But there is a death before death. There is a certain degree of sin which you

must avoid, or the Holy Spirit will declare: "Let him alone, he is joined to his idols." Now the rule is: repent one day before you reach that degree. But how can we ascertain when that day will come? Repent to-day; for to-morrow there may be no hope. Avoid every degree of sin; then you will be sure of avoiding the fatal degree. Do not go near the line; keep at the greatest possible distance from it. But I do not see it; how shall I know that I am far from it? He that wills to do the will of God, he shall know that he is on the right side of the line. But will you allow me to sin up to that line? Turn to God one day before you reach that line; one hour before, one minute before. Perhaps you have already come to that minute. Perhaps your next sin may be the going beyond the bourne from which no traveler returns to the path of safety. Choose once more to grieve the Holy Spirit, and it may be said of you in a double sense: "He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." But the line! the line! "Where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding" that I may discern this coming crisis? Wisdom—to detect the mysterious line! "The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me." Whence then cometh wisdom, that I may discern the culminating point? and where is the place of understanding, seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air? "Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears. God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof. . . . The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart at once from evil

that is understanding." Perhaps the recording angel has already taken his pen to draw the mark which terminates the day of hope for some impenitent man who now carelessly hears these words. Oh, could we persuade that silent recorder to stay his hand until the close of this Sabbath, and until the dead of night when all the earth sitteth still and is at rest! But we cannot hold back the hand that is to move the pen and draw the fearful line. There will be no tolling of a bell in heaven to let us know when the line is drawn; but we know this, that when the mysterious pen shall make its awful movement, that idle hearer, so far as any prospect of his salvation is concerned, might as well be in hell.

"There is a line, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men
To glory or despair.

There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth,
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Or pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirits light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

But on that forehead God has set,
Indelibly a mark
Unseen by man,—for man as yet
Is blind and in the dark.

And yet the doomed man's path below
  May bloom as Eden bloomed,
He did not, does not, will not know
  Or feel that he is doomed.

He knows, he feels that all is well,
  And every fear is calmed;
He lives, he dies and wakes in hell
  Not only doomed but damned.

Oh, where is this mysterious bourne
  By which our path is crossed?
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
  That he who goes is lost.

How far may we go on in sin?
  How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
  The confines of despair?

The answer from the skies is sent:
  Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day repent,—
  And harden not your heart."

NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM OF GOD

NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM OF GOD

"Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."—Mark 12: 34.

The phrase "kingdom of God" has in the Bible various significations. Sometimes it signifies the whole universe; for of the whole universe, Jehovah is the rightful King. Sometimes it signifies heaven; for of heaven God is not only the rightful, but also the acknowledged and peculiar King. Sometimes it signifies the Church on earth; for the Church on earth will soon be the Church in heaven, and is now, as it ever will be, loyal to its Sovereign. Sometimes it signifies that state of heart which is essential to admission into the church. It denotes that preparative feeling by the figure of the cause for the effect, the antecedent for the consequent. When Christ says to the scribe, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God," he means, Thou hast but few obstacles to overcome in order to be my true disciple; thy state of heart is not that of the Christian, but is very near it; thou art almost qualified to unite with my Church, but not altogether. There are persons in this house who are like the scribe in the text, nearly prepared to be disciples of Christ. Some imagine themselves to be really Christians, being misled by the fact that they are almost persuaded to be such. Their nearness deceives them. The counterfeit money is almost exactly like the true coin. Some are living without hope, and have been and are now

but a single step removed from piety. They have been so in times of peculiar religious interest, and in their own private solicitude in the circle of religious friends, and in the stillness of their closet.

It becomes, therefore, an important inquiry, What is the distinctive character of those sinners who are nearly Christians?

In the first place, they have correct ideas of divine truth. Men who deny the essentials of Christianity have much to do before they will be converted. They reject doctrines which are the wisdom and power of God unto salvation. As the heart is converted by the instrumentality of truth so it is converted by the instrumentality of truth believed. This truth is like the sun shining in the firmament of the soul. But so long as the man excludes this truth he shuts out the rays that illumine and fertilize his mind, and religion will not grow up in his cold and darkened heart. He must come under the influence of Christ's doctrine, or he will never be converted. Yet here is another obstacle to his change. Those false theories which are excluding him from heaven he loves. He considers himself pledged to sustain them. He clings to them as the madman will sometimes cling to his chains. If you attempt to force the errors from his close grasp, you must force them inch by inch. To give up the pillow on which he has slept so long and so sweetly; to leave the couch which has supported him through many a happy dream, is like the giving up of the ghost. The act of all acts most essential to his peace is the one which of all is the most painful.

But they who have correct ideas of doctrine may become Christians with comparatively little self-denial. They are already prepared for the operation of divine truth. Their hearts are cleared from the weeds and thorns of skepticism choking the word in the mind of their neighbors. The dew from heaven may fall at once upon them; the rays of the sun may come into immediate contact with them, and the plants of religion may spring up unobstructed by the oppressive weight of error. Having already enlightened their minds, they have nothing to do but yield their hearts. They are almost ready to become disciples of their Lord; for they are ready in all things except their will. They are like the man who has escaped from the darkness of the dungeon, and the light is shining on all parts of his body except the retina of his eye, for that part he will not open to the sun's rays.

In the second place, those sinners who are nearly Christians are amiable and correct in their natural sensibilities and their external conduct.

The victim of vice has much to do before he will become a child of God. He is wedded to his immoralities, nor will he tear himself from them. They have grown with his growth and become almost incorporated with his constitution. They are like the vine upon the tree; entwined around every branch, clinging to every twig, firmly grasping the root, nor will it ever die until the tree itself is hewn down. So important does he regard his vicious indulgences, that he is bold to pronounce them essential to his life; the only threads which hold him from the grave. Deprive me, he

cries, of my present sinful habits and I lose my health. Seclude me from my cups, and my whole system will decline instantly; I cannot survive the change of habit. Miserable man that he is, nothing but a single cord holds him up from hell, and that cord nothing but sin!

Whenever the victim of fashionable vices is induced to think of religion he thinks of it as the enemy of his joys. Religion and his indulgences cannot coexist, and he will not for untried pleasures abandon those long tried and fondly cherished. The gambler asks, Shall I love God? The question is tantamount to the mournful one, Shall I abandon my profession? The miser asks, Shall I prefer heaven to earth? The question is equivalent to the offensive one, Shall I come to beggary? The scoffer asks, Shall I venerate the Spirit of God? The question is identical with the chilling one, Shall I cut myself off from the only society in which I can find delight? Religion comes to the profligate man, not as a friend with an olive branch and a smile, but as a warrior with a sword and a frown, and a lifted front.

But the man who preserves a correct external demeanor finds no obstacles like these. Already is he an intimate of the society of Christians and can therefore change his heart without changing his friends. Already is he regular in his attention to the Bible and to the hour of prayer and to the house of God, and therefore can turn from hatred to love, without turning from the second nature of external habit. Already does he pursue an honorable and useful occupation, and therefore may reform his life without subjecting himself to poverty. Thus is he free from many obstacles which

disreputable customs throw into the path toward paradise. Divine grace has freed him, and has made his visible deportment so similar to that of the pious, that he is sometimes mistaken for one who is pious. Often does the observer of mere externals think that the correct and moral sinner is a true disciple. He is a great transgressor and yet his visible deportment is that of a faithful Christian; a daring rebel and yet almost a child of God; for, having a clear view of the divine character, he puts forth a kind of love to it, but withholds his supreme love; having a clear view of sin he cherishes a kind of sorrow for it, but refuses to cherish true penitence; having a clear view of the atonement he has a kind of trust in it, but will not exercise self-denying faith. He does love the divine attributes, not because there is holiness in them, but because a personal gain may be expected from them. He does grieve over his sins, not because they are sins against a pure law, but because they will be followed by personal loss. He does believe in the Redeemer, not because there is a spiritual loveliness in the Redeemer's character, but because there are crowns of gold at the Redeemer's disposal; not on account of Christ crucified, but on account of Christ glorified. The man who is almost a Christian does confess that he is morally depraved; he has sent for the medicines; they are within reach; they are at his very lips—but he will not open his lips, nor comply with the only condition on which he can be healed. He is like the drowning mariner not at the very bottom of the sea but risen up near to the surface, but he no more breathes the air of heaven while a single ell below

the surface than if he were almost out and yet entirely in the vast caverns of the deep.

In the third place, those sinners who are nearly Christians are accustomed to candid and solemn contemplation on their eternal prospects. They know the right course, that it tends to heaven and that they have not yet commenced their walk in it. They know the wrong course, that it tends to despair everlasting. They know and they feel that they deserve this despair. They feel that they ought to escape from it. Many a solemn hour do they spend in silent meditation on the justice of the final judge. Many a silent tear do they let fall when they think that they must soon and may suddenly die, and yet are entirely unprepared. Many a drooping of the heart do they feel when the Sabbath closes, and they leave the sanctuary where they had hoped (they had never divulged, but they had secretly cherished, while they were half ashamed of the hope) that they should find peace, but they do find that they are still forlorn in sin. In the recesses of their soul they long (they dare not reveal their longing), but it is a kind of anxious though selfish desire to be cleansed from their defilement and presented pure and spotless before the Father. Have there not been moments when you, my friend, have desired that your Christian friends would converse with you more frequently than they had done—pray over you more earnestly, and labor with more zeal for your conversion? Have you not often painted before your eyes the dark picture of futurity? thought of all the scenes through which you must pass in the land to which you are hastening? been filled with gloom

as you have reflected on your final separation from all your pious friends, and your banishment from all joy? And in the midst of all this gloom, have you not longed for the creative energies of the Holy Ghost, and have you not said, when no man could hear your whispers to yourself: Oh, that I were a Christian! At those moments you were distant from heaven only the breadth of your heart. You reasoned well about your future prospects and just as sadly as well. Your anguish in view of retribution was wise and had it not been for the simple pride of your feelings, it would have resulted in true peace. You had been led to overcome the thoughtlessness, the indolence, and the vanity of the mind; you had even wept for your sin, so cruel to your soul, and been made to surmount all obstacles to your conversation, save that simple pride of heart. That simple pride is the only wall which keeps you from Paradise. Other walls were battered down. That one wall you might have overleaped, but you would not.

There were two classmates at Yale college, who esteemed and loved each other, and each confidentially informed the other of his special interest in religion. While walking near the house of President Dwight, they inquired whether they should not accept the President's invitation and visit him for his religious counsel. They stopped at his door and hesitated. One says, "I will go in." The other says, "I think I will not to-day." The one was Dr. Taylor of New Haven: he went in; conversed with his spiritual counsellor; became a devout man, and after communing with the Church on earth went to commune with the angels in

heaven. The other devoted himself to the world; struggled for its honors, was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day. But at last he died and was buried; and we fear joined that immense company who intended to begin a religious life,—who intended to—but not to-day. When those two amiable and sedate young men stood at the door of President Dwight, they were both not far from the kingdom of heaven. But then and there they went from each other—one into the kingdom, the other away from it; and this afternoon they may be still going from each other; the one rising higher and higher; the other sinking lower and lower. Many a youthful scholar has parted from his friend at the door of a pious classmate or instructor; then and there they separated spiritually and will never meet. The door of the house where youthful Christians meet for prayer and praise is often the gate of heaven.

Having now considered the distinctive character of those sinners who are nearly Christians, let us proceed to consider their peculiar condition. And in the first place, they are in a state of peculiar obligation to enter the kingdom of God. Obligation to perform a duty is proportioned to the ease of performing duty. The man who can with the greatest facility accommodate his neighbor or serve his government is under the strongest obligation to render those services. Now, all that God requires of man is easy if men would not make it hard. When God requires of sinners to repent he imposes no heavy burden and binds no galling yoke upon them, but they throw difficulties in their own

way, and if they could, would cancel all their obligations. But escape from the pressing force of duty they cannot. Still, the fewer the difficulties so much the stronger are the obligations, and as those who are already nearer the true kingdom have fewer obstacles than those who are further from it, they are bound with peculiar firmness to the duty of becoming not only almost but altogether obedient to the commands of heaven.

Obligation, too, is proportioned to knowledge. Of him to whom much is committed, much will be required. "If ye were blind, ye should have no sin: but now ye say, We see; therefore your sin remaineth." "If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin: but now they have no cloak for their sin." "That servant, which knew his lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes." The inhabitants of New Orleans are bound to repent, yet not so firmly bound as the inhabitants of this place, for they have not so clear ideas of God. All in this house are required to be holy, yet some are required more imperatively than others. Though the burden of duty resting on each individual is immense, and without repentance will weigh each down into despair, yet is it a peculiar burden that rests on him who has been the most thoughtful and enlightened. Thou child of many prayers and of much early instruction and of frequent personal anxieties, a voice of uncommon power calls thee to repent. Thou man of gray locks, every year of thy long life has added to thine obligations and these are now sufficient to bend down thy head to the grave.

Thou considerate sinner, who hast attended the meeting for inquiry, hast read the Bible often, and wept much over thy sins, thy long study of divine truth has imposed upon thee the most fearful obligations. If any man on earth is required to be a Christian, thou art the man. Thou art not required, like the merchant in a demoralizing traffic, to relinquish the contraband article; nor like the votary of fashion to abandon thy whole retinue of vanities. All impediments to your conversion are removed—save one. The external barriers have been displaced. One solitary partition now remains. With you it is an emphatic truth: one thing is needful. You are hard by the kingdom of God. It is all in full sight. Most distinctly do you see your own relations and the ease of changing them, but this distinctness of the perception and this ease of the performance are the very things that bind you to your duty, a hundred—yea, a thousandfold.

In the second place, the man who is nearly a Christian is in a state of peculiar guilt. I say peculiar guilt. I do not say that in all respects the guilt of one who is almost a Christian is greater than that of everybody else. We cannot always measure the comparative ill-desert of man. We cannot always say that one sinner who is immoral in his life, is on the whole more guilty than another sinner who is moral. We know that he is more ill-deserving in some particulars. The same is true if we invert the proposition. We cannot affirm that every sinner who is near the point of conversion is more ill-deserving than some transgressor who is far removed from this point, but he is more ill-de-

serving in some relations; his guilt is different from that of others; it is a peculiar guilt.

Obligation, as we have seen, is proportioned to knowledge, and to ease of discharging duty; so guilt is proportioned to resisted obligation; and when obligation and ease are both peculiar, the guilt of resisted obligation is peculiar. At the day of judgment the guilt of one who has been nearly a Christian will be very different from that of a heathen. God has never pleaded with a heathen as he has with you, my friend. He has never been so importunate with them, waited for them so long, sent his Spirit to them so often. Great rebels they, but their rebellion is against feebler remonstrances of conscience than you have had. There are many flagitious sinners around you. I tremble when I think of their guilt, but it is very certain that their guilt is in some respects less than yours; and it is possible that in all respects they will be qualified to rise up against you and condemn you at the last day. It is possible that their ingratitude may be as nothing compared with yours; their privileges have not been sufficient to enable them to be so ungrateful as you can be. It is possible that their hatred of the truth has been as nothing when compared with yours. Their instruction in the truth has not been sufficient to enable them to be so stubborn against it as you can be. Your guilt must be peculiar because you are enjoying so rich and diversified means of grace. Besides, your sobriety of character gives you an influence, and you throw your influence into the scale of wickedness. You are so correct in your outward conduct that your companions are secretly plead-

ing your example for their continuance in sin. We need not repent, they say; for there is an impenitent man, candid, kind and scrupulously moral. Everybody speaks of him as a good man and yet he neglects religion. We may be good men and yet neglect religion. He is more exemplary than many in the church. We may be exemplary and yet despise the church. Scarcely any one has so much character as he, and yet he is without piety. If we can bear the same character we shall be satisfied and yet without piety. He is safe and does not deny himself; we will be safe like him and happy too. Were we confined to the companionship of the drunkard and debauchee we should struggle for religion which would disenthral us from the mortification of such society; but honored as we are with the companionship of this model of propriety, what need we more? Belonging to the same class with him, our destiny is linked with his—how, how can we be unsafe? Ah, you who are almost a Christian, you perhaps seldom think of this, but it is a most solemn truth! Your guilt is enhanced by the security which your character gives to impenitence, and your descent into ruin will be made the lower by the crowd of sinners who are hanging like millstones on your skirts. Is it not enough, is it not enough for a man to fall into the pit by his own weight? Must he be dragged down deeper by men who are clinging to him for support, and adding the burden of their own iniquities to the immense burden of his? Not content with ruining himself, must he ruin others? Not satisfied with the society of Satan and his angels in despair, must he gather around him his friends and neighbors and rela-

tives, and live forever amid their reproaches for his example, their execrations upon him for contaminating them, for smoothing their path to woe, for quieting their conscience in rebellion, for leaguing them with him in this world as his admirers, and in the world to come as his most obnoxious tormentors? Guilt, guilt altogether peculiar, the guilt of light resisted, of mercy despised, of strong rebellion, of bad example peculiarly seductive, of souls hardened and undone, undone forever—all this guilt clings and will cling to the amiable sinner who is after all not far from the kingdom of God.

In the third place, those sinners who are nearly Christians are in a condition of peculiar misery. The abandoned man thinks that he has joys. He boasts of his mirth and his sports of revelry. He has burst away so far from God and God's law, and said to himself so fearlessly, "Soul, take thine ease," that he dreams of happiness even in his debasement. The Christian has real joy. He is a partaker at the feast of divine love. He delights in his converse with Jehovah and his hope of glory. But the poor sinner who is nearly a Christian is destitute of all joys. He cannot wallow with the debauchee; he will not soar with the child of God. He finds no satisfaction in the world and goes mourning all the day because he finds none in Christ. He cannot sport with the profane and will not pray with the pious. He has not enough of heaven to make that a delight, nor enough of the world to make that a comfort—too much conscience to be happy in sin, too much sin to be happy in religion. Oh, the misery of living dissevered both from

earth and heaven! He sits between two feasts; the one a feast of death, of wasting wine and sugared poisons; the other a feast of the bread of heaven and calm, undying joy. He sits between and looks to his right hand and his left; and still he sits and looks again to his right hand and his left, and sits, and sits, and sits, and famishes his soul and expects naught but eternal hunger and pining and famishing away. A traveler is allured on one of the stormy nights of winter into a circle of noisy sinners. He mingles in their hilarity and joins in their profane songs; but when he thinks of his own quiet dwelling far away from the scene of his sports, and of his once happy but now anxious family, he stops his jovial conversation and puts aside his bowl, and hastens to his home. His heart beating with concern he climbs over many a hill and presses through many a brake. Often a bank of snow intercepts his progress, but exhausting labor surmounts the difficulty. He quickens his footsteps over the pathless fields, sometimes losing his direction, and sometimes driven backward by the wind. Nature is already spent, yet still he longs to reach his happy abode and faints and longs and travels on, until at length he can behold his dwelling all lighted to receive him. He can even see his wife and children around the fire, all waiting for his return; and now he rouses his jaded body to an almost hopeful effort and utters one faint shriek and heaves one sigh, and then falling to the ground dies in his own garden. He had worn out his system that he might almost regain his cheerful fireside; he had tired his nature that he might almost receive the greetings of his children. Alas, nor wife, nor children

more shall he behold, nor friends, nor sacred home. He tarried too long with the circle of sinners, and then took his mournful journey only to die in full view of his lost joys. He fatigued his body only to die the sooner. And thou who art nearly a Christian, thou art pursuing the same journey and in danger of spending thy strength for the same end, and falling at last into perdition from the very garden of the Lord. How many harrowing thoughts, how many anxieties, how many tears, how many painful attempts to pray, how many severe resolutions to abandon the world! And yet after all these troubles and sighs and groans, you are still without hope, still bending under the burden of your solicitudes, and perhaps will sink under their weight into eternal, unappeased conviction.

Such a man, says John Howe, takes great pains to perish; such a man tries to perish just as sadly as he can.

In the fourth place, they who are almost Christians are in a state of peculiar danger. They are in danger of trusting in their seriousness and morality. They believe and tremble; therefore they expect to be saved. But they believe less firmly and they tremble less anxiously than a lost soul, and will he be saved? They hope to attract the pity of Jehovah because they are in continued grief. Yet there is a world where there is weeping and wailing, and no pity of God reaches that world. They think to gain the favor of Jehovah by their correct outward demeanor when it is revealed that a camel might have gone through a needle's eye sooner than a young man with mere outward obedience would have entered heaven.

They are in peculiar danger from another source. The Holy Spirit may abandon them. Their power in sinning is fearfully illustrated by the command, "Quench not the Spirit." They who abuse most flagrantly the grace that is proffered, they who have been warned most frequently of their danger, and entreated most constantly to repent are the men whom the long-suffering Comforter gives up at length to their continued obstinacy. Thou art not far from the kingdom of God, but thou canst not expect so long a period of his striving as thou hast enjoyed. Thou hast received already, I fear, the greatest part of thy good things; and "Let him alone" may soon be uttered against thy ungrateful soul. When this is uttered there is an end of hope. No sooner does the Holy Ghost abandon any sinner than that sinner's sentence is not only written but sealed. Whatever he can do, he will do nothing without the Spirit's aid, but sin and only sin, and that continually and forever. But those who are nearly Christians are in a danger the most peculiar, because their threatened punishment is peculiarly fearful. You have thought more than your neighbor about God; in this you have done wisely, but yet in this very act of your wisdom, you have sinned against him the more. You have thought more about heaven: you have thus refused it more frequently. You have thought more about hell and been more willing on the whole to endure its horrors. After all your deliberations you have preferred on the great whole to perish rather than submit. God will recompense you accordingly. He treats all men in correspondence with their prevailing choice. This is the prin-

ciple of the divine administration, to give heaven to those who choose heaven rather than sin; but when men choose sin rather than heaven they shall have what they choose. No man prefers misery, but every sinner chooses it rather than submission, and he who perseveres in sin shall have the misery that is intimately connected with it. It is so in the nature of things. He who is nearly a Christian will have remembrances, for example, that none other can have. The heathen that perishes will have no Sabbath bell to be recalled to his memory when he shall have lain down in despair, no voice of the man of God, no pulpit from which he heard warnings to repent, no Bibles, nor sermons which had once awakened his attention, but had been abused and trampled upon. But the serious sinner will feel with peculiar keenness his loss of the Bible, of Christian counsellors, of God's house, of all religious addresses, of all the means of grace, of all prospect of conversion, of all hope of pardon. All the influence which he had in this world will be like a burden piled upon him in despair. All the souls whom he had injured here will be there so many tormentors. Strangers might have come down to the rich man in his abode of woe and he might have borne it, but "my five brethren" whom I have almost ruined!—send Lazarus to my five brethren lest they come hither to heap reproaches upon me and add to my torment in this flame of remembrance. The heavier the body is, the more painful the fall; and the serious sinner is laden with a ponderous weight of obligation, that if he do fall the blow will be as severe as the obligation was ponderous. He rises high toward heaven that

if he do sink he may sink as low; his descent must be just as deep as his ascent was lofty; he is almost a Christian that if he continue in sin he may be almost a demon; well-nigh to the top of heaven that if he fall he may fall well-nigh to the bottom of hell. Oh, how near he now is to Paradise! and the very nearness will be the instrument of his agony. He had only one step to take and fell before he took it. Oh, that one step! He will think of it again and again. That one step! He will roll the thought of it over and over in his mind—that one step! only one step! and he fell before he took it. He had gone to the threshhold of heaven, and was almost determined to step over it, now that he had come close to it. Almost there was joy among the angels because he had almost consented to come among them. Almost were they in the very act of clothing him with the best robe, and putting the crown upon his head. They were bending over the walls of heaven, and whispering, Let no man take thy crown; put on thy new robe! They were stretching out their arms almost near enough to take his hand, and were quick in the entreaty, Just raise thy hand! raise it now! raise it before it is too late! only raise it! But he lingered and delayed, and deliberated and pondered, and said, Not yet, not yet, until on a sudden it was too late. The patience which had been so long abused, was now clean gone forever, and he fell from the very door of heaven, and there was no joy among the angels as they looked at the robe almost adorning him, and the crown almost upon his head, and drew in their extended arms, and turned away their eyes from his deep damnation, and cried aloud:

Fallen! He is fallen from the heights of Zion, and as he falls, he passes many a transgressor whom the world thought more guilty than himself; he falls to his own place —that place peculiar to the sinner who is almost a Christian.

My friend, you who are near the kingdom of God, within an inch of heaven, within a hand's breadth of hell, what do you mean? So near the gate of Paradise, why do you not enter? Only one step removed, why linger in taking that one step? Nothing to do but to knock at the door, how can you forbear to lift your hand? Already having weathered so many storms, why will you carelessly wreck your vessel just as it arrives in port? What will it avail you to have been nearly saved, if you are entirely lost? What avail to have been almost in heaven, if you are altogether in hell? What does it profit the imprisoned malefactor to know that the door of his dungeon is but one inch thick? It is an iron door and never will be opened. Christ is near you; he is holding out the pardon to you. Take the pardon, he says, giving me your heart. Take the pardon, trusting in me as your friend. Come unto me, all ye that are weary. Ho, every one that thirsteth! "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. . . . And whosoever will, let him take the water of life"—"without money and without price."

PROFESSOR PARK AT 66

Bust by Jackson, of Florence, Italy, from sittings given in Boston in 1874, and now in the library of Andover Theological Seminary

ALL THE MORAL ATTRIBUTES OF GOD ARE COMPREHENDED IN HIS LOVE

ALL THE MORAL ATTRIBUTES OF GOD ARE COMPREHENDED IN HIS LOVE

"God is love."—1 John 4: 16.

What is the character of Jehovah? No other query can be so interesting as this. We are inquisitive to learn what were the traits of our ancestors; but our dependence on an earthly progenitor, when compared with our dependence on our Father in heaven, is as nothing. We are eager to inquire what is the disposition of our rulers; but Jehovah is the Potentate on whom we rely for our very breath. We are restless to ascertain what are the qualities of the companion with whom we must be associated during a protracted journey or voyage; but life is the real journey, the real voyage, and God is the Being with whom we must remain in ceaseless contiguity. Sickness will not separate us from him. Death will augment our nearness to him. Eternity will be spent in his immediate vision. His smile or frown we shall see always. His voice we shall hear without a pause. Who, then, and what, is this Being, so much more intimately conjoined with us than is any ancestor, so much more powerful over us than is any human governor, so much nearer to us than is any earthly companion? Our anx-

ieties are relieved by the answer given to this question by our text. There is a solace in the very words of it. Not in our whole language are three syllables more affluent in meaning. All our associations with the word "God" are fitted to awaken reverence. All our associations with the word "love" call forth a tenderness of interest; and when the awe elicited by the name of Jehovah is combined with the reciprocated affection elicited by the idea of benevolence,—when we read that God is love,—we are amazed as well as gladdened by the enunciation, and we inquire for the definite meaning and the practical results of it.

I. Our first impulse is to ascertain the precise import of the words in our text. We do not read in the sacred volume that Gabriel is benevolence, nor that Michael is benevolence, nor that Abraham, David, Jeremiah, Paul, or even John, is benevolence; but we do read the emphatic utterance, "God is love." Inspiration does not inform us that Jehovah is all power or all knowledge, that he is unchangeableness or eternity, but he is love. Not merely are we assured that he has benevolence, that this is one among other feelings which he puts forth, that it is a virtue which appertains to him even as we read that "power belongeth unto God," but he is benevolence itself. Of course, he possesses natural attributes, such as omnipotence and omniscience; but our text implies that these are controlled by the moral choice of the universal well-being. Of course, he feels indignation against the malice of his enemies, and an infinite disapproval of their sin in every form of it; but

these are constitutional sentiments, and our text implies that they are subservient to, and governed by, a wise preference for the welfare of the universe. We should render but little glory to his power or knowledge were it not guided by a benignant spirit. We should recoil from his eternity and immutability were they not a ceaseless duration of a love which comprehends all the virtues, and knows not the shadow of a change. While, then, our text implies indirectly that all the natural attributes and involuntary sentiments of Jehovah are controlled and ennobled by his good will, it implies also that all his moral choice is the choice of the general rather than the private welfare of sentient beings; it is the elective preference for the greater above the smaller, for the higher above the lower, the welfare of all beings who have a capacity for either holiness or happiness. This choice or elective preference is put forth on the ground of, and in proportion to, the worth or value of those beings. In the Biblical language it is called love, and thus by a figure substituting the act for the agent, God is love.

II. Having thus explained the meaning of the text, let us proceed, in the second place, to prove its main doctrine, that all the free choices of the Most High are comprehended in a single, continuous preference for the largest and highest well-being of the universe.

1. One proof is derived from the fact that all goodness of heart is by the inspired writers summed up in love. They require of us nothing more or less than to be perfect, as our Father in heaven is perfect, and they affirm that all the

law is fulfilled in one word: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The law is a transcript of the divine perfections; by learning what his commands are, we learn what God is; yet "he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law." So says an apostle, and he elsewhere teaches that love is the fulfilling of the law—the very law which requires all our duties, and is "exceeding broad." We are assured that all gifts of tongues and of prophecy, all knowledge and faith, all outward virtues are nothing, and profit nothing, without love. They may be the body of virtue, but love is the soul of it. They may be the concomitants of virtue, but love is its essence. We are informed that the end of the commandment—its final purpose, its ultimate design, to which all the parts of it aim and point—is love, not by any means an involuntary kindness, but a free, loving choice. The most spiritual expounder of the divine law has taught us that "this is the first and great commandment: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; and the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets." Where there is no comprehensive love, no benignant election of the general welfare, there may be amiable instincts, beautiful sentiments, but there is no true moral goodness. It is the first and the last teaching of the Bible,—on the surface of it and in the depths of it,—that the highest of all virtues is the choice of God as our supreme object of regard; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly compre-

hended in this saying: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

2. An examination of the nature of God's moral attributes gives a second proof that they are all involved in the choice of the general welfare. What are these attributes? One of them is a voluntary regard for the happiness of beings considered as merely sentient. This is unmodified benevolence. Another moral perfection still more attractive is a love for the happiness of beings considered as miserable. This is mercy and this is benevolence combined with constitutional pity, and the holiness of it lies in the voluntary good will rather than in the mere natural compassion. A yet brighter moral attribute of God is a regard for the welfare of beings considered as evil-doers. This is grace, and this is benevolence associated with a natural disapprobation of wrong, and the holiness of it consists in the free benevolence, rather than in the disapproving act of conscience.

One adorable moral attribute of Jehovah is holiness viewed as love toward all that is morally right and as hatred toward all that is morally wrong; viewed as love toward benevolence not merely because benevolence is connected with happiness, but also because it is a good in its own nature; viewed as hatred toward malevolence not merely because malevolence is adverse to happiness, but also because it is an evil in its own nature. Now the benevolence of Jehovah comprehends a love for all that is good, and benevolence is itself a good,—its very name is moral goodness. The benevolence of Jehovah comprehends a ha-

tred of all that is evil, and malevolence is itself an evil,—its very name is moral evil. As the love exercised by Jehovah is a choice of the general rather than of a private good, so its alternate form is a rejection of the private rather than of the general good. His hatred of sin is in its essence the same virtue as his preference for the greater above the smaller well-being of the universe, himself included in the universe. His hatred of wrong is the same virtue with, and is only the alternate form of, his love of right; and right though connected with happiness is distinct from and nobler than mere happiness, as wrong though connected with misery is distinct from and worse than simple misery. Thus the holiness of God is a form of benevolence.

Another of his moral attributes is justice. Is this a form of love? As the benevolence of God is an elective preference for the higher above the lower kind, and for the larger above the smaller amount, of the general well-being,[1] so in its very nature it involves a choice to bestow a reward upon all who strictly deserve and can fitly claim to be rewarded for exercising the same kind of preference, and it also involves a choice to inflict a punishment upon all who remain under law, and who deserve to be punished for ex-

[1] Some writers appear to make a distinction between "*welfare*" and "*well-being*"; to use "welfare" as generic, including both happiness which they term "well-*being*" and also moral goodness which they term "well-*doing*." The distinction is convenient and deserves to be considered, but it is not adopted generally. The happiness is so indissolubly connected with the moral "well-doing," and the highest form of happiness is so inextricably involved in the process of this "well-doing," that the two conditions are both expressed by the word "well-being" as synonymous with the word "welfare."

ercising the contrary preference. As the love of right has for its alternate form a hatred of wrong, so the choice to bestow a reward upon those who strictly deserve and can justly claim to be rewarded has for its alternate form a choice to inflict a punishment upon those who while under law deserve to be punished. It is very true that God does not look upon our holiness as entitled on the ground of its own merit to the recompense of happiness. If he did look upon it as having this merit of condignity, his will to bestow the deserved recompense would be comprehended in good-will to the universe. But he does look upon our sin as in its own nature deserving the recompense of pain; his will to inflict this merited recompense is not ill will to the universe; it is good will. The volition to inflict a just penalty on a foe to the common good has the same nature with a volition to bestow a strictly just reward on a friend to the common good. The two volitions are the positive and negative poles of one comprehensive choice. Thus our Ruler is comprehensively benevolent in being just. He is just, not in despite of, but on account of, his benevolence. His will to punish transgressors according to their demerit is attended with displacency and indignation toward moral evil; but these sentiments are the guard and the outward majesty, rather than the essence, of the virtue that is admired in the justice.[1]

Yet another moral attribute of the Most High is veracity. And is this love? It is a choice to promote the natural or moral welfare of beings by using the signs of thought in

[1] Note 13 in Appendix.

exact conformity with the thought itself. What, then, is this attribute more than a preference for the dignity and virtue of all beings capable of dignity and virtue; the preference being associated with and adorned by an involuntary, and therefore not a moral, sense of fitness?

These are the divine attributes which consist in the responsible exercise of free will. They are modifications of one generic choice animating the different sensibilities associated with it.

3. The past history of God's dispensations gives a third proof that all his moral excellences are comprehended in his choice of the general well-being. His entire character is indicated when the omnipotent Monarch converses with Moses like a friend, becomes as intimate with David as if he were only an equal to a shepherd boy, dries up the tears of Jeremiah, and as a mother tends her children so does he fold all the prophets in his embrace. There are acts of God which, because they have other *natural* elements, appear to have some other *moral* element than that of good will. The sensibilities connected with his affection for men when they do right are different from the sensibilities connected with his aversion to them when they do wrong; but the moral principle in both exercises is the same. It was primarily because he yearned with an infinite kindness over the antediluvian world that, in the simple language of inspiration, the sight of human depravity made him repent that he had created man, and grieved him at his heart. It was originally because he cherished a pure love for those transgressors that he hated their waste of probationary

time in eating and drinking, without care or thought of spiritual truth. It was first because he delighted in the spiritual peace of society that he abhorred the race by whom the earth was filled with violence. It was because his benevolence prompted him to check the tide of their corruption that he poured the flood upon them, and made their sudden overthrow a motive to deter future generations from their imbruted life. The retributions which he sent upon Sodom and Gomorrah were effluences of his choice to promote the highest welfare of his universe. Had he not preferred their well-being, he would not have loathed their belittling usages; and had he not chosen to prevent the contagion of their sin, he would not have buried up their cities, even as a pest-house is consumed when its very atmosphere becomes infectious. And with what signs of tenderness is all this needful discipline relieved! "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I do?" said the kind Father, who would never have raised his hand against his children unless their sin against him had been very grievous. And does not the confiding language of Abraham attest his intimate conviction that the just Judge is even benignant? For with what a childlike trust does the patriarch intercede with his Maker: "Wilt thou destroy the righteous with the wicked? . . . That be far from thee to do after this manner . . . . Peradventure there shall lack five of the fifty righteous: wilt thou destroy all the city for the lack of five?" And He to whom punishment is a strange work reveals his character in the reply: "If there be ten righteous found in the city, I will not destroy it for ten's sake." So

generous are the compassions of the Lord, that when he threatened the men of Ninevah with dire ruin, he was quick to pardon them at their incipient reformation. Inimitable was the sympathy which flowed from him as he pleaded with the unyielding prophet in behalf of these guilty men, and justified his readiness to forgive their sins and relieve their terrors: "And should I not spare that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?" He hesitates to overthrow the magnificent palaces inhabited by transgressors whose hearts are harder than the marble in which they live, because round about those palaces are the mute animals which his love has called into life, and in his love they all live and breathe. Manifold are the developments of divine justice, some of which have caused the ears of the men who heard them to tingle; but the spirit of them all is illustrated in that one deed of the Holy and Just One, who "so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Herein is love,—justice also, but justice involving the moral element of love,—not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins, with which sins he is most fully displeased, but over which he chooses that his grace reign triumphant.

III. Having now considered the meaning of our text and the proof of the doctrine involved in it, let us, thirdly, consider some of the practical truths which result from it.

1. The doctrine suggests the unity of God's character and government. All the varying tones of an anthem delight us, when we catch the one sentiment which vivifies them. We are charmed with the cathedral, whose choir, nave, turrets have such fitnesses to each other as to make an undivided impression. The planetary system we admire for the simple force which controls its movements. All the works of the great Architect afford a symbol of the unity which exists in himself. One great principle permeates the phenomena of the suns and the stars, just as a single moral feeling is expressed in the countless acts of Him who develops his unity even in his material creations. Much more does he exhibit a oneness in his law. Beautiful is the simplicity of all his commandments. As he requires that we love sentient beings, so he is consistent with himself, and requires a special love for his own offspring, who are the objects of his kind care, and who are made in his image, a part of which they still retain. There is a wise proportion in the mandate, With all thy heart shalt thou love the Infinite One, who encloses the universe in his affection, and as thyself shalt thou love thy neighbor, who is finite, and has no claim on all thy heart and soul and mind and strength, but is presumed to be thine equal in merit, and is accordingly to be loved as thyself. The harmony which pervades the character of God moves him to call for our repentance. For what is repentance? It is a hatred for our sin, and involves a sorrow for it. And what has been our sin? It has been a choice of something other than the highest good. Our voluntary hatred of this choice, then, is but another form of

our love to the highest good; and this is our benevolence, as well as our repentance, and is in beautiful agreement with the character of Him who hateth all opposition to the social and moral improvement of the universe. If we mourn over our iniquities, we must rely for our eternal life on Him who died for them. But this reliance is mere presumption, unless it be prompted by love, and commingled with it. Accordingly, God requires faith,—not the faith which is a tinkling cymbal, being devoid of charity, but the faith which clings with affection to the atoning Sacrifice; the affectionateness of the faith embracing that moral principle which in the Biblical style is called love, and in the style of some divines is called a supreme choice of God, of his character, of his moral government. Being commanded to believe in Christ, we are also commanded to exercise fortitude, courage, submission, patience, perseverance; not merely to feel the sentiments which fit us to encounter and endure pain,—these are cherished by savages, by unrenewed, obdurate transgressors,—but to put forth the moral preferences which fit us to do and bear all things so that we may please Him whom we love because He hath first loved us.

And as our one Sovereign has thus prescribed for us a symmetrical code of precepts, so has he offered heaven to us on conditions congruous with one another. He tries every inducement in varying the phases of the one principle that he who believeth shall be saved. He proffers heaven to us on the condition that we visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, that we relieve the solitude of the prisoner, put garments on the unclothed, welcome

the stranger to our fireside, supply the hungry with bread, reach out the cup of cold water to one who is athirst,—all these charities being performed with such a love for the destitute as is proportioned to their worth, and such a love for their Maker as agrees with his supreme claims. Whosoever shall keep the least of the commandments shall not lose his reward, even as he who offends in one point violates the whole law. Not more obvious is it that one vital force extends through every nerve, vein, artery, of the body than is the fact that one principle vitalizes the entire law and the entire gospel.

It is in consequence of this one principle that all the conditions on which our eternal welfare are suspended may be easily understood. Each one explains every other. Children, who learn the meaning of a hard word by its connection with a plain one, catch the significance of a recondite part of the law by its union with the single element of love which pervades the entire law. The wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err in regard to the way of salvation: for whatever might be dark if insulated borrows light from its adjuncts—they all shining in the radiance of love.

Heartily, then, do we rejoice in the assurance not only that there is one God, but that God is one in his moral attributes. Our mind is like a sea, whose waters are restless even in their lowest depths. We have tendencies in our inferior nature warring against the higher principles of our being. Our life is a struggle, a wrestle, a fight of affliction. We crucify ourselves in the combat with our inward foes,

but we rejoice that there is a mind free from the complexities and discrepancies that mar our character; having no inward strife to quell, no intestine contradictions to reconcile, no disparities nor inaptitudes to subdue. We are calmed by the announcement, *"I am that I am;"* for this indicates an elevation above all inward fears; and the heavenly rest begins in our hearts when we drink in the full, conciliating, alluring words, "God is love."

2. The fact that all the moral attributes of Jehovah are comprised in benevolence shows that he is amiable amid his severest dispensations. Men have imagined that his benignity is incompatible with the infliction of pain. They have supposed his love to be an easiness of spirit, an unintelligent aversion to all forms of distress. Will a sensitive father, it is asked, consign his own offspring to perpetual agony? Can a mother endure, will she willingly allow, the sufferings of her babe? To God, his creatures are dearer than are children to an earthly parent, and will he afflict them? But the benevolence of our spiritual parent is not an irrational partiality for our race. It were degraded by confounding it with an instinctive liking, a constitutional, sympathetic fondness. It is a remark of Leighton: "God governs the world as a father, not as a mother." His love is an intelligent affection, not for one man, not for one family or tribe or race or world, but for all beings who can think or feel; a preference for the system above a small part thereof; for the general happiness above an individual's pleasure; for the common holiness above the universal enjoyment. High as the heavens above the earth is the be-

nevolence of God above an indifference to the virtue of men —above a willingness that they seek first their own comfort even if they must find it in selfish aims. What though a doting parent connives at the transgressions of his children rather than discompose their spirits which ought to be disturbed in their guilty course? The government of our heavenly Father is more extended than that of a family on earth; it reaches the bounds of the universe; it therefore requires more care in preventing sin; it extends to the heart; it is a deep moral government; it has access to all sources of evidence; it is able to adapt its penalties to all forms of evil; then it is not to be debased by accommodating it to the superficial, outward, ephemeral policy of a narrow household, or of a nation.

Besides, imperfect and shallow as are the principles of domestic and civil government, a wise benevolence does not allow that even this government pass by, with an easy good nature, the crimes which it can detect. It is no true friendship for society to dispense with penal enactments. What chaos reigns in a family, where the sons prove vile, and the father restrains them not! What havoc would overspread our land, if our laws with their righteous penalties did not stay the irruption of crime! Not a street but assassins would infest it, not a dwelling but incendiaries would bury its sleeping inmates under its ashes—if the strong arm of the magistrate were not raised in kindness to the widow and the orphan, protecting them and their possessions from the assault, shielding also their spirits from fear of vagabonds and marauders. All this is but a crude symbol of the be-

neficence which lifts up the standard of law for the universe. If the petty sovereignties of the earth must raise walls of protection around the homes of men and guard the sick and the weak from the knife of the freebooter, how much more imperative is the need that a vigilant dominion be established over the entire system of moral agents; that merited penalties be held out for the transgressors in *our* world, so as to secure the innocence of nobler spirits in higher worlds; that incorrigible sinners now existing be punished as they deserve in order to accumulate new persuasives to holiness upon the minds which are to exist in all future duration! Even if the contracted and external institutions of men could be safely left to the principles of non-resistance—debilitating principles, enervating, emasculating,—still the larger and spiritual dominion of the Universal Monarch demands that the wicked shall by no means go unpunished. Therefore it is the benevolence of Jehovah which leads him to be severe. Penalties he must threaten in order to arrest the inroads of sin, for sin is ruin; and what he threatens he must inflict, for he is veracious, and his inflictions will secure the tempted from the guilt into which they would otherwise plunge. To the right hand, further than the imagination can wander; to the left hand, beyond the reach of the quickest and most extended thought, above us and below us, behind us and before us, through all time and eternity, do the influences of his government penetrate. His laws affect all spirits that have been, are, or are to be. If a single edict should be repealed, or a single penalty mitigated, he foresees the havoc which would ensue, and his

kindness forbids the abrogation of a single iota of his commands. He is touched with pity for his frail children, who need all allowable motives to deter them from apostasy. He will afflict his enemies because he chooses to defend the cause of virtue against their machinations, and he will banish them from his presence, so that the good and the kind, who will be the real majority of his universe, may be at peace. There shall nothing hurt the conscience or destroy the spirit of repose in the heavenly Jerusalem; but all shall be serene, and he who is love shall reign in the affection of all the wise.

3. The concentration of all God's moral attributes in love illustrates the guilt and misery of incorrigible transgressors. In modern as well as ancient poetry, we read of the human conscience as unpitying, unrelenting, cruel, revengeful, tormenting the malefactor with a scorpion lash. Of all such epithets we say that they are poetry; they have a deep meaning; they imply that the conscience is just, is our highest inward authority, deserves our obedience, our homage. The epithets are so strong because the moral sense is so important and exalted. It is our best friend; and faithful are the wounds of a friend. Men do not lose their veneration for the moral faculty because the poets array it in robes of terror. Why then should they lose their confidence in God because the inspired poets tell us of his fury, jealousy, vengeance, the fierceness of his wrath; his sword, arrows; his laughing at his adversaries? As we know that bold figures of speech are employed for expressing the reproofs of our inward monitor which is a cor-

relate to the divine justice, why do we wonder that bold figures are employed for expressing the normal activity of the justice itself? These figures impress upon us two momentous truths. One is that Jehovah has the constitutional sentiment of indignation against sin; another is that he opposes iniquity by such manifestations of his abhorrence as cannot be intimated in literal speech. Human language is inadequate to indicate the depth of his love for the right and his hatred of the wrong. He is said to be angry as he is said to repent. The words have an unutterable meaning. Perhaps no others would be so impressive upon the human race as a whole. They suggest what no tongue can possibly express. We must remember that even in our best descriptions of the Most High

> "Thought is deeper than all speech,
> Feeling deeper than all thought."

Our text assures us, however, that no unhallowed, no bitter feeling ever rises in the divine mind. That mind is love. That mind, however, has enemies. These enemies demean themselves as if their Ruler were tyrannical and cruel. A stranger to them would not imagine that they were resisting a benefactor, a friend faithful in their need, an ever-watchful guardian, more than a parent, very pitiful, and of tender mercy. The aggravation of their guilt is that they are in conflict with goodness itself; they are in direct antagonism to the impersonation of all pure friendship; they recoil from a being who not only loves them but is the sum of love. They reject him not only while he is be-

nevolence, but because he is impartial benevolence. If he would love the few more than the many, and if they themselves were among these few, they would not reject him. If he would sacrifice the general welfare to their own sinister aims, they would not rebel against him. But he prefers the higher to the lower interests, the welfare of the many to that of the few; he chooses to promote the holy bliss of heaven, and of the inhabitants of the stars of heaven, than to accommodate the narrow policy of selfish men; therefore selfish men discard him. If we had not known him to be love itself, we had been comparatively without sin; but now we have seen and known both him and his Son, who is the express image of the Father's love, and hence our sin remaineth. The demerit of it he has measured. He has declared that unending punishment is the fit exponent of the sinner's ill-desert. He hateth nothing which he hath made. He doth not afflict willingly. He heareth the young ravens when they are in want. He counteth the tears that are to flow from men. He is unwilling that any of his creatures should heave a sigh. He is slow to elicit one groan. He hath no pleasure in the death of an enemy. He chooseth that all come to him and dwell in bliss. But with all these yearnings of a Father's heart, he avers that the demerit of sin cannot be fully manifested except by setting over against it the pain which is never to end. In his grace and longsuffering he has forwarned us of our peril; he has not taken us by surprise; in his equity he has held out before us the balances in which our sin is laid,—in one scale a rejection of his love; in the other, an eternity of woe,—the

very woe which he, of all other beings, is the most unwilling to inflict,—unwilling because he is love; and still he does inflict it because he is impartial, wise, just love.

Here, then, is the divine estimate of our blameworthiness. *We* may underrate it, but the omniscient Judge has gauged it accurately. We are partial to our own character, but his affection even for us transcends our own self-love. He then cannot exaggerate our turpitude; and the estimate which has been formed of it by his boundless wisdom is one which his boundless compassion is slow to express, for punishment is his *last* work; at the day of judgment the condemning sentence is the last sentence. If he were literally revengeful, his punitive sentence might be borne. If he delighted in the misery of his offspring, they would buoy themselves up against him, and their sense of right would alleviate their distress. But it is not an enemy that afflicts them, and this is the emphasis of their grief. Their sorrows come from him who has cried: How shall I give thee up? why will ye die? I have no pleasure in your loss.

This is the depressing thought ever weighing down the soul of the condemned: "We are punished by Him who had never disturbed our peace but for the universal well-being. We are in heaviness of heart, because He who once bare long with us could endure our rebellion no longer. Our weariness cometh from the displeasure of One who is never displeased save by evil. Our own reason is our first accuser. Our own conscience is our first avenger. Here is the proof of our vileness: we have caused our own troubles, and our Friend who is ever compassionate is not allowed by his in-

finite goodness to relieve us from them, and his reason for continuing to inflict them is, that he is watching for the welfare of his system." The Omniscient Mind expresses the wonderfulness of our disregard for the welfare of this system when he says: "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." "Be astonished, O ye heavens, at this, and be horribly afraid, be ye very desolate, saith the Lord. For my people have committed two evils: they have forsaken me the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." [1]

4. The fact that all the moral attributes of God are concentrated in his love quickens, strengthens and deepens our confidence in his government. One class of men have complained of his government as it is seen in the sphere of nature. They have described the myriads of animals which have preyed upon each other, and have been at last devoured by their antagonists. They have portrayed the multitude of diseases which have afflicted us and our progenitors, and which have made it fearful to live, while it has been more fearful to die. Another class of men have complained of the divine administration as it is exhibited in the Bible. They have stigmatized some Biblical doctrines as hard and harsh. They have criticized certain sentiments of the psalmists and the prophets, of the apostles also, and even of our blessed Lord, as implying that the divine government is arbitrary or unkind. No more plausible, no

[1] Isa. 1: 2; Jer. 2: 12, 13.

less plausible, objection has been made against the natural, than against the supernatural, government of God. Every one of these objections, however, loses its force just so far as we have proof that the doctrine of our text is true. Whatever attribute God possesses he possesses in an infinite degree; and if we are truly rational we shall adore the ways of infinite love, even when they are past finding out.

We may imagine an animalcule spending its entire life in traversing a pillar of a cathedral. It is too short-sighted to see the other pillars of the edifice, too short-lived to climb so far as to the arches connecting them. It has no conception of the arches as upheld by the pillars and as upholding the roof; not the slightest apprehension of the cathedral as a whole, or of the one idea embodied in its nave, transepts and spires. We may imagine this animalcule criticizing the marble on which it creeps; carping at the mountains upon it so difficult to ascend, at the ravines and precipices so dangerous to the traveler; fretting against the maker of the marble because he throws needless obstructions into the path of the insect which has but a single day to live, and spends that day in complaining. Because we are superior to the animalcule we find it hard to comprehend its criticisms. We look upon the stone of the cathedral as smooth and polished; we find it difficult to imagine how there can appear to be hills and valleys in the marble; we delight in the pillars and arches as harmonizing with each other and with the spires; we are charmed with the spires as emphasizing the idea which the

entire edifice expresses—the idea of aspiration toward the heavens.

Whenever we hear the infidel inveighing against the doctrines which are built into the temple of divine truth, we are reminded of animalcules finding fault with the cathedral. In his childhood he looked at the stars as they seemed to be scattered abroad in the heavens, and he did not discern their relation to each other, their order, their mutual harmonies, —satellite balancing satellite, constellation set over against constellation, one retinue of globes exactly adjusted to another retinue. He did not deem himself qualified to condemn the mechanism of the heavens. When, however, he arrives at man's estate he does not shrink from criticizing the doctrines of the Bible as if he comprehended all their vast relations. He discovers mountains of difficulty, just as the ephemera discovers them in the polished stone. He confines his view to one or another doctrine which seems to be centrifugal, and does not expand his vision to the centripetal truth which holds all the other truths revolving in harmony around it. This central truth is that God is love —love signally manifest in God incarnate, preeminently manifest in the Incarnate One at the hour when he was lifted up so as to draw all men unto him. At that hour of his sacrifice he drew all the truths of religion around him. We need not deny, we should rather admit, that there are deep and dark mysteries in the works and in the Word of God. His world was not made as we should have made it, and his Word was not written as we should have written it. If they were not mysterious in many of their aspects they would not

be his works or his Word. There is, however, a light shining around and above the mysteries. There is such preponderating evidence for his goodness that we should explain all opposing signs in conformity with it. We should interpret the obscure by the plain, and not the plain by the obscure. The dark events of the world, the dark statements of the Bible, will be illumined by the radiance of his smile when we are admitted into the presence of Him who is infinite love.

5. The fact that all God's moral attributes are comprised in his benevolence is rich in its allurements to a philanthropic and pious life. We have already attended to the inspired words which represent sin as wonderful.[1] It is wonderful because the incentives to holiness are so powerful. Regarding these incentives alone, we should presume that men will love Him from whom cometh down every perfect gift. It is the normal tendency of love to insure a reciprocated attachment. If you wish men to weep, you must shed tears in their presence; if you desire their gratitude, you must bestow favors upon them; if you love them, you expect that they will love you, for even the publicans and sinners return the affection which they receive from their fellow men. Depraved as we are, we still retain certain constitutional principles prompting us to reciprocate the love of God toward us. Nothing but obdurate and entire sinfulness can altogether resist the action of these principles. Conscience commands and urges us to comply with them. It promises a reward for obeying them; it threatens a pun-

[1] See p. 285.

ishment for disobeying them; it discerns an attractive beauty in every line and feature of the divine character. Our judgment advises that we consecrate ourselves to the service of Him who is the source from which our feebler intelligence is derived, and the pattern after which it is formed. Self-interest impels to the union with the Potentate from whom if we separate ourselves we are punished from the presence of the Lord and the glory of his power.

Various qualities have been prescribed as essential to the character of a true friend. He must be one whom we respect; for love will not be firm unless on the basis of esteem. But our supreme love for God is favored by his worthiness, not of our mere respect, nor of our mere reverence, but of our adoration. A friend must be one whose attachment is not fickle, capricious, vacillating, but fit for our steady, undeviating reliance. The perfection of God's love is that it endures from everlasting to everlasting. Its radiance is the more cheering when our enemies would envelop us in darkness. In our desertion this friend draweth the nearer to us. In our sorrow he smileth upon us the more cheeringly. Winning, therefore, are our motives to make him our chief joy.

But to love him is to be like him. It is to love his children. If we love not our brother whom we have seen, how can we love God whom we have not seen? To be a true philanthropist is to intercede with God in behalf of our suffering race; to become their servant for Jesus' sake; to copy the example of Him who went about doing good—who was not content to forgive his enemies, but he labored, suf-

fered even unto death for them. If we love God we must love men when we know them to be undeserving of our love, for he is kind to the unthankful; we must have an affection, strong, firmly grounded, established on principle, for enemies as well as friends. The choice of Jehovah as our supreme good connects us not only with our own race, but with all orders of holy intelligences; for they are all emanations from Him who is our chief joy. We and they are all members of one family, looking up in union to our Father which is in heaven.

There is grandeur in many scenes in nature. Our thoughts are elevated by the contemplation of the worlds revolving around one central luminary, receiving from it light and warmth, and seeming to yield a glad obeisance to it in their quick revolutions. But all they who love the Lord are like the stars of the firmament, and shall shine forever and ever, he irradiating them with his own effulgence, and shedding a warmth over and around them from his own centralizing and ever-flowing kindness. Evermore shall we joy in reflecting the brightness of his glory. Evermore shall we surround his throne, shining in his grace. Here is a new incentive to a life harmonizing with his love. They who harmonize with it in this world are sure of their blessedness in the world to come; and the certainty of this blessedness allures them to diligence in preparing for it. We have an instinctive tendency to believe that at last truth will prevail, and especially that love will triumph over its enemies. Once the perfect love was humiliated; once it ap-

peared to have been conquered; but its seeming defeat was the ground of its ultimate victory. For we read that "He who was in the form of God did not regard it as a prize to be on an equality with God, but emptied himself, and took the form of a servant, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; and for this reason God highly exalted him, and gave unto him the name which is above every name, that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father.[1] On the cross our Redeemer exercised his atoning love; his future reign is the result of his atoning death; this atoning death is the great fact of the divine government; it is the ground on which the sacrifices of the old dispensation were prescribed, and on which the glories of the new dispensation are to be perfected; thus it is the central fact of history and the central truth of the gospel. If here we are coworkers with our Redeemer, if we suffer with him, we shall reign with him hereafter. His reign is to be the unending honor of love. His character is an ocean of love in which we are to bathe, an atmosphere of love which we are to breathe. What manner of persons, then, ought we to be, in all holy living and godliness, looking for and earnestly desiring the coming of the day of God,—looking for the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness?"[2]

[1] Phil. 2: 5-11; Heb. 2: 9 sq.
[2] 2 Pet. 3; 11-13; 1 Cor. 1: 7-9; Titus 2: 11-13.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX

Notes on Sermon on The Theology of the Intellect

Note 1, p. 78. This reasoning is valid only on the supposition that our Saviour died for all men.—One of Mr. Symington's arguments for the doctrine that Christ made his atonement for a part only, not the whole of the race, is derived, singular as it may appear, from the "rectitude of the divine character." He says in his Treatise on the Atonement, Part I, Sect. XI. Sect. II. 2: "The supreme Being gives to every one his due. This principle cannot be violated in a single instance. He cannot, according to this, either remit sin without satisfaction, or punish sin where satisfaction for it has been received. The one is as inconsistent with perfect equity as the other. If the punishment for sin has been borne, the remission of the offence follows of course. The principles of rectitude suppose this, nay peremptorily demand it; justice could not be satisfied without it. Agreeably to this reasoning, it follows that the death of Christ being a legal satisfaction for sin, all for whom he died must enjoy the remission of their offences. It is as much at variance with strict justice or equity that any for whom Christ has given satisfaction should continue under condemnation, as that they should have been delivered from guilt without a satisfaction being given for them at all. But it is admitted that all are not delivered from the punishment of sin, that there are many who perish in final condemnation. We are therefore compelled to infer, that for such no satisfaction has been given to the claims of infinite justice—no atonement has been made. If this is denied, the monstrous impossibility must be maintained, that the infallible Judge refuses to remit the punishment of some for whose offences he has received a full compensation; that he finally condemns some, the price of whose deliverance from condemnation has been paid to him; that, with regard to the sins of some of mankind, he seeks satisfaction in their personal punishment

after having obtained satisfaction for them in the sufferings of Christ; that is to say, that an infinitely righteous God takes double payment for the same debt, double satisfaction for the same offence, first from the surety, and then from those for whom the surety stood bound. It is needless to add that these conclusions are revolting to every right feeling of equity, and must be totally inapplicable to the procedure of Him who *'loveth righteousness and hateth wickedness.'"*

Mr. Symington's inferences in this paragraph are correct, if his premises are to be understood as intellectual statements of the truth. But Dr. Jonathan Edwards (in his Works, Vol. II. p. 26) teaches us that "Christ has not in the *literal* and *proper* sense paid the debt for us;" that this expression and others similar to it are "metaphorical expressions, and therefore not literally and exactly true." He says further (Works, Vol. II. p. 48) concerning *distributive* justice, that it "is not at all satisfied by the death of Christ. But *general* justice to the Deity and to the universe is satisfied." A similar remark he appends with regard to the satisfaction of the law. See also Andrew Fuller's Works, Vol. IV. pp. 92-100. 1st Am. Ed.

A true representation seems to be, that although Christ has not literally paid the debt of sinners, nor literally borne their punishment, nor satisfied the legislative or the remunerative justice of God in any such sense or degree as itself to make it *obligatory* on him to save any sinners; yet the atonement has such a relation to the whole moral government of God, as to make it *consistent* with the honor of his legislative and retributive justice to save all men, and to make it essential to the highest honor of his benevolence or general justice to renew and save some. Therefore it satisfies the law and justice of God *so far and in such a sense* as to render it proper for him not only to give many temporal favors, but also to offer salvation to all men, bestow it upon all who will accept it, and cause those to accept it for whom the interests of the universe allow him to interpose his regenerating grace.

Note 2, p. 86. It has already been explained that *the* theology of the intellect is the system which recommends itself to a dispassionate and unprejudiced mind as true, and the present discourse has no direct and prominent reference to the various forms of intellectual theology which, in the view of such a mind, are

false. It has also been explained that *the* theology of the heart is the collection of statements which recommend themselves to the healthy and moral feelings as right, and the present discourse has no direct and prominent reference to the various forms of representation which are suggested by and suited to the diseased, the perverted moral feelings. One of the most graphic descriptions of a theology which is neither of a sound intellect nor sound heart, but is alike impervious to argument, reckless of consequences, and dependent on an ill-balanced state of the sensibilities, may be found in the following Letter to Dr. Henry Ware, Jr. That calm reasoner had published a sermon in opposition to some injurious sentiments which had been recently propounded at Cambridge, and acknowledging the receipt of the sermon, the advocate of those sentiments replied:—If your discourse "assails any doctrines of mine,—perhaps I am not so quick to see it as writers generally,—certainly I did not feel any disposition to depart from my habitual contentment, that you should say your thought, whilst I say mine.

"I believe I must tell you what I think of my new position. It strikes me very oddly, that good and wise men at Cambridge and Boston should think of raising me into an object of criticism. I have always been,—from my very incapacity of methodical writing,—'a chartered libertine,' free to worship and free to rail,—lucky when I could make myself understood, but never esteemed near enough to the institutions and mind of society to deserve the notice of the masters of literature and religion. I have appreciated fully the advantages of my position; for I well know, that there is no scholar less willing or less able to be a polemic. I could not give account of myself if challenged. I could not possibly give you one of the 'arguments' you cruelly hint at, on which any doctrine of mine stands. For I do not know what arguments mean, in reference to any expression of a thought. I delight in telling what I think; but if you ask me how I dare say so, or why it is so, I am the most helpless of mortal men. I do not even see, that either of these questions admits of an answer. So that, in the present droll posture of my affairs, when I see myself suddenly raised into the importance of a heretic, I am very uneasy when I advert to the supposed duties of such a personage, who is to make good his thesis against all comers.

"I certainly shall do no such thing. I shall read what you and other good men write, as I have always done,—glad when you speak my thoughts, and skipping the page that has nothing for me. I shall go

on, just as before, seeing whatever I can, and telling what I see; and, I suppose, with the same fortune that has hitherto attended me; the joy of finding, that my abler and better brothers, who work with the sympathy of society, loving and beloved, do now and then unexpectedly confirm my perceptions, and find my nonsense is only their own thought in motley. And so I am your affectionate servant,

R. W. Emerson."

One of the amazing maladjustments in human life, is that in which a pious man has such idiosyncrasies, or has been so miseducated as to believe in a false intellectual system, and to feel an impulsive attachment to it. He is of all men the most incorrigible. Argument is wasted upon him, and his prejudices are the more unyielding because fortified by conscience. He is also an unhappy man, for his erroneous views do not harmonize entirely or easily with his pious feelings. Hence he often becomes a schismatic, a disorganizer, a crossed and uncomfortable member of society, a public phenomenon.

Note 3, p. 90. The censure frequently pronounced upon the style in which writers like Baxter, Bunyan and Davies describe the punishment of the lost, is no further merited than this style can be shown to be unfaithful to the truth, or to the imperative necessities of the minds to which it was addressed. If the publications of the American Tract Society, which are designed not for philosophical criticism but for practical impression, should, as some would have them, describe the future state of the lost as it is described by a merely scientific theologian, they would forfeit their popular influence, and perhaps would convey error instead of truth to the mass of their readers. That all uninspired volumes are imperfect in delineating "the terrors of the Lord," is doubtless true. Their imperfection, however, does not consist in their using the Biblical forms of statement, but in their deviating from or else misapplying these forms. Our Saviour adopted a different phraseology from that of the prophets before him, and that of the apostles after him; and a wise preacher would not exhort a Newton and a Leibnitz in the same terms, although he would use the same great ideas which he would employ in addressing little children, or in expostulating with the rudest and coarsest of malefactors. The Biblical impression of the particular incidents in the eternal punishment of some and the eternal blessedness of

others, is of course the best impression which can be made upon the heart; but the mental eye hath not seen, nor ear heard of the exact, precise instruments which God hath prepared for the retribution of those who hate, or of those who love him.

Note 4, p. 95. It is on the principles indicated in the preceding topic, that the aphorism of Pascal (Thoughts, ch. III.) may be explained: God "has chosen that" divine truths "should enter from the heart into the mind, and not from the mind into the heart, in order to humble that proud power of reasoning which pretends it should be the judge of things which the will chooses, and to reform that infirm will which is wholly corrupt through its unworthy inclinations. And hence, instead of saying, as men do when speaking of human things, that we must know them before we can love them, which has passed into a proverb, the saints, when speaking of divine things, say, that we must love them in order to know them, and that we receive the truth only by love;—which is one of their most useful maxims." These words mean, not that the heart ever perceives, for the intellect only is percipient, but that holy feelings prompt the intellect to new discoveries, furnish it with new materials for examination and inference, and regulate it in its mode of combining and expressing what it has discerned. An affection of the heart toward a truth develops a new relation of that truth, and the intellect perceives the relation thus suggested by the feeling. On the same principles may we interpret the celebrated paradox of Anselm, of Canterbury: "I do not seek to understand a truth in order that I may believe it, but I believe it in order that I may understand it." This remark may be made to appear rational by the paraphrase: I first have some idea of a doctrine; I then cordially believe all that I have an idea of; next, by the love involved in this hearty faith I am inspirited to form still more definite ideas of that which I had before perceived clearly enough to believe it affectionately; and at last, by the relation which is thus developed between the doctrine and my feelings, I obtain yet more distinct and extended ideas of it, so that I may be said to understand it.

Note 5, p. 101. The preceding illustration suggests *some,* not all, of the causes why the doctrine that men are unable to be more virtuous than they really are, becomes less injurious as it is taught by pious divines than as it is taught by infidel philosophers.

One generic cause is, that the earnest preacher often contradicts in his exhortation what he has seemed to advocate in his discussion: but the intellectual deist has not the *heart* to modify his denial of human freedom; he retains in all exigencies the unbending theory, that man has no power to be better than he is.

A *second* subordinate cause, really included in the first, is, that the Christian points this doctrine chiefly to the present or the future, but the infidel extends it equally to the past. The pious necessarian has a good moral purpose in declaring that the *present* and *future* obligations of men, do and will exceed their power; he designs to foster thus a spirit of dependence on God; but, for another good moral purpose, he shrinks from informing men that their *past* obligations exceeded their power. The reckless fatalist, however, is as willing to assert that men *have* obeyed the law heretofore to the extent of their ability, as that men *will have* no ability, without supernatural aid, to obey the law hereafter. He is ready to stiffe remorse by assuring the convicts of a penitentiary that they have possessed no more power than they have exercised to choose aright; that is, their choices have been as benevolent as they could have been. It is doubtless true, that in precisely the same sense in which a man *is* or *will be* unable to perform his duty, in that sense he *has* performed his duty as well as he was able to perform it, has done all the good which was possible for him to do. But the best feelings of a Christian forbid his use of such language in regard to the past, favor his use of the opposite, and thus induce him to mitigate the evils of asserting without qualification that man's power is less than his duty.

A *third* reason why the necessarianism of Christian divines becomes less injurious than the fatalism of infidel philosophers is, that the most trustworthy of these divines acknowledge their necessarian doctrine to be expressed in the language of the emotions, while the fatalist contends for the intellectual exactness of his phraseology. The wise preacher believes in only a moral, the fatalist in a natural impotence. In Andrew Fuller's Apparent Contradictions Reconciled (Works, Vol. VIII. pp. 51-55, First Am. Ed.), his fourth proposition is, "The depravity of human nature is such that no man, of his own accord, will come to Christ for life;" and his fifth proposition is, "The degree of this depravity is such, as that, figuratively speaking, men cannot come to Christ for life." The younger Pres. Edwards says (Works, Vol. I. p. 307), "Dr. Clarke, in his Remarks on Collins (p. 16), gives a true account of moral necessity: 'By *moral necessity*

consistent writers never mean any more than to express in a figurative manner the *certainty* of such an event.'" Dr. Day (on the Will, p. 107) remarks, "We are not justified in pronouncing this *figurative* use to be wholly improper" (inadmissible). The elder Pres. Edwards, although he may not have applied the epithet *figurative* to the necessarian terminology which he employs, yet often applies to it the epithet *improper,* which means in this connection not inadmissible but figurative. "No inability whatsoever," he says (on the Will, Part III. Sect. IV.), "which is merely moral, is properly called by the name of *inability.*" Natural inability "alone is properly called inability." "I have largely declared," he says in his Letter against the literal necessarianism of Lord Kames (Works, Vol. II. pp. 293, 294, Ed. 1829), "that the connection between antecedent things and consequent ones which takes place with regard to the acts of men's wills which is called moral necessity is called by the name of *necessity* improperly; and that all such terms as *must, cannot, impossible, unable, irresistible, unavoidable, invincible,* etc., when applied here, are not applied in their proper signification, and are either used nonsensically and with perfect insignificance, or in a sense quite diverse from their original and proper meaning, and their use in common speech; and that such a necessity as attends the acts of men's will is more properly called *certainty* than *necessity;* it being no other than the certain connection between the subject and predicate of the proposition which affirms their existence."

So sure is it that man with his unrenewed nature will sin, and only sin in his moral acts, and so important is it that this infallible certainty be *felt* to be true, that our hearts often incline us to designate it by the most forcible epithets. These epithets often make the truth appear obvious to those whom pride has removed to a distance from it, just as the colossal proportions of a statue raised above the capital of a pillar, make the statue appear like the exact image of a man to those who look up to it from the remote valley. But if we infer from the literal meaning of necessity, that our so-called necessary choices are in fact inevitable, we commit the same mistake as if we should infer from the colossal dimensions of the statue, that the individual represented by it is a giant. It is easy to see, that the language of feeling in which divines may and do occasionally express the certainty of wrong choice, must be different in its influence from the language of the intellect in which fatalists invariably express their doctrine of the necessity of all choice. The

demands of a soul which loves to invoke from heaven, are met by a faithful description of that certainty which, in the words of Pres. Day (Examination of Edwards, p. 167), is a "necessity falsely so called." The truth is mournful, humbling, well fitted to awaken a spirit of prayer, that man left to himself will *invariably, surely* sin, but it gives no sanction to the demoralizing falsehood that, in the literal and proper sense, he *must inevitably* sin.

That the terms of feeling and of common life should have been adopted as the scientific nomenclature on the subject of the will, has been submissively regretted by our best theologians. He must be a strong man who can bear up under this cumbrous nomenclature without lapsing sometimes into its literal, which is not its technical meaning; and many a Samson having been overpowered by its heaviness, has been compelled to "grind in the prison-house" of Gaza. In one of his most eloquent passages, Pres. Edwards thus laments the deceptive influence of these "terms of art;" "Nothing that I maintain supposes that men are at all hindered by any fatal necessity, from doing and even willing and choosing as they please, with full freedom; yea, with the highest degree of liberty that ever was thought of, or that could possibly enter into the heart of any man to conceive. I know it is in vain to endeavor to make some persons believe this, or at least fully and steadily to believe it; for if it be demonstrated to them, still the old prejudice remains, which has been long fixed by the use of the terms *necessary, must, cannot, impossible,* etc.; the association with these terms of certain ideas inconsistent with liberty, is not broken; and the judgment is powerfully warped by it; as a thing that has been long bent and grown stiff, if it be straightened, will return to its former curvity again and again." (Works, Vol. II. pp. 293, 294. Ed. 1829.)

Note 6, p. 104. We have a safeguard against the dreams of visionaries in the two principles already stated, that reason has an ultimate, rightful authority over the sensibilities, and that it will sanction not only all *pious* feelings, but likewise all those which are *essential* developments of our original constitution. As the head is placed above the heart in the body, so the faith which is sustained by good argument, should control rather than be controlled by those emotions which receive no approval from the judgment. The perfection of our faith is, that it combine in its favor the logic of the understanding with the

rhetoric of the feelings, and that it exclude all those puerilities and extravagances, which have nothing to recommend them but the pretended inspirations of the fanatic. Whenever a discrepancy exists between a creed and an expression of devotional feeling, as for example between the "Thirty-nine Articles" and the "Book of Common Prayer," the symbol of faith ought to be in a style so prosaic and definite as to form the decisive standard of appeal, and to explain, rather than be explained by the liturgical, which are apt to be fervid utterances.

Note 7, p. 107. The fallen, evil nature, which precedes and certainly occasions a man's first actual sin, is, like all other evil, odious, loathsome. So prolific is it in results which are so melancholy that, while we are trembling at its power, we are roused up to stigmatize it as "sinful." We may thus earnestly reprobate it, if we do not insist that the word "sinful" shall be interpreted, in scientific language, to mean that quality which is itself worthy of punishment. In our abhorrence of this disordered state of our sensibilities, we may call it "blamable," if we do not insist that a man is to be blamed for being involuntarily in this calamitous state; we may call it "guilty," if we mean by this word "intimately connected with guilt," or "exposing us to suffering," for this diseased nature leads to sin, and thereby to its most painful consequences. We may in fact apply any epithet whatever to our inborn, involuntary corruption, provided that this epithet express our dread or hatred of it, and do not require the belief that a passive condition, previous to all active disobedience, is itself deserving of punishment. As there was much that was amiable in the young man who possessed nothing holy, so there is much that is unamiable, and still not properly sinful, in every man. But although in our fervid diaries we may often pour these unmeasured reproaches upon our corrupt nature, yet in a scientific treatise we embarrass ourselves by using the emotional, as if it were didactic language; by applying the loose terms of the heart to themes where the sharpest discrimination is needed; by speaking, as many do, of a kind of sin for which the man who is charged with it does not, in the view of conscience, deserve to be punished; by reasoning about a state for which the child involuntarily subjected to it is "guilty," but not himself properly blamable. The well-schooled divine *may*, although he seldom *does* escape the confusing influence of this ambiguous

nomenclature; but men who are conversant with only the "English undefiled" of our literature, are led by such a peculiar, when used as a dogmatic, phraseology, into serious, perhaps fatal prejudices against the truth. When these terms, often allowable for the heart, are used for the intellect, they change their character, and although meant for "the lights of science," they fail of their artificial purpose, and become "in many instances the shades of religion."

Is it said, however, that a passive nature, existing antecedently to all free action, is itself, strictly, literally sinful? Then we must have a new language, and speak, in prose, of moral *patients* as well as moral agents, of men *besinned* as well as sinners, (for *ex vi termini* sinners as well as runners must be active); we must have a new conscience which can decide on the moral character of dormant conditions, as well as of elective preferences; a new law, prescribing the very *make* of the soul as well as the way in which this soul, when made, shall act; and a law which we transgress (for sin is "a transgression of the law") in being before birth passively misshapen; we must also have a new Bible, delineating a judgment scene in which some will be condemned, not only on account of the deeds which they have done in the body, but also for having been born with an involuntary proclivity to sin, and others will be rewarded not only for their conscientious love to Christ, but also for a blind nature inducing that love; we must, in fine, have an entirely different class of moral sentiments, and have them disciplined by inspiration in an entirely different manner from the present; for now the feelings of all true men revolt from the assertion, that a poor infant dying, if we may suppose it to die, before its first wrong preference, *merits* for its unavoidable nature, that eternal punishment, which is threatened, and justly, against even the smallest real sin. Although it may seem paradoxical to affirm that "a man may believe a proposition which he knows to be false," it is yet charitable to say that whatever any man may suppose himself to believe, he has in fact an inward conviction, that "all sin consists in sinning." There is comparatively little dispute on the nature of moral evil, when the words relating to it are fully understood.

Note 8, p. 118. It is a noted remark of John Foster, that many technical terms of theology, instead of being the signs, are the monuments of the ideas which they were first intended to signify. Now it is natural for men to garnish the sepulcher of one whom, when living, they would condemn.

When it is said in palliation for certain technics of theology, that they are no more uncouth or equivocal than are the technics of some physical sciences, we may reply, that the sacred science above all others should, where it fairly can, be so presented as to allure rather than repel men of classical taste, and not superadd factitious offences to the natural "offence of the cross." True, we may be deceived by the figurative terms of mineralogy or botany, but we are less liable to mistake the meaning of words which refer to material phenomena, than the meaning of those which refer to spiritual, and then an error in physics is far less baneful than one in religion. If chemical substances were denoted by words borrowed from moral science, if one acid were figuratively called "sanctification," and one alkali were termed "depravity," and one solution were denominated "eternal punishment," we should weep over the sad results of such a profane style, even if it were well intended. And on a similar principle, when we read of "the vindictive justice of God," although we revere the authors who use the term in its technical sense, we mourn over the ruinous impression that will be made by such a piously meant phrase. Doubtless it may be needful for us to refer occasionally to the obnoxious technics which were once in such authoritative use, but if we make them *prominent,* or if, in employing them, we neglect to explain their peculiar meaning, we unwittingly convey false and pernicious ideas to men who are wont to call things by their right names.

It is against some first principles of rhetoric to say, that we may safely regulate our scientific nomenclature by the figurative expressions of the Bible. These expressions are easily understood in the spirit which prompted them, but are less easily understood in the spirit of the schools. If all the Biblical figures were arranged into a system, and if, when thus classified, they were reasoned upon as literal and dogmatic truths, we should have, on an extended scale, the same allegorical logic, which we now have on a scale so limited as to conceal many of its injurious effects. Perhaps we should then begin to shape the Copernican and Newtonian philosophy in the mould of the passage, "The Lord maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down." Some errors are most easily refuted by carrying them out to their entire length with all possible consistency. An extreme view of them develops their essential nature. What is a large part of Quakerism, and even Swedenborgianism, but a collection of fancies, interesting as such, but now flattend into theories?

Conclusion of the Sermon on The Indebtedness of the State to the Clergy

Note 9, pp. 127-176. The conclusion of this discourse as originally delivered is here omitted. It consisted of Addresses to (1) the Governor, (2) the Lieutenant Governor, (3) the Council and Legislature (see Preface, p. 126). In the place of these Addresses the following remarks are inserted on the direct and indirect influence of the clergy in educating the people.

The *direct* influence of British divines on the higher education of their land may be recognized in many facts not mentioned in the preceding pages. In his "Law Studies," Sects. 153, 154, 160, Mr. Warren recommends to young barristers the writings of William Chillingworth, and says: "Chillingworth is the writer, whose works are recommended for the exercitations of the student. Lord Mansfield, than whom there could not be a more competent authority, pronounced him to be a perfect model of argumentation. Archbishop Tillotson calls him 'incomparable, the glory of his age and nation.' Locke proposes 'for the attainment of right reasoning the constant reading of Chillingworth; who by his example,' he adds, 'will teach both perspicuity and the way of right reasoning, better than any book that I know; and therefore will deserve to be read upon that account over and over again; not to say anything of his arguments.' Lord Clarendon, also, who was particularly intimate with him, thus celebrates his rare talents as a disputant: 'Mr. Chillingworth was a man of so great subtilty of understanding, and of so rare a temper in debate, that as it was impossible to provoke him into any passion, so it was very difficult to keep a man's self from being a little discomposed by his sharpness and quickness of argument and instances, in which he had a rare facility and a great advantage over all the men I ever knew. He had spent all his younger time in disputation; and had arrived at so great a mastery, as he was inferior to no man in these skirmishes.'—'Chillingworth has been named, for the reasons above assigned, as eminently calculated to subserve the purposes of mental discipline for the student. He need not, however, be the *only* one. The subtile and profound reasonings of Bishop Butler, the pellucid writings of Paley, the simplicity, strength, and perspicuity of Tillotson, may all be advantageously resorted to by the student anxious about the cultivation of his reasoning faculties.'"

The influence of a preacher on the popular vocabulary is often

overlooked, and is not always the same; but he often virtually stands at the parish gate to let in one book and keep out another; to admit certain words and to exclude certain phrases, and to introduce or discard barbarisms, solecisms, impropriety and looseness of speech. The sermons of Leighton, South, Howe, Bates, Attterbury, and Paley show somewhat of the extent to which the literature of England is indebted to her priesthood. When Lord Chatham was asked the secret of his dignified and eloquent style, he replied that he had read twice from beginning to end Bayley's Dictionary, and had perused some of Dr. Barrow's sermons so often that he had learned them by heart. Other statesmen have made a similar remark in regard to the "unfair" preacher. Dryden "attributed his own accurate knowledge of prose writing to the frequent perusal of Tillotson's works." "Addison regarded them as the chief standard of our language, and actually projected an English dictionary to be illustrated with particular phrases to be selected from Tillotson's sermons." "There is a living writer," said Dugald Stewart, "who combines the beauties of Johnson, Addison, and Burke without their imperfections. It is a dissenting minister of Cambridge, the Rev. Robert Hall. Whoever wishes to see the English language in its perfection, must read his writings." No one can be familiar with the style of Jeremy Taylor and that of several British essayists, without recognizing his influence upon them. The tincture of his phraseology is discernible in the expressions of Charles Lamb even. The character of Herbert's writings is stamped upon those of Izaak Walton, and the insinuating power of Walton upon the English language has not been, nor will it be, inconsiderable.

Similar in kind are many statements which may be made in regard to American divines. A late professor in one of our universities, who has been famed throughout the land for his effective eloquence at the bar, and on the floor of Congress, says that he first learned how to reason while hearing the sermons of a New England pastor, who began to preach before he had studied a single treatise on style or speaking; and two or three erudite jurists, who dislike the theological opinions of this divine, have recommended his sermons to law students as models of logical argument and affording a kind of gymnastic exercise of the mind. Judge Sedgwick, Judge Story, Judge Shaw, Judge Metcalf, and other New England jurists, have acknowledged their intellectual indebtedness to the sermons which they heard in their early days. It is said that those sermons were often

above the comprehension of their hearers. It must be remembered, however, that in the olden time there was an intellectual aristocracy in many a rural township where now there is none. A select circle, including several families of culture, gathered round the clergyman, and they did much in diffusing the influence of his sermons among their less enlightened townsmen. Men learned that the truths of religion were linked with each other, and if one fell out a second and a third would fall out also; that the whole system was to be preserved in its integrity, and that the welfare of the nation as well as of the church depended upon the truths of the gospel, all interlinked with each other. When Dr. Stephen West was pastor at Stockbridge, Mass., six of his parishioners were judges of Massachusetts courts. Rev. Dr. Timothy Woodbridge, one of his parishioners, writes: "When I was a very young man, I used to attend a meeting for debate in which were from ten to twenty persons liberally educated and residing in the parish. Some of them were law students, and some theological students. Our pastor interested the students of law as well as the students of divinity." His educating influence was highly prized by Theodore Sedgwick, John Thornton Kirkland and other eminent men.

By the influence which a minister's own mind receives from the habit of sermonizing he often excites the youth in his society to a course of liberal education. By the same influence he has often been induced to become the instructor of a training school. Very much through the instrumentality of a single clergyman living in a retired part of Massachusetts, thirty young men of his parish were trained for professional life. More than this number have gone to our colleges from a single religious society in New Hampshire. The Rev. Moses Hallock, of Plainfield, Mass., prepared about a hundred youth for college; Dr. Wood, of Boscawen, New Hampshire, prepared the same number, and among them his two parishioners, Ezekiel and Daniel Webster. A hundred and sixty-two young men were educated by a plain pastor in the neighborhood of Boscawen, and about thirty of them became members of the learned professions. Each of these clergymen will long live in his pupils, and, whatever may have been his own literary attainments, will produce, and has produced, a visible effect on the literary character of multitudes. This effect was not indeed produced by sermons altogether, but in some degree; not merely by their direct influence upon the auditor, but also by their reflex operation upon the preacher himself. His appropriate work inspires and prepares him for subordinate literary labors.

It was not the design of the preceding sermon to state the facts which illustrate the *indirect* influence of a preacher upon the intellectual character of man. This influence may be illustrated not merely by insulated facts, but also by connected chains of facts. His great work has been accomplished in cherishing the graces of the heart; but in cherishing these graces he has performed a subordinate work upon the mind. Men seldom speak of John Newton as an intellectual benefactor of his race; but we are now feeling his influence in the hymns and letters of Cowper, who was in some degree moulded by John Newton; in the writings of Buchanan, who owed his religious character to the instrumentality of the same divine,—writings which are said to have first awakened the missionary spirit of our own Judson; in the works of Dr. Scott, another monument of Newton's fidelity, and a spiritual guide to hundreds of preachers and thousands of laymen; in the words and deeds of Wilberforce, who ascribed a large share of his own usefulness to the example and counsels of the same spiritual father. Edmund Burke on his deathbed sent an expression of thanks to Mr. Wilberforce for writing the Practical Christianity, a treatise which Burke spent the last two days of his life in perusing, and from which he confessed himself to have derived much profit; a treatise which has reclaimed hundreds of educated men from irreligion, but which would probably never have been what it now is, had not its author been favored with Newton's advice and sympathy.

George Whitefield made so little pretension to scholarship that men often smile when he is called a pioneer of a great improvement in the literature of England and America. They overlook the masculine and transforming energy of the religious principle when stirred up, as it was, by his preaching against the pride and indulgences and selfishness of men. His eighteen thousand addresses from the pulpit gave an impulse to the mental activity of friends and foes of evangelical religion. His power was felt by Hume, Bolingbroke, Foote, Chesterfield, Garrick, Rittenhouse, Franklin, Erskine, and Edwards; by the miners and colliers and fishermen of England, the paupers and slaves and Indians of America. "Had Whitefield never been at Cambuslang, Buchanan, humanly speaking, might never have been at Malabar." We may add that if Whitefield had never been at Northampton, Bethlehem, Exeter, and Newburyport, the Andover Theological Seminary might never have existed. His influence has been recently traced, percolating through various agents until it reached the men who started that institution.

So we may believe that the college at Princeton was affected in no small measure by the influence of David Brainerd. His intelligence and zeal gave a perceptible impulse to the cause of education in the state of New Jersey. He exerted an obvious power on the men who founded the celebrated "Log College," and on the men who afterwards established Nassau Hall. Rev. Dr. David Dudley Field in his work, entitled "The Genealogy of the Brainerd Family," says: "I once heard the Hon. John Dickinson, chief Judge of the Middlesex County Court, Connecticut, and son of Rev. Mr. Dickinson of Norwalk, say, 'that the establishment of Princeton College was owing to the sympathy felt for David Brainerd, because the authorities of Yale College would not give him his degree, and that the plan of the college was drawn up in his father's house.'" (pp. 265, 266.) We need not insist that the College owed its existence to the mere sympathy with Brainerd in his expulsion from Yale; but we may believe that it owed a large share of its early prosperity to the power of Brainerd's life and labors.—See Dr. Archibald Alexander's work, entitled "The Log College," p. 127; also Dr. John McLean's History of the College of New Jersey, pp. 55-57.

Notes to Discourse on Moses Stuart

As the author was called unexpectedly to preach at the interment of Mr. Stuart, and was obliged to prepare hastily for the sad occasion, he has deemed it not improper to make various additions to the sermon then delivered. He has not pretended, as the limits of a single pamphlet forbid the attempt, to give a full portraiture of his teacher's character and life.

Note 10, p. 204. It is to be regretted that a complete list of Mr. Stuart's published writings cannot be made out at present. The following is an imperfect catalogue of them:—

Two Sermons, preached at New Haven, one immediately before, another soon after, his resignation of his pastoral office, 1810.
Grammar of the Hebrew Language, without points, 1813.
Sermon before the Salem Female Charitable Society, 1815.
Sermon at the Ordination of the Missionaries Fiske, Spaulding, Winslow and Woodward, 1819.

Letters to Dr. Channing on the Divinity of Christ, 1819. Fourth American edition in 1846.

Sermon at the completion of Bartlet Hall, Andover, 1821.

Grammar of the Hebrew Language, with points, 1821. Sixth edition in 1838.

Letters to Dr. Miller on the Eternal Generation of the Son of God, 1822.

Two Discourses on the Atonement, 1824. Four editions.

Winer's Greek Grammar of the New Testament. Translated by Professors Stuart and Robinson, 1825.

Christianity a Distinct Religion, 1826. A Sermon. Two editions.

Elementary Principles of Interpretation. From the Latin of Ernesti. Fourth edition in 1842.

Election Sermon, 1827.

Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews, 2 vols. 1827-8. Second edition in one volume, 1833.

Hebrew Chrestomathy, 1829. Second edition, 1832.

Practical Rules for Greek Accents, 1829.

Sermon at the Funeral of Mrs. Adams, 1829.

Course of Hebrew Study, 1830.

Letters to Dr. Channing on the subject of Religious Liberty, 1830. Second edition with Notes, 1846.

Prize Essay respecting the Use of Spirituous Liquors, 1830.

The Conversion of the Jews: A Sermon at the Ordination of Rev. Wm. G. Schauffler, 1831. Two editions.

Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans, 2 vols. 1832. Second edition, in one volume, 1835.

Grammar of the New Testament Dialect. Second edition improved, 1834.

Notes to Hug's Introduction to the New Testament, 1836.

Cicero on the Immortality of the Soul, 1833.

Hints on the Prophecies. Second edition, 1842.

Commentary on the Apocalypse, 1845. 2 vols.; pages 1008. This, and five of his other most important works, have been reprinted in Europe.

Critical History and Defence of the Old Testament Canon, 1845.

Sermon on the Lamb of God, 1846.

Translation of Roediger's Gesenius, 1846.

Sermon at the Funeral of Mrs. Woods, 1846.

Scriptural View of the Wine Question, 1848.

Commentary on Daniel, 1850.
Conscience and the Constitution, 1850.
Commentary on Ecclesiastes, 1851.
Commentary on Proverbs, 1852.

Several of the preceding works were republished in a volume of Miscellanies, in 1846. Among the anonymous Essays written by Mr. Stuart, are twenty or twenty-five in the Panoplist, the Christian Spectator, and the Spirit of the Pilgrims. Among his articles for the American Quarterly Register, are one on the Study of the Hebrew, and one on the Study of the Classics, in 1828; one on Sacred and Classical Studies in 1831, and an Examination of Strictures upon the American Education Society, and a Postscript to the Examination, in 1829. Among his Articles for the North American Review, are a Review of Roy's Hebrew Lexicon, in 1838; of Robinson's Greek Lexicon, in 1851; of Gilfillan's Bards of the Bible, in 1851. In 1851 he also published two Essays in the Quarterly Review of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, on the Traits of History and Doctrine peculiar to Christianity. The larger part of his Essays for Periodicals, however, he published in the Biblical Repository and the Bibliotheca Sacra. The following is an incomplete list of them. His anonymous and his briefer articles are omitted:

Biblical Repository

1831. Interpretation of Psalm xvi.; pages 59.—Remarks on Hahn's Definition of Interpretation, and some topics connected with it; pages 49.—Creed of Arminius, with a Sketch of his Life and Times; pages 83.—Interpretation of Romans 8: 18-25; pages 44.—Meaning of ΚΥΡΙΟΣ in the New Testament, particularly as employed by Paul; pages 43.—Remarks on the Internal Evidence respecting the various Readings in 1 Tim. 3: 16; pages 23.

1832. Are the same Principles of Interpretation to be applied to the Bible as to other Books? pages 14.—Notice of Rosenmuelleri Scholia in V. T., in Compendium redacta; pages 5.—On the alleged Obscurity of Prophecy; pages 29.—Hints on the Study of the Greek Language; pages 20.—Samaritan Pentateuch and Literature; pages 43.

1833. Hints respecting Commentaries upon the Scriptures; pages 50.—Is the Manner of Christian Baptism prescribed in the New Testament? pages 103.

1834. Hints and Cautions respecting the Greek Article; pages 51.

1835. On the Discrepancy between the Sabellian and Athanasian Method of representing the Doctrine of the Trinity: Translated from Schleiermacher, with Notes and Illustrations; pages 88.—Second Article on the same; pages 116. [Both of these articles were afterwards republished in a distinct volume.]—How are Designations of Time in the Apocalypse to be understood? pages 50.—On the use of the Particle ἵνα in the New Testament: Translated from the Latin of Professor Tittmann of Leipsic, with Notes; pages 28.

1836. What has Paul taught respecting the obedience of Christ? Translated from the Latin of Tittmann, with Notes and Remarks; pages 88.—On the meaning of the word πλήρωμα in the New Testament; and particularly on the meaning of the passage in which it occurs in Col. 2: 9; pages 56.—Hebrew Lexicography; pages 46.

1837. Critical Examination of some Passages in Genesis i.; with Remarks on Difficulties that attend some of the Present Modes of Geological Reasoning; pages 60.—Have the Sacred Writers anywhere asserted that the Sin or Righteousness of one is Imputed to another? pages 89.

1838. The Hebrew Tenses: Translation from Ewald, with Remarks; pages 43.—Review of Prof. Norton's Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels; pages 78.—Inquiry respecting the Original Language of Matthew's Gospel, and the Genuineness of the first two chapters of the same; with particular reference to Prof. Norton's "Genuineness," etc.; pages 44.—Second Article on the same; pages 41.

1839. Genuineness of several texts in the Gospels; pages 26.—What is Sin? pages 34.—Second Article on the same; pages 45.

1840. Christology of the Book of Enoch; pages 52.—Future Punishment as exhibited in the Book of Enoch; pages 34.

1841. Correspondence with Dr. Nordheimer on the Hebrew Article; pages 8.

1842. Examination of Rev. A. Barnes's Remarks on Hebrews 9: 16-18; pages 26.

Bibliotheca Sacra

1843. Sketches of Angelology in the Old and New Testament; pages 66.—On the Manuscripts and Editions of the Greek New Testament; pages 28.—The Number of the Beast in the Apocalypse; pages 28.—The White Stone of the Apocalypse: Exegesis of Rev. 2: 17; pages 16.—The Lord's Supper in the Corinthian Church: Remarks on 1 Cor. 11: 17-34; pages 32.

1844. Patristical and Exegetical Investigation of the Question respecting the real Bodily Presence of Christ in the Elements of the Lord's Supper; pages 42.—A Second Article on the same theme; pages 55.

1848. De Wette's Commentary on Rom. 5: 12-19; pages 20.

1850. Exegetical and Theological Examination of John 1: 1-18; pages 41.—A Second Article on the same theme; pages 47.—Doctrine respecting the Person of Christ: Translated from the German of Dr. and Prof. J. A. Dorner, with remarks; pages 37.

1852. Observations on Matthew 24: 29-31, and the Parallel Passages in Mark and Luke, with Remarks on the Double Sense; Review of Mornings among the Jesuits at Rome.

Note 11, p. 207. The sentiments of grateful regard which are cherished toward Mr. Stuart, by those of his pupils who have devoted their life to collegiate instruction, are faithfully expressed in the following letter, dated Jan. 20, 1852, from Rev. Francis Wayland, D.D., President of Brown University: "I entered the Seminary," says the President, "I think, in the year 1816, and remained there a year, being under Professor Stuart's instructions during the whole time. I have never known any man who had so great power of enkindling enthusiasm for study, in a class. It mattered not what was the subject of investigation, the moment he touched upon it, it assumed an absorbing interest in the eyes of all of us. A *Sheva* or a *Qamets*, if it affected ever so slightly the meaning of a word in the oracles of God, became at once a matter of the greatest importance. I do not think that there was one of us who would not have chosen to fast for a day rather than to lose one of his lectures. There was also a tone of perfect candor, and a sincere love of truth in all his teachings, which wrought most powerfully in developing the intellect of his pupils. He was rigid in his requirements. He expected us all to do our duty, and was sometimes severe if he observed the appearance of negligence; but I do not know that he ever administered a reproof which did not carry with it the judgment of the class. Although so many years have elapsed, I at this moment recall with delightful interest the hours passed in his lecture-room, as among the most pleasant and profitable portions of my life.

"He had a genuine liberality of sentiment. When I entered Andover, but few Baptists had ever been connected with the Seminary. From the commencement of our acquaintance, he treated me with a

degree of confidence, and I may almost say affection, that won my whole heart. From that moment I have never ceased to love and honor him, to delight in his reputation, and to look upon him with almost filial reverence. Nor am I alone in these sentiments. I believe that among those who cherish his memory with the most enthusiastic regard, at least an equal proportion will be found in the ranks of those who belong to sects different from his own. With some of his later views, I am unable to coincide; but this difference of opinion does not, in any manner, diminish the debt of gratitude which I shall always owe to the instructor of my youth, and the undeviating friend of my maturer years.

"A monument should be erected to his memory by his pupils. I hope that the subject will receive immediate attention. The father of sacred literature in this country, deserves this tribute at our hands."

Note 12, p. 215. Professor Stuart died at ten minutes before twelve o'clock on Sabbath night, January 4, 1852, aged seventy-one years, nine months, and nine days. He had been a preacher of the gospel forty-seven years, a teacher of youth forty-one years, a professor in the Theological Seminary thirty-eight years. His death was so sudden and tranquil, that but few of his family were apprised of it before the morning. The tolling of the chapel, and of the village bells on Monday, announced the sad event to his townsmen, many of whom did not know that he had been dangerously sick. His disease was the influenza, accompanied with a typhoid fever. His funeral was attended on Thursday afternoon, January 8, 1852, by a large concourse of clergymen, pupils, and friends. Rev. Prof. Stowe, of Bowdoin College, introduced the exercises with an invocation and the reading of select passages from the Bible. Rev. Prof. Emerson of Andover offered the funeral prayer. The choir then sang the four hundred and fifty-fourth hymn of the Church Psalmody:—

"Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love."

This was a favorite hymn with the deceased, and one which he had sung on every Sabbath of the past two years. After the sermon, the choir sang the last three stanzas of the seventeenth Psalm, Long Metre, Third Part, in the Church Psalmody:—

"This life's a dream, an empty show."

These were also favorite stanzas with Mr. Stuart. On the Sabbath after his interment, many clergymen of various sects and in distant parts of New England, noticed his death in their pulpits.

Notes on Sermon on All The Moral Attributes of God are Comprehended in His Love

Note 13, p. 271. The preceding sermon, like others in the present volume, will be regarded as here too strict and there not strict enough in adhering to a scientific nomenclature. The writer has intended to diversify his terminology, and adopt sometimes the more philosophical and sometimes the more popular forms of speech. As the doctrine of the sermon is intimately connected with other doctrines,—for example, those of future punishment and vicarious atonement,—and as the views of the writer are not exactly the same with those of other writers whose main principle he adopts, he has endeavored in the present Note, and at the risk of much repetition, to explain his views and his language more fully than he felt authorized to explain them in the sermon.

There is a retributive sentiment, which is identified by some with the demand of conscience that right and wrong acts when viewed merely as right and well-deserving, or as wrong and ill-deserving, be recompensed according to their desert. The choice that they be thus recompensed on the ground of their merit or demerit alone is in harmony with this retributive sentiment. It is a choice to comply with this sentiment. Both the choice and the sentiment may be said to be united in one complex act. This act is called retributive or distributive justice. We speak sometimes of legislative justice, sometimes of general justice; but when we speak of justice without any distinguishing epithet we mean retributive justice. It has been maintained by some that if we suppose the moral element in this form of justice to be a form of benevolence we must also suppose that punishment is to be inflicted not at all on account of its being deserved, but altogether on account of its being useful. It is reported that an English judge, when pronouncing sentence upon a man convicted of theft, said to him: "You are transported not because you have stolen these goods, but in order that goods may not be stolen." So it is thought that if retributive justice, so far as it is a moral attribute, be resolved into benevolence, all sin is to be pun-

ished not in any degree because it is sin, but entirely because it is hurtful; not in any degree because the punishment is deserved, but entirely because it tends to prevent the future recurrence of sin. The following remarks may show that this utilitarian interpretation of the theory is correct.

Happiness is a natural, but not a moral good. The choice in favor of the general happiness on the ground of and in proportion to its worth is a higher good. It is a moral one. It is the virtue of simple benevolence. The choice in favor of this virtue on the ground of and in proportion to its worth is a choice in favor of happiness, and also in favor of virtue, which is a nobler good than mere happiness. This choice in favor of virtue and in opposition to sin is termed complacential benevolence. In the exercise of it a moral agent loves, i.e. has an elective preference for virtue, not primarily because he calculates that his love will be useful, but primarily because he has an intuition that virtue has a normal claim to be loved, i.e. to be electively preferred. His complacential love of virtue develops itself into, or is complemented by, his justice. This justice is a benevolent choice that virtue be rewarded; and the just man puts forth this choice not because he calculates that the reward will be useful, but because he perceives intuitively that the reward is deserved. His choice in favor of virtue is a consistent one, and becomes a choice of all that normally belongs to virtue. Now the deserved recompense belongs to it, and thus his choice in favor of the virtue becomes a benevolent choice in favor of its deserved recompense.

The moral principle involved in punishment is the same with the moral principle involved in reward. A holy man hates, i.e. voluntarily rejects, sin, not originally because he calculates that his hatred will exert a beneficial influence, but originally because he has an intuition that sin deserves to be hated, i.e. voluntarily refused, on the ground of its intrinsic evil. His choice in favor of virtue is a choice in opposition to sin, and as the former is termed complacential love, so the latter is termed displacential hatred. This hatred of sin develops itself into, or is complemented by, retributive justice. In the exercise of this justice, and under a government of mere law, a friend of the law chooses that sin be punished, and his choice results not originally from his calculation that the punishment will exert a beneficial influence, but originally from his intuition that the punishment is deserved and ought to be inflicted. Before he reflects on the mischievous tendencies of sin, or on the beneficent tendencies of its

punishment, his conscience demands the punishment, and his elective preference is united with that demand. In exercising this preference he limits his view to sin as ill-deserving, and to the punishment as strictly deserved. He enters into no calculation of consequences.

Thus in the case of both reward and punishment the hatred of sin overflows into justice; the moral character of the former merges itself into the latter; the two forms of virtue differ in the constitutional sentiments united with them, but not in the benevolence which is the essence of them. The choice to reward virtue on the ground of its merit has for its alternate form the choice to punish sin on the ground of its demerit. Each is good-will. Each is resolvable into the choice of good and the refusal of evil. Each is called retributive justice.

We now come to a different form of justice. The reward of the virtuous is deserved, but an additional reason for bestowing it is its fitness to do good. The punishment of the wicked is deserved, but an additional reason for inflicting it is its fitness to do good. The merit of the virtue is not the mere condition, but is the ground of the usefulness of rewarding it, and the demerit of the sin is not the mere condition, but is the ground of the usefulness of punishing it. The choice to bestow the merited reward on the virtuous for the sake of the benign influences flowing from the reward, and to inflict the merited punishment on sin for the sake of the benign influences flowing from the punishment is a distinct form of benevolence as well as a distinct form of justice.

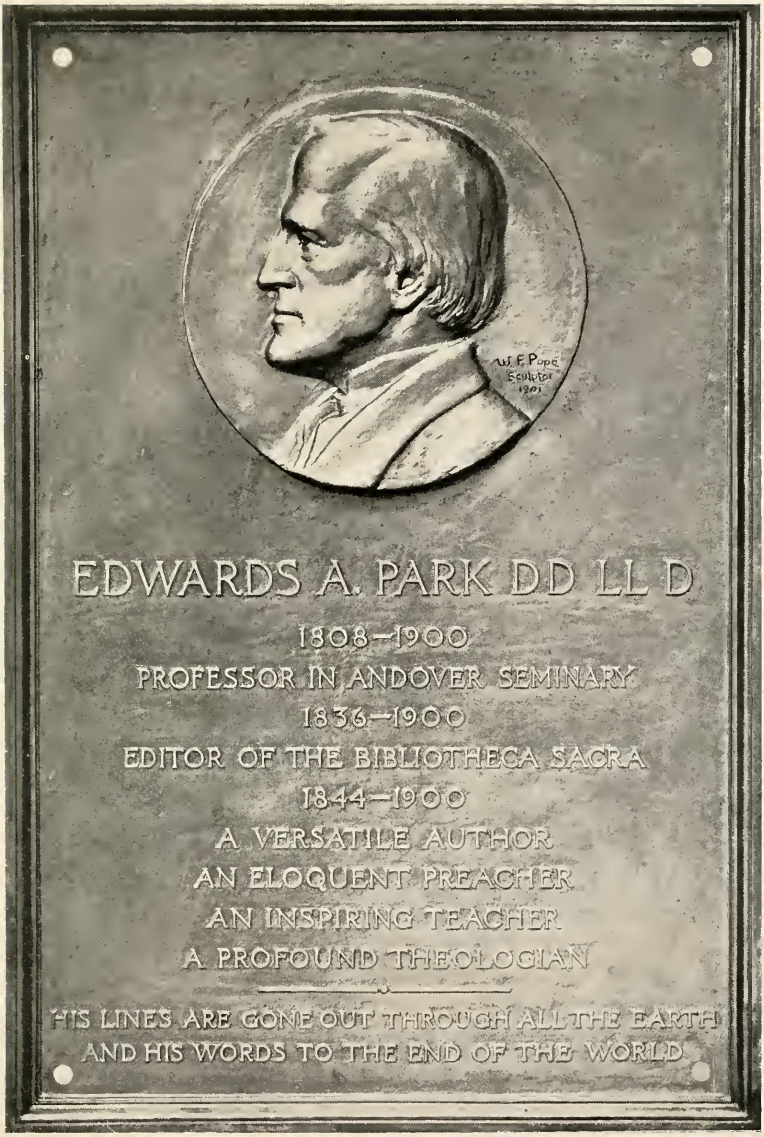
The good-will which regards the good effects of reward and punishment is comprehended under the name of general benevolence or general justice. The same good-will takes different names according to the different constitutional emotions with which it is united and according to the different aspects in which its object is viewed. As retributive or distributive justice is a name of the good-will which is united with the retributive sentiment, and has regard to virtue as well-deserving and sin as ill-deserving, so general justice or general benevolence is a name of the good-will which is united with all the sensibilities harmonizing in the best scheme of government and is exercised in regard to virtue and sin in all their relations; virtue as not only well-deserving, but also beneficial in its influence; sin as not only ill-deserving, but also hurtful in its influence; the appropriate rewards and punishments as not only merited, but also beneficial. For example: our Redeemer is now rewarded for his atoning work.

His merit for this work is the merit of condignity. Conscience, or the retributive sentiment, demands the reward viewed merely as merited. The divine benevolence uniting with this demand confers the merited reward. This divine benevolence in union with the retributive sentiment is retributive justice. But the bestowal of the reward conduces to the welfare of the universe. The divine benevolence, uniting not merely with one, but with all of the normal sensibilities, confers the reward on the ground of its being merited and on the condition of its promoting the general welfare. This form of benevolence is general justice or general benevolence.

As it is benevolence which recompenses the righteous, so it is benevolence which recompenses the wicked. The fallen angels deserve the penalty which they are now suffering. The demand of conscience or of the retributive sentiment is that they suffer what they deserve, and on the ground of their deserving it. The divine benevolence unites with this demand and inflicts the punishment viewed as simply merited. This benevolence, forming with the retributive sentiment one complex act, is retributive justice. The voluntary act in favor of all that is merited by virtue has the same moral nature with the voluntary act in favor of all that is merited by sin. If "God is love," so "God is a consuming fire." But the punishment of the fallen angels will be useful in preventing sin and securing the safety of the tempted. The divine benevolence uniting not simply with one, but also with all of the constitutional sensibilities which harmonize in the best scheme of government, inflicts the penalty not alone on the ground of its being deserved, but also on the condition of its being useful. Punishment regarded merely as deserved must be inflicted in the exercise of retributive justice; regarded as both deserved and necessary for the general good it must and will be inflicted in the exercise of general justice; regarded in its relation to the atonement it will be remitted to him who exercises a holy trust in that atonement. Conscience demands the penalty for sin in one aspect of the penalty, and approves the forgiveness of sin in one aspect of the forgiveness.

The comprehensive truth may be stated thus: Our benevolent Father does not administer his moral government under the influence of a limited attribute alone; not under the influence of mercy or grace, or distributive justice without any regard to the general welfare; not under the influence of a choice of the general welfare without any regard to the demands of retributive justice or the pleadings

of mercy or grace; but he administers his moral government under the influence of a general attribute looking at sin and at pardon in all their relations, and providing for the greatest and highest welfare of the universe. Under the influence of this general attribute our benevolent Father resists the plea of mercy and of grace when the safety of the universe requires him to resist it; he yields to the demand of distributive justice when the general good requires him to comply with it; his distributive justice holds the scales and his general justice holds the sword; the former urges its claims and the latter complies with them on the ground of their rectitude and on the condition of their necessity for the general welfare. The punishment which our Father inflicts is useful, but its usefulness rests on the ground of its being deserved; the justice of it comes first, the usefulness comes afterward; the punishment cannot be useful unless it be just, and it must be useful if it is just, unless an atonement intervene. The fact that punishment is deserved rests on the ground that sin is intrinsically evil; the intrinsic evil of sin consists in the fact that it is a preference for the inferior above the superior good,—it is a love of self or the world rather than of Him who comprehends in his own being the welfare, not of the world only, but of the universe also; it is opposition to general benevolence, to general justice, to Him of whom our text affirms: "God is love."



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